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Collier's

THE RIDDLE OF MRS. TRUMAN

February 9, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

SANIBEL'S SEA SHELL BELLE (SEE PAGE 16)

BIG BOSS OF THE BIG PORT

By LESTER VELIE

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PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

Make your next drink a better drink. Whether you prefer a cocktail or a highball, Lord Calvert offers a *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* matched by no other whiskey in the world.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

For the musicals of distinction, like "Showboat" and "An American In Paris", there is only one producer in the world. He is M-G-M's Arthur Freed, who, with a touch, shimmer, dash and glow, has just turned out another ringing musical success!

Titled invitingly "The Belle of New York", this Technicolor refreshment incarnates the tender and merry side of the glamorous big town. Fred Astaire is its American in Manhattan, a free-handed, light-footed cosmopolitan millionaire. Fred's trouble is, he aims to

propose to as many girls as possible! Coping with the consequences of Fred's philandering are his purse-string aunt, Marjorie Main, and be-rattled attorney, Keenan Wynn, who are kept hopping faster and funnier than wienies on a hot griddle.

Coming home one cold, blue dawn, Fred meets nymphlike mission girl, Vera-Ellen. His reform is immediate and miraculous. Fred's so happy he literally dances on air, in a sensational show-stopping number that even excels his talked-about "ceiling" dance in "Royal Wedding".

Vera-Ellen also reforms! Divesting herself of modest mission garb, she emerges like a butterfly from the chrysalis, in opera hose and lace, to entertain in the cafe where the reformed Fred is working as a singing waiter.

The winged loveliness of "The Belle of New York" takes its airy beat from the melodic new songs of Warren and Mercer, its airy brush from the brilliant Technicolor palette, and its infectious buoyancy from the inspired rhythm and groovy teamwork of Astaire and Vera-Ellen.

They're engaging as the happy pair whose path to the altar is only momentarily hindered by their stumbling on the steeple! And their expertness is particularly apparent in the exquisite skating-in-Central Park number, a Currier and Ives print come to life.

All in all, we think you ought to step out with that bundle of charms, "The Belle of New York"!

★ ★ ★

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" starring FRED ASTAIRE, VERA-ELLEN and MARJORIE MAIN with Keenan Wynn, Alice Pearce, Clinton Sundberg and Gale Robbins. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor, screen play by Robert O'Brien and Irving Elinson, screen adaptation by Chester Erskine, from the play by Hugh Morton, music by Harry Warren, lyrics by Johnny Mercer, directed by Charles Walters, produced by Arthur Freed.

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February 9, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 129, No. 6. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, A. A. Schechter, John W. McPherrin, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. **ENTERED** as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **MANUSCRIPTS** or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

Almost everyone who has ever walked on a beach has picked up sea shells to use as ash trays, or just decorations around the house. Photographer Carroll Seghers II has caught lovely Lynda Munroe, of Palm Beach, Florida, in a traditional collector's pose—listening to the "roar of the ocean" in a newly found shell. For more on sea shells and Sanibel Island, Florida, world-famous for the number and variety of shells scattered on its beaches, see page 16.

Week's Mail

Ham Hassel

EDITOR: Harry Botsford, author of "Ummmm—Ham-and-Eggs!" (Dec. 15th), may know beans, but he certainly doesn't know hams—Tennessee hams, that is.

We certainly, absolutely and positively *do not* slaughter razorbacks, and, furthermore, hogs are *always* pork. We don't know just when they become pork in other states—Tennessee hogs are kept fat from the time they are farrowed, and are slaughtered at about six months of age and from 200 pounds up.

Tennessee hams are usually smoked with hickory wood—not maple or apple.

As to the gravy, Harry Botsford is all wet—not with gravy either—or he would know that Tennessee ham gravy does not have milk, tabasco sauce, coffee or black pepper in it. It doesn't need any seasoning whatsoever. We just doubt that he ever ate any gravy in Nashville.

HELEN HARDIMAN, JANE MORRIS,
Gallatin, Tenn.

Mr. Botsford reports that he's a regular consumer of Tennessee hams (from Alex Warner & Son in Nashville's City Market) which are lean and, he is assured, from razorback stock. Hickory-smoked, too. As for the red gravy, the recipe can be found in any number of regional cookbooks—complete with coffee, milk, pepper and tabasco sauce.

The Two Margarets

EDITOR: My five-year-old daughter wanted to know, "Which girl has the permanent?" as she looked at your cover of December 29th. W. B. ROSE, Greensburg, Pa.

. . . Just bought your December 29th issue with the Princesses Margaret on the cover. Isn't it enough that we had the bad judgment to attach one of these families to the public payroll and the other to the public purse without being reminded at Christmastime of who plays Santa Claus to whom?
CHARLES B. MCCORMACK, New York, N.Y.

Christmas Favorites

EDITOR: May I congratulate you on your very delightful issue of December 22d?

The Ten Christmas Favorites are indeed a joy to read. The Gift of the Magi has long been a favorite of ours. The Three Stockings is a truly great picture of little folk on Christmas morn.

I have sent all of our five children a

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In Western Electric's regular job as manufacturing unit of the Bell System, we've gained a wealth of specialized experience which is also being applied to making military communications and electronic equipment needed by the Army, Navy and Air Force.

Western Electric

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Arvin TV gives you more tubes, more power, more features than the 3 top-selling makes

✔ CHECK ALL THESE FEATURES	ARVIN Dual Power 17" table model	3 present top-selling makes of TV			Means THIS to YOU:
		Make "A" 17" table model	Make "B" 17" table model	Make "C" 17" table model	
Number of tubes (including rectifier tubes and picture tube)	26	23	21	23	More tubes mean more power and greater range.
Tone Control	YES	NO	NO	NO	As much treble or bass as you want.
Local-Distance Control	YES	NO	NO	NO	"Distance" uses full power to pull in remote stations. "Local" subdues strong signals to prevent distortion.
Keyed Automatic Gain Control	YES	YES	NO	NO	Checks "airplane flutter" and other electronic interference.
Number of Rejecting Traps	7	5	0	3	These trap circuits reject interference.
I.F. Circuit	41.25MC	41.25MC	21.25MC	21.25MC	Intermediate Frequency Circuits in 41 megacycle spectrum minimize interference, facilitate UHF conversion.
Video I.F. Stages	4	4	3	4	Four picture I.F. stages provide extra sensitivity and selectivity.
UHF Provisions	DUAL TUNER OR CONVERTER	CONVERTER	TUNER STRIP OR CONVERTER	TUNER STRIP OR CONVERTER	Dual Tuner (optional at extra cost) permits immediate reception of UHF when broadcasts start.
Phono-Jack	YES	YES	NO	NO	Permits connecting record player.

Arvin DUAL POWER TV

pulls in far-distant stations clearly

Study the chart, and see how many ways Arvin TV excels the three present top-selling makes of television. Then you'll understand how Arvin brings sharp, clear, rock-steady pictures to countless areas where reception has always been difficult or impossible!

BEAUTIFUL NEW CABINETS

Arvin's wide range of prices and cabinet styles includes many consoles and five table models. You have your choice of period or modern design, of rich mahogany, sleek limed oak, or fine cherry. Lucite control knobs, finish-o'-gold trim, and beautiful hand-rubbed finishes are of the same high quality so emphatically obvious in Arvin reception.

BIG 17" AND 21" SCREENS

All new Arvin Dual Power Custom sets incorporate a big, no-glare black rectangular picture tube in 17" or 21" size. Arvin's Perma-Focus pictures are locked in to prevent wavering or drifting. Check the chart again, and see how many *more* controls and traps Arvin provides!

MANY EXTRA FEATURES

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ARVIN INDUSTRIES, Inc.
Columbus, Indiana

copy of this issue, as something to treasure over the years. MRS. W. J. ADAMS, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

. . . I wish to express my appreciation of your delightful Christmas numbers, both this year and last.

They are just like great big beautiful cards, only better!

DAISY TERRY PARRISH, McNeill, Miss.

. . . Let me compliment you upon the section of Ten Christmas Favorites, which is most appropriate at this time.

It certainly is refreshing to turn our heads from war and politics to the beauty and spirit of Christmas. This is largely accomplished by reading these fine Christmas stories. PAT BRAZIL, Chanute, Kans.

. . . I want to express my appreciation for the fine issue of December 22d. I enjoyed especially The Carol That Never Was Sung, the illustration for Three Stockings, and my great favorite story, The Gift of the Magi.

Collier's gets better every week.

JOHN M. TIFFANY, Rockville Centre, N.Y.

. . . The Ten Christmas Favorites leave me no words to express my delight! You may be interested in knowing that a friend of mine was so delighted with Henry Van Dyke's Keeping Christmas that he outlined a special sermon on the wonderful thought expressed. For my own part I, being of good old New England blood, found Christmas in Maine so very lovely. They were all truly excellent selections, and I think your staff did a most worth-while issue that will be remarked upon for a good long while.

J. L. HOWE, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . The Gift of the Magi, by O. Henry, is a wonderful story, but there is one thing I cannot figure out.

Della saved up one dollar and eighty-seven cents. And sixty cents was in pennies. Now what sizes were the coins comprising the other one dollar and twenty-seven cents?

H. A. NESBIT, Houston, Texas

Maybe a buck, a quarter, and a two-cent stamp.

. . . When I saw that The Gift of the Magi was reprinted in your December 22d issue I was pleased, because the story is an old favorite of mine. But, on reading your version, I was horrified to see that you had omitted completely the last paragraph of O. Henry's story, and thus the title, referring to the Magi, must have seemed pointless to young people reading it for the first time.

This is certainly taking liberties with a classic. MARJORIE HOUCK, New York, N.Y.

The version of the story which we used ends right where Collier's reprint did. If any editing of the original was done, it wasn't done in this office.

Flood Control

EDITOR: I would like to congratulate John Denson for his fine article, The Flood Lands Fight Back (Dec. 22d). Perhaps it will give encouragement to some of the many other farmers who were ruined in the tragic floods last summer.

It may make people realize how badly the proposed flood-control programs are needed and will help to get them approved. Then, such a terrible thing will not happen again. SUE ARNOLD, Chanute, Kans.

Brotherhood

EDITOR: While reading Walter A. Fairservis' very interesting article, Christmas in Kabul (Dec. 29th), I particularly noticed the paragraph immediately below the heading Sadurdin Presents a Problem, stating that for years Sadurdin had dealt with the British, who maintain a rigid line of demarcation between themselves and the natives. This was followed by a piece of dialogue reported to have taken place at mealtime.

One remark, regarding the question of dining together, should be noted well. When urging Sadurdin to join them for meals, Fairservis stated, "In America it is our custom. We are all brothers."

I suggest that Mr. Fairservis invite Mr. Sadurdin to join him for lunch at any restaurant in Washington, D.C. (Oh, but *that's* different.) M. J. MAJERAN, Long Island City, N.Y.

More Comment on Comfort

EDITOR: Having just read your editorial entitled Comfort Isn't the Main Point (Nov. 24th) I find myself in complete agreement with you. At present I am residing in this hellhole known as Korea. And I would be willing to exchange places with any serviceman stationed in Europe, no matter what the plumbing conditions were or are. I am not located on the front lines at the present time, so I consider myself lucky even though I do not enjoy the comfort of any kind of plumbing.

Anybody who isn't satisfied with being in France can come over here. The Army does not refuse requests for Korean duty.

PFC JULIUS GETLAN, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . In regard to your editorial of November 24th: why don't you guys interview some of the "peons" (Pvts, Pfcs and Cpls) and stay away from the wheels?

The only reason we aren't in Korea is because we got on a different boat.

CPL. DONALD SHAW, Bad Kreuznach, Germany

Surgical Query

EDITOR: A. J. Cronin comes up with quite a few procedures or "tricks" in A Cool Customer (Dec. 29th). I would like to know how he accomplishes the feat of spraying a tongue with ethyl chloride, congealing it enough to perform a biopsy without putting his patient to sleep—in fact, without killing him?

Then, he "snicked" out a tiny fragment (just what is "snicked?"). Further, the patient immediately washed his mouth and the job was finished. What? No ligature, no suture, no bleeding?

All the lacerated tongues I've seen were very vascular and bled profusely. Ethyl chloride is an ether, and three or five whiffs will put you to sleep, and it may easily be permanent.

HARRY P. BROWNING, M.D., Cruger, Miss.

"Requested" Reading

EDITOR: Hope that when Governor Dewey's Pacific Report (Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th) is in book form, it will be given high priority on high-school reading lists (not "required reading," for that would defeat the purpose —rather "urgently requested").

My daughter and her pals at high school are reading ancient history—about Commodore Perry in Japan, for example. The governor brings history up to date, makes it warmly human, immediate and inspiring toward better understanding and more friendly relations with our neighbors in the Far East. Why should a curriculum devote itself mostly, if not entirely, to the fast-receding past, and not take full advantage of nicely baked facts of experience, right off the editorial griddle, like those in the Pacific Report?

ALBERT E. HAMILTON, Sheffield, Mass.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Driving through southern Missouri, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Lohere got lost in the upper Ozarks. Nothing remarkable about that. They tell us, though, that they stopped to ask directions of an ancient citizen who looked, according to Mr. Lohere, as if he'd been pretty well on in years when Cleveland was President. Anyway, Mr. Lohere asked him how old he was. "Don't rightly know," was the answer. "Don't matter neither. According to the fun I've had, I'd say about a hundred and twenty-seven."

★ ★ ★

If it weren't for Mr. Theron Wright, of San Francisco, we wouldn't have known that a group of doctors in Los Angeles have produced the chiding pronouncement that this country is 500,000,000 pounds overweight. That, the doctors have computed, is the excess fat the people of these 48 States are

carrying around on them. Bad for our health. But Mr. Wright is optimistic. He says that by the time we have quit running around in ever-widening circles rescuing mankind everywhere from whatever happens at the moment to ail it, we're going to be a lot lighter.

★ ★ ★

As soon as we get word from the Department of Agriculture, we'll write to Mr. Nils Berglund, in Niles, Michigan. Mr. Berglund wants to know how soon the department is going to start its Charm School program in rural districts. It was all new to us, so naturally we looked into it. Seems that marriageable young girls are deserting the farms for the cities in disconcerting numbers. Department figures that if the eligible young men were a bit more alluring in speech and deportment and somewhat sprucer in appearance, the girls wouldn't flee. Can't run a farm without a few women around to do the heavy hauling. So that's where the Charm Schools come in. We phoned the department and were told that Charm on the Farm classes might start this month. Fellow denied, however, that there was any intention of hiring unemployed actors to teach the boys how to keep the girls on the farms. "This," said he, "is a serious matter."

★ ★ ★

This New Mexico judge couldn't quite understand why the two women—defendant and complainant—were battling about the latter's husband. In looks and past performance, this guy was just about as little husband as a woman could find anywhere. Wouldn't work. Drank too much. No record that he'd ever told the truth. Just five feet tall and weighed eighty-eight pounds. The judge listened patiently while his wife demanded that the other woman be sent to jail for many, many years for stealing him. "H'mmmm," said his honor. "Couldn't possibly be more than petty larceny. And not much of that."

What with stamping out political fires, mending fences, ducking Republican bricks and what not, Mr. Truman is pretty busy. That's why Bob Myers, editor of the Daily Bruin, the University of California at Los Angeles campus newspaper, didn't hear from him. The Bruin was celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday. Mr. Myers wrote the President asking for a congratulatory message, and he received the following reply from a White House secretary: "We regret that, because of the great number of similar requests, the President must reserve congratulations to publications reaching at least fifty years."

★ ★ ★

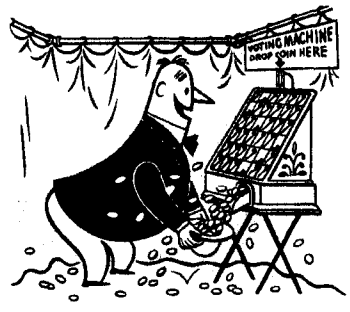
And we're notified by Mr. Sam Ward, of Tacoma, Washington, that he's given up trying to pin down his income-tax situation. It used to be, says Mr. Ward, that if you had a couple of dependents you could "shave a little off." But today, he goes on with considerable heat, "every time you add one family dependent, the government adds two or three dependent nations."

★ ★ ★

In spite of the combined efforts of Congress, state legislatures, municipal councils and this department of Collier's, skulduggery persists. You'd scarcely believe it, but news has just arrived that a rural slicker recently sold 22 cockleburs to a trusting young Chicagoan for a dollar apiece. Said they were armadillo eggs and that he was reluctant to part with them because he wanted to raise the critters to make his wife an armadillo coat. However, the city boy actually outfoxed him. As part of the payment, he'd thrown in a small TV set which wouldn't work. Naturally, the Chicagoan didn't tell that to the countrified sharpy.

★ ★ ★

Here's a fellow, named Pryczlwicz, who lives in Brooklyn, New York. He has a solution for the city's tax problem. Mr. Pryczlwicz (Abe) wants to equip voting machines with jack pots. To unlock the voting-machine mechanism, the voter would drop two bits in the slot. Then he'd either vote a straight ticket or slice it up. In the former event, he'd get nothing for his pains. But if he hit the right combination in a split ticket, he'd get a hatful. There'd be a pari-mutuel twist, of course, the city



LOWELL HESS

getting its cut. All that Mr. Pryczlwicz demands is 5 per cent of the gross for doing the thinking. "All the voter and the town get now," he says, "is politicians."

★ ★ ★

This newly married young woman is positively lyrical about the butcher she patronizes. His name, oddly enough, is Joe. (Our private research bureau informs us that

(Continued on page 35)

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HARRIS & EWING—FRANK VAN STEEN

First family: Margaret, Mrs. Truman and the President prepare to board plane at Washington's National Airport for trip to Independence, Mo.

The Riddle of Mrs. Truman

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

The nation's first lady has persistently played down her role, but in this election year her influence on the President is sure to be felt. Here's a close-up study of H.S.T.'s "boss"

MRS. HARRY S. TRUMAN is a mystery to the American people. Under other circumstances, that might not matter. It happens, however, that we are all directly or indirectly influenced by what the wife of the President of the United States thinks, says and does. We ought to try to understand her.

The first lady has deliberately sought obscurity. But the position she occupies is a public position, and she cannot retreat from its demands without failing her husband—which her pride never would allow her to do. She must stay in the picture of the Truman administration. She has no choice but to play her part in it as long as it lasts.

Just how long it will last depends on several factors—the will of the American people, of course, and on Mr. Truman's own decision to run or not to run. But that decision in turn will be heavily swayed by his wife. People close to her say that she has not wanted him to try again for the Presidency, that she has wavered only because powerful forces are pushing him into an active role in this year's campaign, on the plea that his party has no substitute for him. She is a loyal Democrat.

Friends also call attention to a minor but significant detail—Mrs. Truman's deep personal concern over the renovation of the White House, especially the private living quarters of the Presidential family. Mrs. Truman's personal suite is being done in her favorite shade—amethyst. Her friends argue that she is too realistic—and too frugal—to let government funds be spent on a color scheme which may not appeal to another first lady if she herself were expecting to occupy the suite only through 1952.

Bess Truman's obvious distaste for publicity since her husband's accession to the White House has made many people overlook one fact about her of paramount importance: she herself possesses solid political savvy. She was Mr. Truman's close counselor during his campaign for the Senate in 1934. After his victory, she served on his senatorial staff. Much of her work was done in their own apartment. Senator Truman thus described it at the time: "Instead of going the social rounds, we

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HARRIS & EWING

White House Spanish class was photographed in 1946. Seated (l. to r.): Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Mrs. Robert P. Patterson, Mrs. Lester B. Pearson, Mrs. Truman, Mrs. Hugo L. Black. Rear: Florence King, Mrs. William H. Davis, Reathel Odum (Mrs. Truman's secretary), Rep. Jessie Sumner of Illinois, Mrs. John L. Sullivan, Mrs. Clarence N. Goodwin. Class instructor, standing left, is Prof. Ramón Ramos

finish up the office day at home every night. Bessie handles all of my personal correspondence and edits the reports of the Committee on National Defense (the celebrated Truman war investigating committee). Not one of those reports has been issued without going through her hands."

Her role as political helpmeet continued through his 83-day Vice-Presidency; and since he succeeded Roosevelt, she has been in on every important issue. The day Harry Truman took over as President, he declared: "I beg you to pray for me." The phrase, insiders say, originated with his wife. During the '48 campaign she accompanied him as he stumped the country. They put on a little routine at every whistle stop. Whether early morning or late night, at each station they would appear together on the rear platform of their private car; he would deliver a few words, point to Mrs. Truman, and say: "My boss." Newsmen told of seeing her sitting at a window of the train busily blue-pencilling her husband's speeches.

In one of her rare concessions to the curiosity of news writers, the first lady herself has said: "I have been in politics for more than 25 years." This was in written answer to a series of questions submitted by Washington correspondents in 1947. Replies to their other queries, given in her firm, flowing handwriting, at the same time revealed, however, that while she is in politics, she is in against her will. She wrote: "If I had a son, I certainly would not wish to see him President."

When the Trumans are alone at home, he peels off his coat, hangs it on the back of a chair, puts his feet up on a desk or table and relaxes. She gets out her knitting or sewing. Sometimes not a word passes between them for an hour; then he begins to talk and she listens and advises. He has repeatedly admitted that he consults her "on everything."

Hence her importance in the America of today. The President has enormous power, and Mrs. Truman shares it. Especially with regard to the election next November, the people of the United States need to comprehend this man and this woman.

They are pretty well acquainted with the President. His wife, however, is a riddle to them. For example, in 1945, when she became first lady, a mimeographed biography of Mrs. Truman was handed out by the Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee and it reported that she had been a schoolteacher at one time; and yet, within hours, a second communiqué had to be issued denying that she had ever taught school. Thus, even the Democratic publicity machine didn't know much about her.

"Official Biography" Tells Little

Virtually all information ever released about Mrs. Truman appeared in an "official biography" issued by the White House press offices when she became first lady. A brief summation, it merely reported that she had been born at Independence, Missouri, February 13, 1885, the eldest of the four children and only daughter of David Willock Wallace and Madge Gates Wallace; that her parents had named her Elizabeth Virginia, but that she always was called "Bess"; that Harry Truman began carrying her books home from school when they were in the second grade; that they were graduated from high school in 1901, were married 18 years later, on June 28, 1919, and that their only child, Mary Margaret, was born in 1924.

The "official biography" also noted that Mrs. Truman has always been "a constant and devoted companion to her mother." No further information ever has been furnished by the White House, and subsequent publicity releases have mentioned the first lady only incidentally.

Mrs. Truman's aversion to popular scrutiny has been explained as a desire to lead her own life. Still others have insisted that she has deliberately refused to be a second Eleanor Roosevelt. Whatever the real answer, the fact is that as a Washington resident since 1934, wife of a man increasingly in the public eye, her attitude toward her place in the spotlight has been unusually subdued, especially in contrast to the first lady who preceded her.

At sixty-seven, Mrs. Truman is five feet four inches tall, wears a "size 18 let out at the waist" (according to Madame Agasta, her Washington dressmaker), and weighs about 155 pounds. Quite slender as a young woman, now, if she breaks her rigid salt-free diet, she invites extra girth. Her profile is fairly classic. She has a firm jaw and narrow blue-gray eyes which, behind her pince-nez, are ever appraising. She gives the impression of being anxious to be elsewhere. The lines in her forehead have been described by a Washington society reporter as "in-a-hurry lines."

Mrs. Truman can look bored—and often does. It seems obvious that she does not like to "dress up," and that she is ill at ease among strangers. Small talk doesn't come naturally to her. For one thing, her feet hurt her. At one evening function she was seen, while in the receiving line, to slip off her pumps surreptitiously. But there is nothing the matter with her back; she carries herself like a drum major.

When she has been really provoked, the first lady can show her wrath. During the Washington stay of her much-publicized Tuesday bridge club of Independence, she took the members to the Shriners' Circus. A clown, eager to amuse the party, stood in front of her box and began cutting up. Mrs. Truman plainly didn't like it. When he boldly put his hand on her shoulder, she could stand it no longer. "That's enough!" she blazed.

As she said this, a news photographer snapped her picture.

Another time, while standing in a receiving line, she turned abruptly to the hostess, pointed to a young woman just entering the room, and asked: "Who is that girl?"

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"I've never seen her before," the hostess confessed.

The newcomer proved to be a California reporter who hoped to interview Mrs. Truman. She was asked to leave.

On the other hand, when Bess Truman likes someone, she lets that person know she does.

Of her three brothers—Fred Wallace, the youngest, an architect; her second brother, George, once road supervisor of Jackson County, Missouri; and the eldest brother, Frank, two years her junior—Mrs. Truman is said by Independence friends to resemble Frank the most.

The Employee Who Went on Sprees

For many years Frank Wallace worked as superintendent of the local ice plant. One of the men at the plant used to go on periodic sprees. After one, in which the employee had celebrated more than usual, he returned to the plant in a belligerent mood. When Frank told him to get to work, he balked. A second time Frank spoke to him. Again he refused. Frank said nothing.

"Don't you ever feel mad, Frank?" the man finally demanded rather sheepishly.

Frank slowly took off his spectacles and laid them down on his desk. "I'm beginning to feel such a state of mind coming on me now. If you don't go back to your job this minute, I fear I shall really be angry."

The man went back to work.

"And that's Bess, too," a neighbor declares. "She's just like Frank—got remarkable fortitude of character."

During the first months of the Truman administration, many casual observers expressed sympathy for the first lady in her difficult new role. Generally speaking, however, people don't warm up to her easily. Her inability to unbend before strangers and her resolute silences do not win friends. She rarely gets a hand when she makes a public appearance. Mrs. Roosevelt still does. So does Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. Mrs. Truman's mien suggests to many that she is digging her heels in and saying to people, "I dare you to like me. I won't admit I want you to." People, in turn, respect her integrity and recognize her determination to measure up to the requirements of her position, but they do not enthuse about her.

One possible tip-off to what makes Bess tick is her close relationship with her mother. She insists on assiduously caring for her mother despite the fact that it complicates her life to a point where another woman might blow up. Her brothers have repeatedly offered to take Mrs. Wallace. Mrs. Truman's reply has always been, "It's a daughter's duty to look after her mother."

Eighty-nine-year-old Mrs. David Willock Wallace is known to have opposed her daughter's marriage to Harry Truman. Some Missourians, indeed, believe that Mrs. Wallace was the grain of sand in Mr. Truman's oyster. Had she not functioned as an irritant, they say he might never have aspired to be more than a county judge.

Mrs. Wallace shuttles back and forth between Independence and Washington with her daughter and two maids, Vietta Garr, the Truman cook at Independence, and Bluette Pannell, a practical nurse. These are the only permanent servants of the Truman household.

In Washington, Mrs. Truman's domestic arrangements are necessarily elaborate. For one thing, as first lady she must deal with a housekeeper, now Miss Mabel Walker (Mrs. Eli Siarrochi in private life). Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt, who came to Washington with the Roosevelts from Hyde Park and was their housekeeper in the White House, stayed on with the Trumans for a year. Under the Roosevelt regime Mrs. Nesbitt had been in complete charge of the executive mansion's domestic machinery. She planned the menus, did the purchasing and directed a staff of 40 servants.

Under Mrs. Truman's direction all orders and bills have to be submitted to her. She does the paying. If she entertains personally, she plans for it weeks in advance. Official parties are, of course, run either by the White House social staff or, when protocol is involved, the State Department.

According to Mrs. Nesbitt, both Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Truman carefully read the menus she submitted daily. Mrs. Roosevelt would make notations on the side, such as, *(Continued on page 59)*

ACME

Campaign trip in 1948 found the Trumans on rear platform of his special train at Des Moines, Iowa. Insiders claim Mrs. Truman helped edit the President's "off the cuff" speeches

WIDE WORLD

Annoyance was registered by Mrs. Truman, despite usual reserve, when presumptuous clown at 1948 Shrine Circus became too familiar. Guests in box belong to her Independence bridge club

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Kittura Remsberg

She had put all her faith in Ben Remsberg. She had defied her family to marry him, waited years for him to send for her, gone with him into a frightening new land—and doubted his love only once

By JACK SCHAEFER

KITTURA PERKINS was her maiden name. She was the third daughter of a prosperous landowner who lived about thirty miles out of Philadelphia. Her father was a man of substance in his part of the state. They lived in the main house on the property, where he could keep a sharp watch on the crops and see that the tenant farmers earned their keep. He also owned a share in a shipping business in the city, and he had filled the house with fine furniture brought from Europe by his company's ships. His wife, Kittura's mother, had died when Kittura was small, and the two older sisters had done their best to raise her as a proper young lady.

She was called Kitt Perkins during those years just after the Civil War. She knew everyone in the neighborhood, and everyone knew her as a strong-willed girl whose vital coloring and manner contrasted sharply with the pallid gentility of her sisters, and whose habits of going her own way and speaking her own mind annoyed her careful father. The young men in particular knew her, but she herself was constantly disappointed in them. She knew what she wanted, and one day she saw it.

What she saw was a deep-chested young man lifting an anvil out of a wagon and setting it on the ground and kneeling to hammer horseshoes into shape on it with strong, deliberate strokes. He was the son of a Belgian immigrant who had come into the neighborhood some years before and set up a blacksmith shop. Kittura had seen him before, helping his father, but now she really saw him for the first time. She liked the shape of him, solid and thick through. She liked the way he looked at her, measuring her without offense as a healthy human animal whose vitality might match his own. She did not like the way he kept silent, withdrawing as if he realized there was a gap between them. She went to him. "Why won't you speak to me?"

He laid the hammer on the anvil and looked up at her. "That wouldn't do anybody any good. I'm not your kind."

"That's ridiculous."

"Yes? Your father wouldn't like it."

"Ben Remsberg," she told him, "I am not my father." . . .

That was the beginning. They were together each evening after that. They walked long miles that seemed short, often talking and as often being silent, and content to be silent. Then one evening she stopped and looked straight at him. "I want you to call on me tomorrow night. At home."

He came, and he was awkward in his dress-up clothes. He was uncomfortable talking to her in the fine parlor. He was more uncomfortable when her sisters stepped in to be introduced and made a point of leaving quickly. He stood stiffly at attention when her father came in and greeted him coldly, and in the middle of a silence he turned and walked out of the house and went steadily down the flatstone path toward the road.

She sat silent, hurt and angry, and then there was no anger and she ran after him. She called from the front stoop, but he went steadily on. She caught him by the picket gate and swung him around. "Ben. Don't be a fool."

He took her by the arms and shook her fiercely. Her head rose defiantly, and he pulled her to him. She came reaching for him, and, as she felt the hard crushing strength of his body, she knew that she was right. She stepped back, chewing on her lower lip. "Ben, be honest with me. Are you afraid of my father?"

"No. But he doesn't want me in his house, so I'll never set foot in it again."

"Then I won't either."

He stared at her, startled. "Where will you go?"

"Wherever you go."

"But—but I oughtn't to marry you."

"Why not?"

"No money, that's why. I haven't got anything."

"Ben," she said. "You'll have me."

They were married that night. They sent word to her family and went home to the little house behind the blacksmith shop. His father blessed them in flowing French and moved into the room over the shop, and they were alone in the little house together. In the morning, he was tall with the arrogance of possession, and she was certain that she was right. "Ben, we'll have to set foot in my father's house again, after all. To get my clothes. And, of course, my mirror."

They drove a wagon to the big house, and her sisters watched in disapproving silence while she and Ben carried out the contents of her old mahogany wardrobe. He was surprised when he saw the mirror. It was full-length, tall enough for the tallest man, cased in a heavy hand-carved gilt frame. He had to rest often, lugging it down the stairs and out to the wagon. And all the while she talked. "I've had it ever since I was a little girl. Father had it brought from England, some old place there, and I made such a fuss he said I could have it. I like to sit with it. Fixing myself and thinking. That's how I first knew you were the man I'd marry."

When he carried it into their little house, the ceiling of their bedroom was too low for it to stand upright and he had to rig a way to fasten it sideways on the wall, where it looked strange and grotesque until she covered the heavy carvings of the top and bottom—now the sides—with curtains. It became a part of the room, giving it depth and making it seem possible to see into and beyond the confining walls.

THEY lived quietly, and for the first months being together was enough. But the blacksmith shop was small. Most of its meager business came from poorer farmers who lived nearby. They would barely have scraped along except for the small income Kittura had from her mother's estate. Then, one morning, he and his father were repairing the cracked axle of a loaded grain cart, and suddenly the cart crumpled and overturned, sending him sprawling and pinning his father under the weight of the piled bags. For three days his father lay in the bedroom, watching the mirror catch the sun through the one window, and on the third day he died. And money was easier for them after they'd taken care of the funeral expenses, because all that came into the shop was theirs.

Easier. Not easy enough. Ben Remsberg was no businessman, not in the cautious, penny-watching way of the people with whom he had to deal. He used better materials and did better work than most of his customers paid for. He could not refuse a call on his time, even from a man already behind in paying for past work. At the end of the month he would be short on the rent for the shop and the house, and it would be her money that matched the amount. For the next days he would be irritable and too harsh in demanding payment from his customers. Then, one evening, she looked at him over the supper dishes. "Ben, you don't want to be a blacksmith, do you?"

He stared at his empty plate, asking himself. "No. And not here. When I was a kid, I used to think some of striking out for myself."

"Why didn't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. First there was Papa. Now there's you."

She looked at him, serious and perhaps a bit frightened. "Ben, be honest with me. What do you want to do with your life?"

"I guess I want to be someplace where it's new. Where a man can start with nothing and show what he is. I've thought some of going West."

SHE chewed on her lip a long moment. She remembered many things out of the passing days, little things like his sullen naming of a price to a poor farmer when his impulse was to give freely of his help. She remembered the wideness of him, the stretching bigness that was not of his body alone and that seemed to be shrinking each month. She remembered, and spoke quickly to have it said: "You ought to do it, Ben. Go West, or wherever you want."

"You mean just do it? Just like that?"

"Yes."

"You—you don't mean go and leave you?"

"I mean go find where you want to be and come back and get me."

"But—but a man can't—"

"Ben, don't ever let me be in your way." . . .

He left her in the morning, swinging down the road to Philadelphia and a start on the first train West, with an extra shirt and several pairs of socks in a neat bundle under his arm. She watched him go, and turned back into the house and closed the door; and with it she closed a period in her life and began another—the years of being alone.

Four years. Four years and some months. She sold the equipment in the shop and rented the building to an elderly farmer who wanted to use it as a small grocery store. With that and her own income, she was independent. She waited and sat hours in front of the mirror and steadied her mind against the waiting with thoughts of the fine big house they would build, somewhere, sometime. She saved what she could of the money available and bought things they would need for that house. Bedclothes and linens and dishes and, on rare occasions, pieces of silver. She took wooden boxes from the store and packed the things in them, packed them snugly for the journey to wherever she and Ben would be together.

With Ben gone, she began to see her family again. Once a month, her sisters came to call in the family carriage. They did not disguise the fact that they were sorry for her, and they never stayed long, because she never let them see that she might be sorry for herself. Once a week, her father came. He would knock on the door, and, when she opened it, would take off his hat and say, "Well, Kittura. Are you ready to come home now?" And when she shook her head, he would turn and walk away in stubborn wonderment. *(Continued on page 65)*

Kittura spoke again, quietly: "I'll leave everything else, but I won't leave my mirror. If we can't take it, then I'll stay here, too"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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On Sanibel beach a young shell collector takes a prize find to an old hand for identification

Teen-agers from Fort Myers comb shell-laden shore, seeking specimens to sell for pocket money

SEA SHELL ISLAND

Seashore sea shell searchers should ship off to Sanibel, an island off Florida, which has richest shell shores in the U. S.

FROM the kid at Pismo Beach, California, who stuffs a battered clamshell into the belt of his swimming trunks to the Cape Cod matron who takes home a melon-sized winkle in her knitting bag, there are tens of thousands of summertime sea shell collectors in the U.S. For downright enthusiasm, however, they don't come within a whale's length of those greatly outnumbered serious seekers of shells whose main object in life —winter or summer—seems to be to snare every variety that the seas send forth.

Sea shells can be found on every beach in the world, but the little island of Sanibel on the west coast of Florida is one of the best spots on earth because of a combination of tides and currents. Some 134 miles from the southern tip of the state, Sanibel lies in the Gulf of Mexico, a short ferry ride from Punta Rassa and about 15 miles from Fort Myers on Florida Route 867. Its 12 miles of white sand beach have been called the richest shell grounds for hobbyists in the Western Hemisphere. This month, when Sanibel opens its annual Sea Shell Fair on February 15th, tourists will come to the island from every state in the Union; some just to see what it is like, most to collect the fantastic works of art wrought by one of the lowest animal forms.

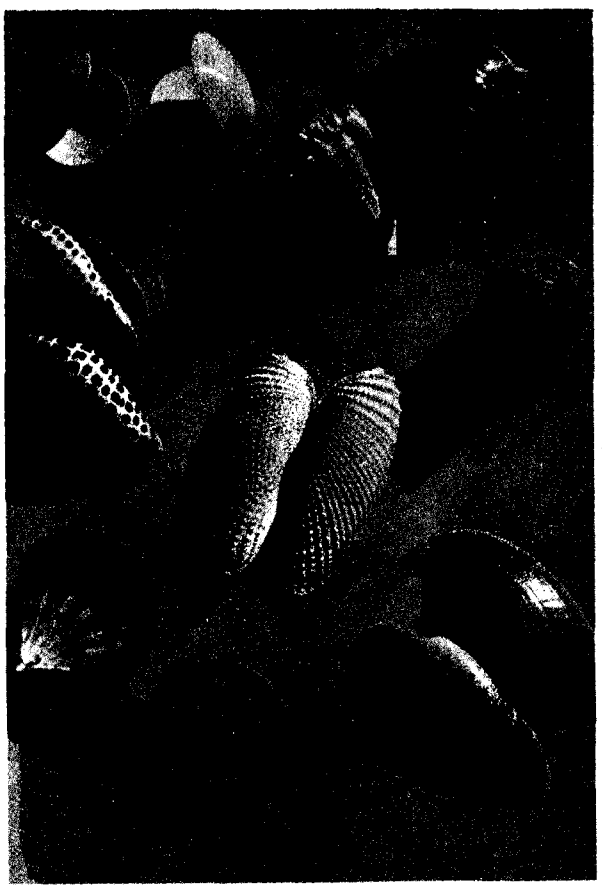
Sea shells are the lifework of a group of animals known as mollusks. There are some 70,000 identified species in the group. It includes creatures ranging from blue point oysters and the 30-foot, deadly giant squid, which has an internal shell, to shipworms which can bore through the hardest wood as easily as a steel drill going through butter. Generally, the shells which collectors gather fall into two classifications—univalves (single shells) like snails and winkles, and bivalves (double shells) like clams, oysters and scallops. Both types have soft, fleshy bodies covered by a tissue called a mantle and a form of foot for creeping or digging. The bivalves' mantles are usually entirely enclosed by the shells. Univalves' mantles normally extend out of their shells.

Both build their shells continuously all their lives by excreting lime through tiny tubes on their mantles. In most shells the rough outer surface has been built first, succeeding layers being added to it from the inside. But mollusks, like the olive-pit-shaped Olivas, can spread their mantles on the outside. They build in the opposite direction, and the outer surfaces of their shells are always new and smooth as glass. On the shores of Sanibel Island collectors find univalves and bivalves, inside-builders and outside-builders. Almost every tide washes in thousands of specimens of some 300 varieties of shells.

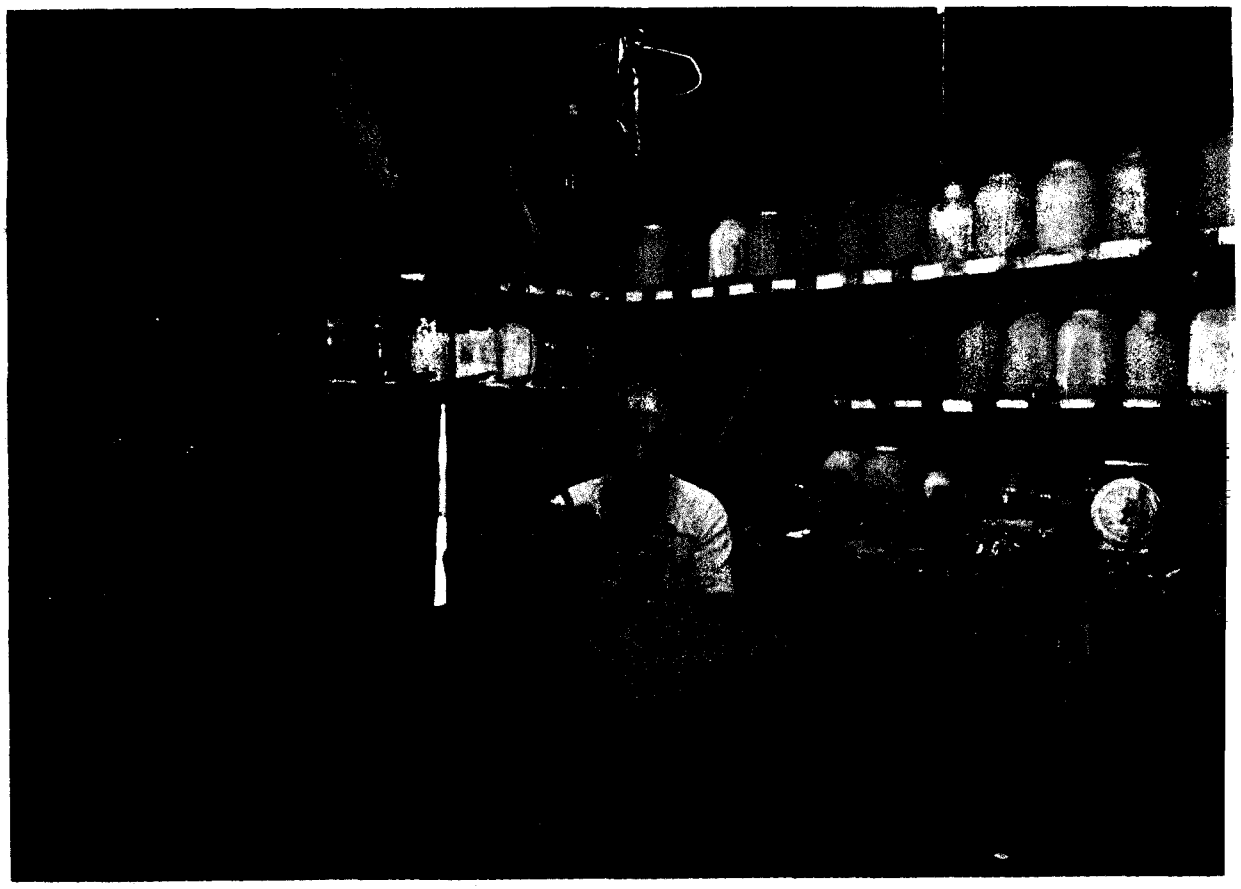
True collectors go after live shells. They have scant interest in Sanibel's biggest industry—supplying shells to mainland manufacturers who use them for everything from necklaces to lamp shades. Commercial shell factories dye, string, cut, frame, mount, paste, plaster and drill thousands upon thousands of shells a year for shipment to seaside resorts and novelty stores all over the country.

But those who seriously seek sea shells on the Sanibel shores shy away from paint and plaster. They prefer nature's handiwork. For them there's nothing better than filling a bucket with naturally sculptured beauties like calico shells and rose cockles, the fragile, white angel's wings, and conchs which "hold the sound of the seas." They cut their hands on spiny shells, stub their toes on big ones, get drenched and sunburned and often wind up a day on the beach as stiff as the top side of a clam. But they love it. It's the old shell game on a grand and glorious scale.

CARROLL SEGHERS II



Sanibel shells (clockwise, from bottom left): lion's paw, Junonia, elegans Dosinia, king's crown, helmet, sun ray, angel's wings in center



Typical factory using Sanibel Island shells is this one owned by Harold Crant in Bonita Springs, on the mainland. Here Mr. Crant's father is drying tiny white shells (Lucines) which have been dyed for costume jewelry. Crant grosses approximately $400,000 annually

Collier's for February 9, 1952

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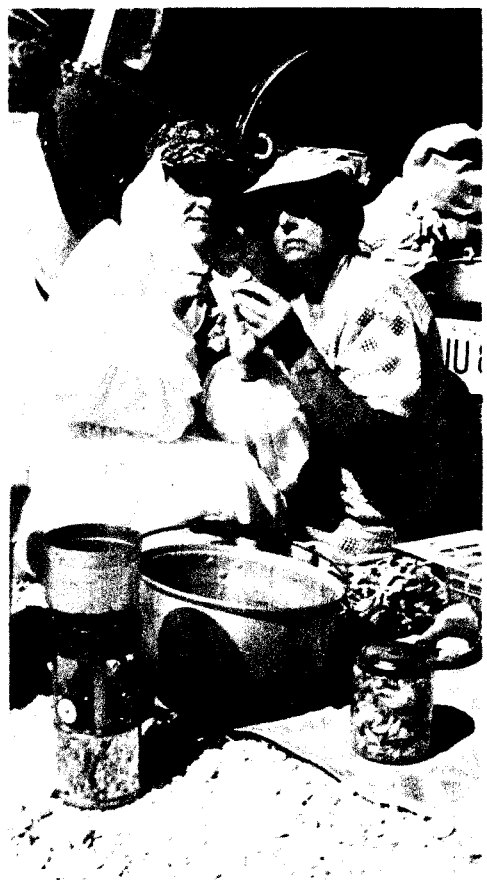
Up at daybreak, three serious shell collectors go after live specimens. Most hobbyists scorn empty shells, which are usually faded and broken

Delighted, Joyce Clapp hears the echoes of ocean sounds in large horse conch shell found on beach



Intent, Mrs. Sheets and Mrs. Paska, of Huntington, Ind., add Sanibel shells to others found on a 20,000-mile trip

Absorbed, B. A. Beatty, of Pompano Beach, Fla., pokes among small shells seeking new cockle for his collection

Studious Mrs. Ethel Snyder is author of book on shells. She is Sanibel's only conchologist

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

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BIG BOSS of the BIG PORT

One of New York's richest and most powerful men, William J. McCormack, has managed to stay out of the limelight. Here is the inside story of how he rules the city's strife-torn water front

THE condemned killer, awaiting execution in Sing Sing prison, was complaining bitterly to an assistant district attorney from New York County. The killer, a trim little man with arctic-blue, slightly crossed eyes, was John M. (Cock Eyed) Dunn—who was to die soon for the slaying of a hiring boss on the New York docks.

A potent figure on the New York-New Jersey water front, Dunn had staked out the lower Manhattan piers as his own pillaging preserve. He bossed three longshore union locals, operated a cushy truck-loading business at the piers—and had had even greater ambitions. Now Dunn was singing. His complaint: he had planned to weld a fruit-transporting empire, to operate his own ships and warehouses. But his plans, he said, were blocked by a rugged man with the jaw of a bulldog and the shoulders of a stevedore. A man so big he could frustrate Dunn the killer, who, so water-front reports said, had slain anywhere from 13 to 37 men. A man so big he could—if he wished—prevent Dunn from leasing city piers, or hiring longshore labor, or getting tugs to dock his ships.

Water-front racketeer Dunn knew, of course, who the biggest man in the world's biggest port was. And so did former Mayor William O'Dwyer. When a tugboat strike threatened to cut New York City's life lines of food and fuel in 1948, O'Dwyer named a "disaster" committee to settle it. The committee was headed by the rugged individual cited by killer Dunn. A tough arbitrator, terrible in anger, the big man drove home his arguments with clenched fist and raging West Side billingsgate. The tugboats puffed again.

When rebelling longshoremen shut down the New York-New Jersey piers last October, their leaders, too, knew who the biggest man in the port was. When the strike had gone into its third week with only a stalemate in sight, the big man secretly called strike leader John J. (Gene) Sampson, the business agent for Local 791 of the International Longshoremen's Association (AFL).

The big man told Sampson that negotiations for a new contract could not be reopened as the men wanted. But the longshoremen would get a fair shake—a fair ratification vote on future contracts, Sampson was told. The rugged man's word came so late in the strike that the rebelling longshoremen would not return on such terms. The strike continued, yet soon afterward, an idea the big man had privately broached to strike leader Sampson magically popped into the open. It was the suggestion that an arbitrator or czar be named to keep the water-front peace.

The biggest man in the biggest port in the world is William J. McCormack. So big that he calls himself "a little man's Port Authority." (The Port of New York Authority employs 3,300 persons, manages $400,000,000 worth of bus and truck terminals, airports, bridges and tunnels in New York and New Jersey.)

Portrait of an Influential Citizen

William J. McCormack, the little man's Port Authority ("With all due modesty, I accept this characterization," he said in a recent unsolicited report to Mayor Vincent Impellitteri), is a man of sixty-one whose once dark hair has turned to white. He has become somewhat fleshy in the chest, and he carries his five-foot-eleven-inch, 220-pound frame heavily on the back of his heels. But he is still so hard that he is described as a "fighting machine" by younger men who fear to tangle with him. A man who can win friends through his warmth, McCormack can be formidable in anger. His strong jaw thrusts forward. An angry red patch deepens over his forehead. It is the face of a strong man.

Yet to fighter McCormack, discretion is the better part of valor. So discreet is he that after years of power in politics, business and labor, William McCormack is virtually unknown to New Yorkers. He is the city's mystery man.

"Billy's very secretive," a friend said. "He won't talk to anyone before turning it over in his mind for three days." To this writer, McCormack wouldn't talk even after turning repeated requests over in his mind for three months. Other newsmen have not fared much better. For years, reporters have had great difficulty in getting at him. "He's a most elusive customer," said one reporter. "You can't find him unless you lie in wait for him." This was true even before the Columbia Broadcasting System on its The Nation's Nightmare program raised the question, "Who is Mr. Big?" in a broadcast that mentioned several important water-front figures, including McCormack.

When last fall's crippling strike focused national attention on New York Harbor, William J. McCormack, its biggest mystery, became the object of one of the most intense journalistic man hunts in years. Who was he? What was his power over the turbulent water-front world? How did he exert it?

Finding out was not easy. One weekly newsmagazine editor complained:

"Where do you start with this man? Our files have practically no newspaper clippings on him."

And if people know something about him, they don't want to talk about it. If they do, they take precautions. When this writer asked one business executive about McCormack, the executive's male secretary rose quietly at the mention of McCormack's name, left the office and carefully shut the door behind him. "Smart secretary, isn't he?" the executive commented.

Every fact about McCormack must be fought for. This proves how discreet the aggressive McCormack can be. For Bill McCormack has been many things to many men.

To the late Alfred E. Smith, as New York's governor, McCormack was boxing commission licensing chairman. To Al Smith, out of office, he was a business colleague. McCormack was a business associate also of the flamboyant subway builder, the late Sam Rosoff, and of the politician-contractor-publisher, the late Generoso Pope.

To Frank Hague, the former political boss of New Jersey, McCormack is a friend as close (one admirer said) as "Mike and Ike." Another man

Gene Sampson, leader of last fall's wildcat strike, was approached by McCormack, who promised concessions if men would return to work

BOB SCHWALBERG

Joseph Ryan is lifetime president of the longshoremen's union, at $20,000 a year and expenses. He is one of McCormack's close friends

WIDE WORLD

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By LESTER VELIE

who claims to be a McCormack friend is Owney Madden, once called on New York's West Side Owney the Killer. Approached at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he has retired, Owney Madden told a Collier's reporter: "Why should I say anything about a friend of mine?"

To Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia, McCormack was a solid citizen-businessman. Two corporations in which McCormack was interested held bus franchises during the La Guardia administration. To Mayor O'Dwyer, as already noted, McCormack was a "disaster" solver who, alone, could settle tugboat strikes that threatened to shut down the city. To O'Dwyer, too, McCormack was a grand inquisitor—the man who probed the alarming business decline in the Port of New York and in the Washington Street produce market.

His Part in a Mayoralty Campaign

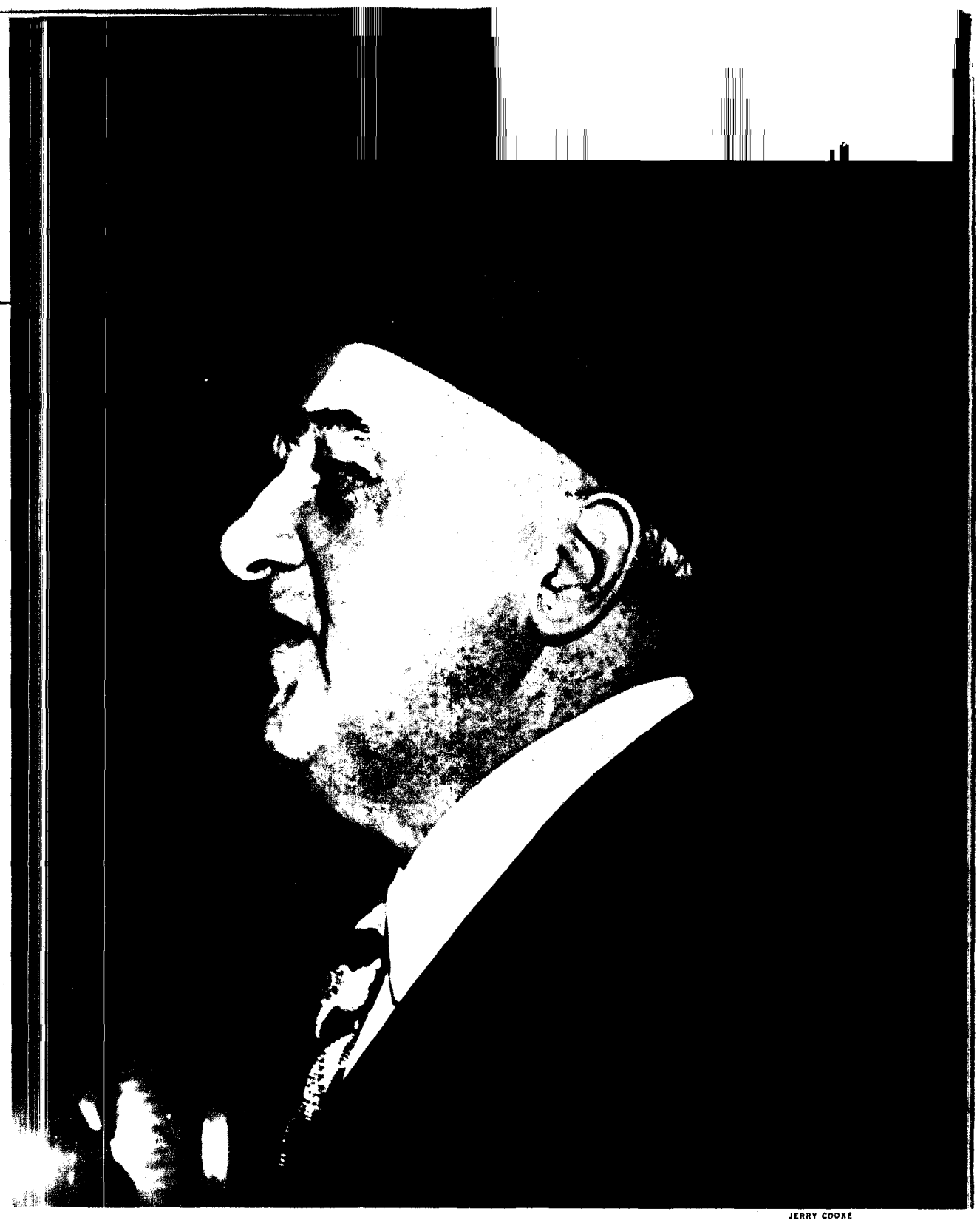
And to Mayor Vincent Impellitteri, McCormack was an adviser on transit and the port—and a political supporter. For mayoralty candidate "Vince," as McCormack told friends, he went "hook, line and sinker." McCormack helped guide Impellitteri's election campaign in 1950, giving public-relations advice.

One McCormack family enterprise, the Morania Oil Company, Inc. (which McCormack turned over to his son, Bill, Jr., several years ago), bids competitively for New York City government oil business. Records of New York City's Board of Transportation disclose that in the fiscal year 1948-'49 (when O'Dwyer was mayor) Morania Oil was successful low bidder on $281,600 of petroleum products to the board—or fourth in the list of successful bidders. In the next fiscal year, Morania was still fourth on the list. But in 1950-'51, Morania became the leading fuel supplier to New York City's Board of Transportation, selling $884,000 worth in open competition. In the current fiscal year which ends this July, Morania is again the leading successful low bidder, winning competitive contracts totaling $2,450,000.

A strong, silent man, always in the background, McCormack has escaped public notice under circumstances that might have destroyed less discreet men. When a corporation of which a political insider and friend of mayors, such as McCormack, is president gets nailed jacking up prices that will cost the city hundreds of thousands of dollars, scandal and exposure usually follow. Indicted (with others) on criminal federal charges of monopolizing sand and gravel sales and conspiring to hike prices, the McCormack Sand & Gravel Corporation paid a $5,000 fine in 1940 rather than go to trial. Yet the incident raised hardly a ripple, despite the fact that the indictment charged a conspiracy to boost sand and gravel prices 35 per cent.

One of New York City's richest men, McCormack owns sand-and-gravel, mixed-concrete, real estate and stevedoring corporations. Yet his wealth would have remained a secret, too, but for a tax hassel with the government which spread some of his money affairs on the public record. In a tax case decided in 1941 it was disclosed that McCormack's income for the depression year of 1934, as revised by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, was $95,000. Even more revealing: from earnings on only part of his investments, he was able to accumulate during six depression years two trust funds for his children—Bill, Jr., and Julia—that totaled approximately $289,000 (before taxes). If you figure that McCormack earned, say 5 per cent on his money, it would appear from the tax-case disclosure that McCormack was worth more than $1,000,000.

The tax case revealed McCormack as an indulgent father. Questioned about $70,000 he had withdrawn from his children's trusts and turned over to Mrs. McCormack, *(Continued on page 38)*



JERRY COOKE

Mc ormack at 61 still packs such power in his fists younger men are afraid to tangle with hin . This rare photo was made last December when he came before a New Jersey grand jury

Th "shape-up," at which men are hired for one day's work. This system has been sharply criticized. Only a third of the 30,000 registered longshoremen earn as much as $50 weekly

BOB SCHWALBERG

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KING CHARLES Master Diver

By WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

King Charles had gambled his crown for money, and the proof of his intrigue lay at the bottom of the Channel. If the sea gave up her secret, the headsman would start sharpening his ax

THROUGH the window of a small room known as the Closet blew a soft summer wind from the Thames, bearing with it shouts of watermen calling defiance to the crew of a barge. The King stepped to the casement in hopes of seeing a good brawl, but the barge was slipping out of sight downstream. He turned again into the room, a tall, swarthy man with the shoulders of a blacksmith, the curls of his wig tumbling over his snowy linen shirt like a waterfall of ink.

"Continue, Master Millan. How will you get us to the bottom of the sea?"

Archibald Millan was a red-faced Scottish sea dog with a mouth like a cutlass gash. He stood with his sleeves rolled up, behind a glass tank in which a number of the strange Chinese carp called goldfish huddled fearfully at one end. Most of the tank was now occupied by an odd contrivance of wood about a foot high, vaguely bell-shaped.

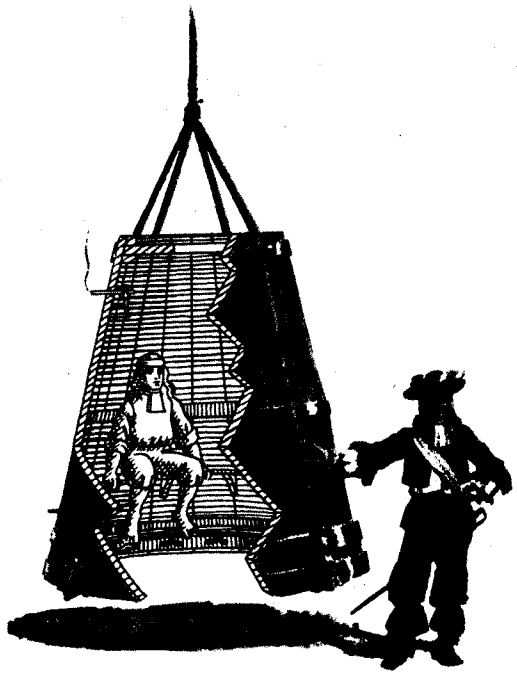
"Gin ye hae a bottle or a wineglass, noo—" Millan's eye lighted on a row of beakers on a shelf, containing odds and ends for the chemical experiments with which the King often amused himself. One was empty; the Scot snatched it up, inverted it, and plunged it beneath the surface of the water. As he pressed it down toward the bottom of the tank, taking care not to tilt it, the water rose inside the beaker a fraction of an inch but the air remained, a silvery column.

"Aweel," Millan went on, "if His Majesty will stand in a bit closer . . . Were a man in sic an inverted tumbler at the bottom of the sea, he'd have air to breathe."

"Aye," said the King, attentively, "but what when the air grows foul?"

Millan chuckled. "That's the cleverness of the device. Men hae been let doon into the sea before, cowerin' in upside-down kettles an' forced to swim up when the air fouled. The divin' bell scheme is as old as man, doubtless. Or as ancient as there's been good gold in drowned ships, wi' only the fish tae gawp at it. Without my device to serve it wi' air, my bell is just another deathtrap, albeit better weighted wi' lead around the bottom tae make it sink straight.

"Noo here's the secret—we've twa barrels, open at the bottom in the manner o' the divin' bell itself. Atop of each a pipe o' leather is fixed, as in the wee model here. We lower them, first the ane and then t'ither, doon a line. I grapple the pipe into the bell—an' the weight of the sea pushes the air into the chamber where I sit, as dry as if I were in my ane cabin up above, aboard my ship. Sae, ye see, I keep my air sweet."



He demonstrated with the tiny barrel, holding it under the surface, then lifting the tip of its miniature hose and letting a stream of bubbles flow up under the model bell.

An elfin girl, who had been sitting pertly on a footstool by the King's chair, bounced up and swept over to the tank, pressing her nose to the glass and looking through it and the water, up into the face of the inventor. The Scot gazed imploringly at the King. "If His Majesty will forgive me, I'll interrupt the demonstration the noo, until the lady is done crossing her eyes at me through the glass."

Charles the Second, King of England, Ireland, Scotland and the Isles, threw back his head and laughed. King of three kingdoms always at each other's throats; once an exiled prince living on his wits and begging his way from court to court of Europe, now a bankrupt king perched insecurely on an uncertain throne; intriguer for dear life against a seditious nobility and a hostile and tight-fisted Parliament; tolerant in a sectarian age, skeptical in a superstitious age, magnanimous in an age of revengers; lover of women, wit, art, science, and the whole pleasurable and wonderful created world—Charles Stuart's trade-mark was vast, deep-chested, ringing laughter.

"Be done, Nelly," he gasped, finally. "Go fetch me an orange, like a good girl."

She made one more face through the aquarium and then, with a rustle of silk, swept out of the door for a moment and in again with a tray of oranges on her hip. "Buy my oranges, penny for an orange!" she sang, imitating a street seller.

Charles reached for one, but she twisted aside. "Penny first, m'lord."

"Come, come, child. My credit's good for a penny. If not," he added, struggling with Nell and finally capturing a fruit, "if not for very much more. Continue, Master Millan."

The mariner, whose eyes had rested tactfully on the window, returned to his project. "After depositing its contents of air, the barrel is drawn aloft—"

The King frowned. "Hold a moment. The foul air inside—what becomes of it?"

Millan's frosty blue eyes twinkled. "Stopcock at the top, sire. The second man in the bell lets out just so much, ere the new comes in. I mysel', an' a guid lad by the name o' Coombs, who works wi' me, have stayed doon an hour by the clock."

With a crash, the diving bell broke

There was a scratching at the door; without waiting for an answer, a small, plump man burst in—Will Chiffinch, Charles's confidential secretary and the only man alive who had free right of entry to the King's Closet.

"Sire—the Frenchman—the ship Ariadne—"

The King's eyes narrowed. Otherwise he did not move, yet the air in the little laboratory became electric. "What of the Ariadne?"

"Two sailors—they would speak with you—"

Charles was already buttoning his waistcoat. "See you that Master Millan does not lack for refreshment, Will. And you, Nelly, stay here. Feed the goldfish; they'll appreciate it."

The empty laboratory where the King did his experiments—black magic, whispered the sour Puritans—was far too bare and businesslike for a girl, Nell Gwyn pouted to herself as she crumbled a biscuit for the goldfish. Time ticked by on the King's innumerable clocks. Nothing else broke the silence of the room. The odd vessel Master Millan had left stood, with a puddle forming around it, on the tabletop.

When Charles returned, he wrenched off his coat and waistcoat without a word, then removed his wig and tossed it absently toward Nell, who caught it with the ease of long practice and hung it over a chair knob. His own hair, cropped short for comfort, was prematurely gray.

Nell watched him, saying nothing. The King threw himself into a chair and said at last, heavily, "Drowned!"

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the surface, water streaming off [illegible] ss port in its roof. The ship heeled as the bell was lifted clear and swung, dripping, over the deck

"Gorm! Oo's drowned. [illegible]"

A quick smile lighted the [illegible] face. "Nobody you know, Nelly. But a pr[illegible]d for all that. Not washed ashore, either. [illegible]bly foul of the wreck." The King was thin[illegible]loud.

"Poor lad." The girl's voic[illegible] the facile sorrow of the theater. "Drowni[illegible]body orful."

"In this case it is, my love[illegible]ndeed." Charles was himself again; he spoke w[illegible]is old ironic detachment. "You wouldn't kno[illegible]this, Nelly—the kings and queens of your theater never worry about anything but honor. But in real life what a king worries about is money. Cold cash runs a kingdom, my duck; the King needs it, and the Parliament's got it. Twenty years ago, Nelly, this precious Parliament of squires and merchants cut off my father's head for trying to get money by force. And I went into exile. Ten years ago they brought me back—out of love, d'you think? No. Because the country was sick of them, and they needed me for a puppet to dance when they pulled the strings. The purse strings. Nell."

"Lorlumme!" Nell breathed. "Is that why I can't have those pearls?"

He laughed shortly. "You're a quick learner. Your pearls—and my ships. This Parliament would let England go to wreck while it lined its pockets. No pay for the army, no ships for the fleet. So—I must e'en find the money by my wits."

"But what," the little actress asked, knitting her tilted brows, "what has all this to do with the drowned lad?"

She was sitting on the footstool by his chair, her skirts spread deftly around her; an artist would worry and twitch at the drapery for an hour, Charles thought with a swift surge of affection, to do what Nelly did with a single sweep of her hand. His glance came to rest on the goldfish, now peacefully idling in their tank, and he went on, speaking half to himself, half to the girl. He had done this much of late—stating his plans and his perplexities in language so simple that Nell could follow it seemed to clarify his own thoughts.

"You see, my love, there's a letter on the pretty lad's body. It's a letter from my cousin, King Louis of France, answering a letter of mine. I have no idea what it says, but what it is about should be clear enough. Just a little family arrangement between cousins. You see, I have offered little Louis the English fleet for his war against the Dutch. If—he'll give me a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

Nelly's laugh was the gayest, merriest, most contagious laugh in London. "Oo, come orf it, Charlie," she said. "You'd never really sell the English navy."

Charles Stuart was smiling now; Nelly's laugh was as refreshing as a row on the river in the first light of dawn. "That I wouldn't, my sweet. But the little Frenchman doesn't know that—yet. He thinks he can buy the King of England. But nothing has been said between us as to how long the King of England stays bought! Mind you, Nell—we'll have to fight the Dutch in any case, sooner or later. They're destroying our trade. But Louis doesn't know this—or doesn't know that I am fully resolved that it's necessary to fight them. If the scheme goes through, Louis will think he's bought our fleet. The Dutch are stout fellows afloat, but we shall beat them—and when it comes to settling the peace treaty, Louis will find that for all he gets out of the war he might just as well have kept his cash under his pillow. But by that time we'll have already spent his money—on the English navy."

The girl's frown made him lean forward; he took her pointed chin between finger and thumb. "Let's put it this way: Louis thinks he's paying me to serve French policy. Whereas I am making him pay me to do what I have decided to do anyhow." Then his face darkened, the great, luminous eyes half closed. "If our little plot is discovered now, the Puritan party will have all the evidence they need to prove me a traitor. And the headsman will start sharpening his ax. Either that, or flight across the Channel and—I start on my travels again." The King brooded.

Nell took one of his great, brown hands and pressed it softly against her cheek. "But if the paper is sunk in the sea—"

"I know that sea"—the quick smile flashed down at her—"as I know the curves of sweet Nelly's face. Young Sir Harry Skelton carried that letter, Nelly. A good lad, proof against a dozen swords, but not against our cursed English Channel. They say he went down bolted into his cabin. The sea'll hammer that cabin open, Nelly. And then the sea will give up her dead. Well—there's only two people in England I'd trust with knowing what's in that letter: Will Chiffinch, because he loves me. And you, Nelly, for the same reason, maybe—and because your pretty little head will have forgotten the whole matter by tomorrow."

"But if," Nell Gwyn said, her tinkling voice suddenly shrewd, "but if the body washes up on the beach somewhere—"

"Ay. The game's up." He fell silent, the brain behind the dark, luminous *(Continued on page 67)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIAN BLOCK

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Hollywood's Exclusive Comedians' Club

By ARTHUR MARX

In the 1920s, a bunch of hungry young performers started swapping gags in a New York restaurant while awaiting work. Today, rich, famous, well fed, they still meet daily—and the gags are better than ever

THIRTY years ago, in the heyday of vaudeville, a poverty-stricken band of unsuccessful young actors used to gather every afternoon in Wolpin's Restaurant, just off New York's Times Square. There—until the proprietor wearied of their unprofitable patronage and threw them out—they passed the time nursing cups of coffee, cracking jokes, and hoping ardently that the acts at the Palace Theatre next door would flop so that they might be given a chance.

Among the unemployed loiterers always present at Wolpin's were a violinist named Jack Benny, an adagio dancer named George Burns, a singer named George Jessel, a monologist named Lou Holtz, and a team of rowdy comics called the Marx Brothers.

Today, the same group is still meeting for lunch every noontime—far west of Broadway, however, in Hollywood's luxurious Hillcrest Country Club. But it's no longer just a chance gathering of performers. It's a unique and highly exclusive luncheon society, with its own officers, by-laws and membership requirements that are rigidly enforced. It also has four new members, Danny Kaye and the Ritz Brothers, and a very imposing title—the Hillcrest Round Table of Comedians.

The large, round, oak table which serves as their headquarters stands in a secluded corner of Hillcrest's Men's Grill—a combination bar and dining room that is as luxurious as it is modern, and as light and airy as the beautiful golf course seen through its huge bay windows.

Here, other members of Hillcrest sit and have lunch, and watch, not without envy, the daily goings on at the Round Table. They have, of course, a very good reason to be jealous of this club-within-a-club that has sprung up in their midst, for even though they may hear Jack Benny's raucous laughter from across the room, or perhaps see Danny Kaye imitating a ballerina, they're never invited to join in the fun.

The comedians, smugly satisfied with their own company and dialogue, want no part of anyone who isn't in the theater. Perhaps it's just as well, for the layman might be a little shocked by some of the things that are said at the Round Table. Comedians are a strange lot. Getting laughs, particularly from their fellow comedians, is more important to them than food or drink. And nothing is too sacred for them to kid about—including death.

Last year, for example, the group was assembled at the table one noon when news reached them that a prominent but not very well liked actor had just dropped dead on Hillcrest's first tee, while swinging at a golf ball.

George Burns pondered the sad news for a moment, then remarked to the others, "By Jove—this course is tougher than I thought!"

There are moments, of course, when the comedians are deadly serious; if not serious, then a little bit uneasy. These are the moments immediately after the group sits down to lunch on the day following a radio or TV broadcast by one of its members. The comedian who appeared on the show is obviously at the table to elicit compliments. Praise from this hard-boiled bunch means more to him than the acclaim of a whole nation, for the comedians are his professional rivals, and if they say they liked his show, he's convinced it must have been good.

If he had a good show, the group will be effusive in its compliments. But if he happened to have had a bad program, the other comedians will take great pains to avoid any mention of the radio or TV business—at least until the unhappy entertainer has fortified himself with a corned-beef sandwich.

"That's how you tell what kind of a show you had," Jack Benny recently explained to a group of his friends. "If one of the boys at the Round Table greets you with a remark like, 'It looks very bad for the British in Iran,' then you *know* you must have laid an awful egg the night before!"

An unpardonable sin at the Round Table is having to admit to another comic that you missed his broadcast. "Death is the only excuse acceptable," according to Danny Kaye.

Kaye ought to know. He once admitted to Jack Benny that he forgot to hear his program the night before. Benny was so annoyed that he made Kaye go home with him and listen to a tape recording of the show. "Once wouldn't have been so bad," admits Kaye, "but the ham made me listen to it five times!"

Sometimes it happens that two of the Round Table comedians broadcast simultaneously over different networks. This sort of thing can lead to some very touchy situations at the Round Table. Last season, for example, the Burns & Allen TV program and Groucho Marx's You Bet Your Life began competing against each other on Thursday evenings. Under those circumstances, it was virtually impossible to throw a bouquet at either Burns or Groucho without the other knowing you had missed *his* show.

Reproved for doffing shirts on links, Harpo and George Burns wore shirts—but no pants

One Friday, Lou Holtz unthinkingly told Groucho that he had enjoyed his program the night before, and several of the others at the table echoed the same sentiments.

"Gracie and I had a good show too," ventured George Burns, reaching for a dill pickle. "Any of you see it?"

It so happened no one had, and an appalled hush settled over the group. Finally, Chico Marx's voice broke the tension.

"I didn't see it either," he said apologetically, "but I know somebody who thought it was sensational."

"Who?" asked George Burns, his face suddenly aglow.

"I'll bring her in to meet you," said Chico. "She's in the main dining room."

Much to Burns's annoyance, Chico brought Gracie Allen back to the table.

As the radio-TV season progressed, the Friday sessions of the Round Table reached such a crucial stage that the other comedians were afraid to open their mouths at all, for fear of insulting either Burns or Groucho. But they finally devised a way of getting around this. On Fridays they would come to the table 30 minutes before noon and compare notes on the two programs. By the time Groucho and Burns showed up, every comedian at the Round Table could speak eloquently about either show.

Most days, however, the Round Table has no set meeting time. The comedians begin to straggle in, one by one, from about twelve o'clock on. They appear in a conglomeration of outfits, ranging from golfing shorts to sport and business suits, depending on how they've spent the morning (or from the looks of things sometimes, what they happen to have pulled out of a dark closet).

Harpo Marx, for instance, frequently shows up in a yachting outfit. Since he's never owned a yacht, his nautical attire has been the subject of quite some speculation at the table. Recently Harpo volunteered an explanation. It seems that he and a friend purchased a discarded World War I submarine from the government, with the purpose in mind of turning it into a private fishing barge. They spent hundreds of dollars fixing it up, only to discover that the sub floated too low in the water.

"The water was always up to our knees," explained Harpo sadly, "so after we both nearly got pneumonia, we gave the sub back to the government. But I'd already invested so much dough in the project that I couldn't *(Continued on page 57)*

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While Harpo Marx offered golf lesson with umbrella and matzoth ball, other Round Table diners calmly ate on. Clockwise from lower right, Chico and Groucho Marx; George Burns; Jack Benny; Otto the waiter; Danny Kaye; George Jessel; Lou Holtz; and Al, Harry and Jimmy Ritz

ILLUSTRATED BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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You Make Them Out of PEOPLE

Everyone in Hollywood knew Gordon Keane: a magnificent ruin. Everyone knew he couldn't act any more—everyone but the young director who was willing to gamble his career on an idea

By MOLLY DAY THACHER

THE young director, Al Waterman, was so extremely young and so recently successful that the studio was afraid to say no to him. The veteran executives, young and old, disbelieved so completely in his proposed picture that they were disarmed. Its story offered them no familiar ground from which to launch an attack. Its central figure was an old man, and it was the story of his dying days, to be told without so much as a flashback to the time of youth and adventure. He seemed, however, in his age, to display an almost unseemly vigor. He might sound, the head of production had cautioned, like a nasty old man. The young director had agreed, as though he were delighted that they understood him. There was to be nothing mushy about the character, he said, nothing sweet, nothing soft, but rather a fierceness, like the fierceness of an old eagle.

Now, three out of five of the executives were not insensitive men. They understood the image. If they had met it in a novel, they would have responded to it, while they were noting automatically that it was not for pictures. There flickered through their minds the fugitive hope that something in the official Code could be interpreted as prohibiting such a character on the screen. That would relieve them of an unpleasant decision and of the appearance of Philistinism, which they liked to avoid. But the Code deals only with morals, so called. What was violated here was the deeper and more fundamental mores of the industry, a code which, like the British Constitution, is nowhere written.

Anyone should know, for instance, without its having to be embarrassingly spelled out, that old age, like any other unpleasantness, must be avoided. Brief exception may be made when old age is whimsical or benevolent or appealingly frail. Now this young genius appeared and announced that their leading man was to be seventy-two years old and—his exact words—"no Santa Claus." In the executive dining room, the executives put themselves singly and collectively on record: They could not "see" it.

Yet having so agreed, they felt the clutch of a superstitious fear. It was the gambler's fear of missing a long shot. In the unwritten code by which they lived, one law transcends and sometimes nullifies the rest; it is the law which says: After all, you never know, you can't tell. The test of sharp executives lies in their knowing when to invoke this law and when to insist that, on the contrary, they do know and they can tell. It is the intuitive factor required of them as they deal with the curious people, the creative ones, whom their strange industry requires.

In this case, the young director was the genius of the month. All the town acknowledged it and by caustic comment attested its envy of the studio which had snatched him from competitors. Genius was further certified by the size of his salary. Having themselves offered him this preposterous amount, the executives were now put on the defensive. They could not "see" his picture, but they were afraid to turn it down. Leaving the lunch table, they agreed abruptly to let him go ahead—until it came to casting. . . .

The portrait showed him as Henry IV, compelling, intense—as royalty should look

Al Waterman was less sure of himself than he pretended. There were days when he saw the picture as he wanted it to be, but the image was fugitive, and with it his inner confidence came and went. When it was gone, he slaved blearily, checking the revisions of the script, going over production notes and casting lists late into the nights. This postponed the bad hours in the dark when the whole project seemed to him to be trash, madness, a labored preparation for disaster. It would all end in the public cooking of his goose and settling of his hash, in the abrupt close of his career at twenty-eight. It had happened before, to bright boys who were no less bright than he. From genius to jerk in twelve reels. And, to make it worse, there was the idea that was beginning to obsess him.

In the dark, the idea was unarguable, completely right. It had heart and boldness and showmanship. But in the cold light of a production conference in, say the producer's game room, it would sound like the final proof of his irresponsibility. What he ought to do was forget it. The idea was Gordon Keane.

He had tried to think of other actors to play the lead. He had had innumerable films of other actors run off for him in the projection room, but he would cut them off after two or three reels. He had worn out the Screen Players Guide. No other actor had the quality of a noble ruin. There were ignoble ruins, plenty of them. There were common or garden-variety ruins, empty ruins. There were also Foxy Grandpas, sweet old grandpas, and British butlers who could double as diplomats. Also three cracked and glorious comics who made him stop and smile each time he came to their pictures. All these were listed under Character Men.

Under Leading Men, he found six or seven former romantic leads whose age, at least, would fit the part and whose looks were not unimaginable in it—although they were unhealthily preserved, as with embalming fluid. The trouble with these was that not one of them could act his way out of a paper bag. The director felt bitter toward these men, and felt unjust for feeling bitter, for among them would be the studio's candidate.

Also under Leading Men was Gordon Keane. Instead of a photograph, he, alone of all the actors in the directory, was represented by a reproduction of a painting. The portrait still hung in the lobby of the Chicago theater which bore his name. It showed him as Henry IV, compelling, intense—as royalty should look and does not look once in a thousand years. It was also subtly dated. It must have been painted fifteen years earlier, or twenty. Its presence in the book was more an affirmation of tradition than a sign that the actor was presently employable.

The director threw the Screen Players Guide out of his office window. His secretary went down and retrieved it from the bed of improbable flowers and presently brought him a clean copy.

"Ever see Gordon Keane?" he asked her casually.

Miss Sweeney knew that she was being asked to furnish a sample of public opinion. Beneath an exterior sexiness, Miss Sweeney had the heart of a schoolteacher. She pronounced her verdict firmly: "He must have been great, Mr. Waterman, according to what they say. But he's a clown these days. Besides a lush."

IN THE dark, Waterman directed an imaginary scene. He had perfected it during the day, during the lapses when his mind balked at work, and now his mind's eye projected it with a fine luminosity.

The camera would establish *A shabby-elegant theater of the nineties.* It would dwell lovingly on the gold ornamentation of the boxes, the scrolled proscenium arch, the rich, mysterious crimson of the curtain. Crossing behind the curtain, it would swoop down to show *On stage, a theatrical trunk. In the tray, a newborn baby.*

That was the tradition, wasn't it? Born to the stage and magically endowed. *Anticipatory music, for the christening.* *Cut to (Continued on page 50)*

"I'm terribly honored to be working with you in this picture, Mr. Keane," Francie said in the voice she used playing fifteen-year-olds

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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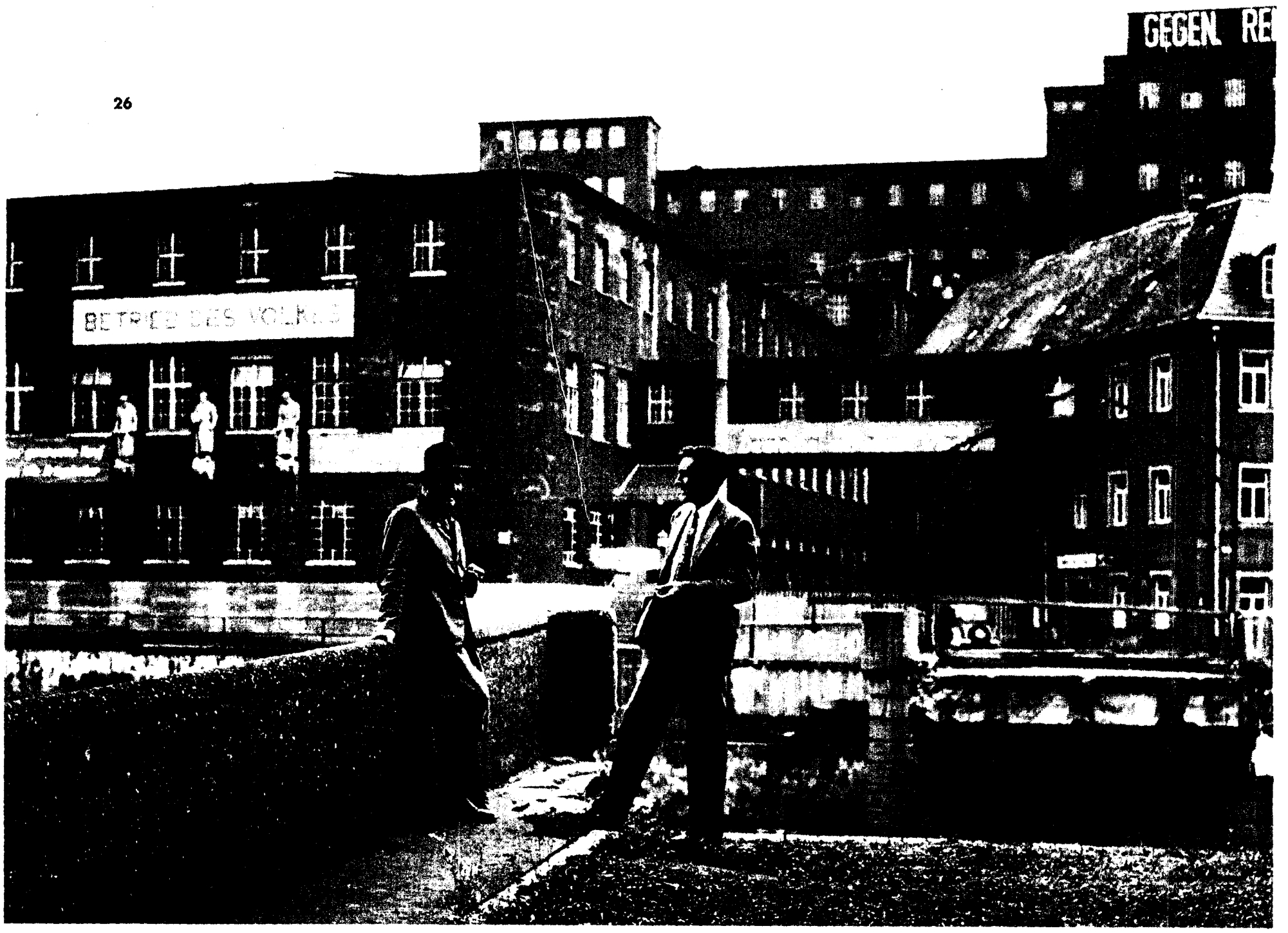

James Carrigan (right), one of two ROs in the town of Hof, on border of Germany's Russian zone, talks things over with mill-owner Baron Max von Andrien. Background buildings, plastered with propaganda signs, are across the line in Eastern Germany

DEMOCRACY'S BEST

In two years, our resident officers, grass-roots ambassadors to our former enemies, have awakened the Germans to rights and responsibilities they had completely forgotten in 13 years under Hitler

By ROBERT SHAPLEN

Munich

BACK home in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, twenty-seven-year-old John Kormann and his pretty wife Elsa, who is only twenty-two, would be just another normal, hard-working, newly married couple with lots of plans, plenty of energy and the advantages of a good college education. But to the 12,000 people of Neumarkt, 80 miles north of here in central Bavaria, the Kormanns are something else entirely. They live, as a matter of course, in the best house in town, and are frequently, if anachronistically, addressed as *Frau* and *Herr* Governor.

So far as their local standing and authority are concerned, they might just as well be Harry and Bess Truman.

The Kormanns are the sole representatives of the United States government and the Allied occupation in Neumarkt. They are also the only Americans in town. All over the U.S. zone of Germany, in places smaller than Neumarkt and as large as Munich, there are 165 others who, like Kormann, are resident officers under the State Department. Most are Kormann's age, or a bit older. The ROs are something new in the department's musty hierarchy, and they combine multiple functions ranging from those of file clerk to those of ambassador.

But, chiefly, they are Main Street, U.S.A., "in export"—and, simultaneously, a cross between a traveling salesman and an itinerant preacher, trying to sell democracy and good will in a tough territory.

When the results of the occupation, now drawing to a close, are finally assessed, the success or failure of the ROs will prove to be a decisive factor in determining whether Germany will become an authoritarian or a democratic nation.

The United States High Commissioner in Germany, John J. McCloy, has described the ROs as "probably the most important element in our relations with the German population." In functioning at the very bedrock social level in the void of the post-Hitler era, they have had the tough task of trying to make the Germans act like citizens instead of subjects. Their goal has been the stirring of civic consciousness in a people whose language has no precise word for "community" and whose habit of playing follow-the-leader in politics has stunted the growth of republican government and

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Francis C. Lindaman, a district chief in Bavaria, oversees 22 ROs in 41 counties—including some 100 miles of Czech border territory

Resident officer Thomas Hoctor with two German women who are using community center built through public pressure that he helped arouse

Neumarkt youth center is product of local inhabitants' new interest in civic affairs. Resident officer, shown above, is John G. Kormann

Editor Hans August Brey (l.) and RO Nathan R. Preston discuss troop relationships with townsfolk, a special problem in Bamberg, Bavaria

SALESMEN IN GERMANY

fomented two world wars. The majority of the ROs operate in remote counties (or *Kreise),* where, often as the sole Americans for miles around, they are, as Kormann puts it, "walking versions of Uncle Sam, all but the stars-and-stripes vest." Everything they say and do is a reflection of the United States, from the interpretation of a new occupation statute to the tipping of a waiter or a hat.

"People look at you all the time and judge you, and thereby judge all of America," Kormann sums up. "When you open your mouth, it's like the eagle screaming."

On a 500-mile tour of Bavaria—a tour that took me from this largest city of south Germany to towns and villages all along the Russian zone and Czech borders and then down through the heart of our zone, into rural and industrial centers alike—I visited more than a dozen ROs and observed the results of this vital "grass-roots" program.

In some places, where the zeal of the ROs has been constant and high, I sensed a real awakening on the part of the people and a grasping of the fundamental fact, never realized before, that, in the words of one RO, "they have a right not only to determine by whom they should be governed, but also how their schools and parks should look, and how their hospitals and streets should be built."

In other places, where the RO himself was not sufficiently energetic or imaginative—or where ancient traditions of authority have stubbornly persisted and there has been a lack of local leadership to pick up the democratic ball and run with it—the program had made less headway.

One thing seemed sure, as was emphasized to me by High Commissioner McCloy upon my return: "For better or for worse, the representation of the American point of view has been carried into the communities of Germany. I think it's for the better, despite some inevitable sour apples. It remains to be seen how effective it will all be. We'll find that out five or ten years from now, when the wind huffs and puffs on this new house."

Although the RO program began officially in the fall of 1949, it actually had its inception a year earlier, when General Lucius Clay, then American occupation chief, proclaimed a new and "positive" phase of the occupation. Thenceforth, Clay said, the stress would be on "reorientation"—a gobbledygook word that was chosen instead of "democratization" because the Russians in the East zone, and the Nazis before them, had made such a hash of the word "democracy."

The resident officer program, which is unique for Germany, actually got under way when the State Department took over occupation duties from the Army's military government, which had been charged with the occupation since the war. The program was worked out by Clay and State Department officials, making full use of the military government facilities already set up; as of a few weeks ago, 68 of the 94 ROs in Bavaria were former military government officers (the rest were old-line or budding State Department career men).

The basis of the RO scheme from the outset was citizen participation. Its chief instrument became the *Bürgerversammlungen,* or town meetings. Although we borrowed this idea from our own New England heritage, it was not entirely new to Germany, where in the nineteenth century it was customary for the whole town to gather on Sunday mornings after church to hear the mayor read the latest government orders. However, there was never any free discussion of community affairs. The people just listened and then quietly did as they were told.

"For them to question anything their officials said would have been unheard-of heresy," explained Francis Lindaman, a HICOG (High Commissioner, Germany) *(Continued on page 53)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED MASKE

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Typical of the precise models of the human body now designed for medical use, this latex head is made up of several detachable parts, and is anatomically correct in every detail

Anatomy

True-to-life models that ever

DESPITE the continual improvement in the charts, diagrams, photographs and papier-mâché and plaster reproductions of the human body which help them better understand anatomy and the nature of disease, medical men have long been seeking the perfect model. Now a step forward has been made through a series of startling reproductions so true to life that they even feel real.

Credit for this innovation in anatomical modeling belongs to Abram Belskie, a slim, dark-haired sculptor of forty-four, who for the past 13 years has been devoting his artistic skill to medical problems. Other science-minded artists in the past have turned out models sufficiently accurate for use in illustrating classroom lectures. But Belskie is one of the very few medical sculptors to achieve almost perfect realism. He does it with natural rubber latex—a milky liquid which when solidified has a texture similar to human skin.

The models Belskie produces in his studio—at Manhattan's New York Medical College, Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals—offer medical students an important new tool for studying anatomy. The sculptor starts by making a precise clay model of the organ he is illustrating. The clay is then cast in plaster, and the finished latex models are made from the plaster casts. Hand-painting adds realism and detail. Made in removable sections, the bodies can be "dissected" almost layer by layer to reveal all of the body organs as well as their involved interrelationships.

Internal details of these dummy cadavers are so precise that the future physician can use them for practice in diagnosis of disease, as well as for plotting simulated surgical operations.

One extremely important feature of Belskie's

Identical models of the female torso show flexibility of latex. Models have detachable and interchangeable body sections, are used to help medical students understand anatomy

COURTEST OF THE CLEVELAND HEALTH MUSE

Maneuvering a latex baby in model of pelvic area helps in teaching delivery techniques

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in Latex

feel real help train doctors

revolutionary figures is the fact that their parts are interchangeable. A diseased liver, for example, can be substituted for a normal one. And in one special series, the sculptor has simulated tumors on models of breasts to aid in teaching cancer diagnosis.

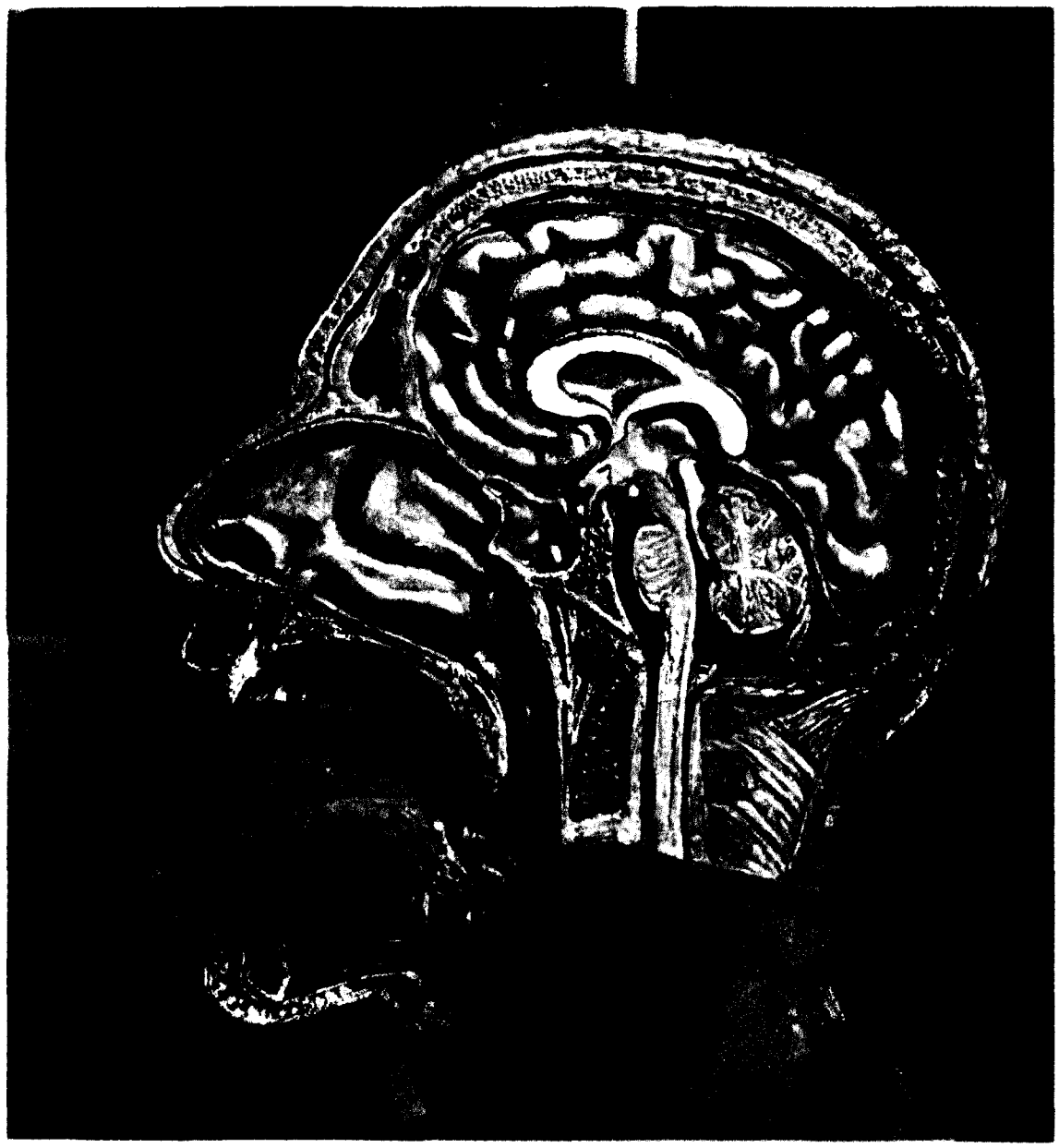
Belskie even has made it possible for students to experience personally in a laboratory the problems that may arise in the delivery of a baby. He did this by fashioning a latex infant so lifelike it has the wobbly neck of the newborn. Combined with a model of a female pelvis, it recreates, for students, actual birth conditions.

To get realism into his latex body parts, Belskie, as faculty sculptor of the New York Medical College, spends weeks watching operations and studying in detail the living organs he plans to reproduce, before he even starts work on a model.

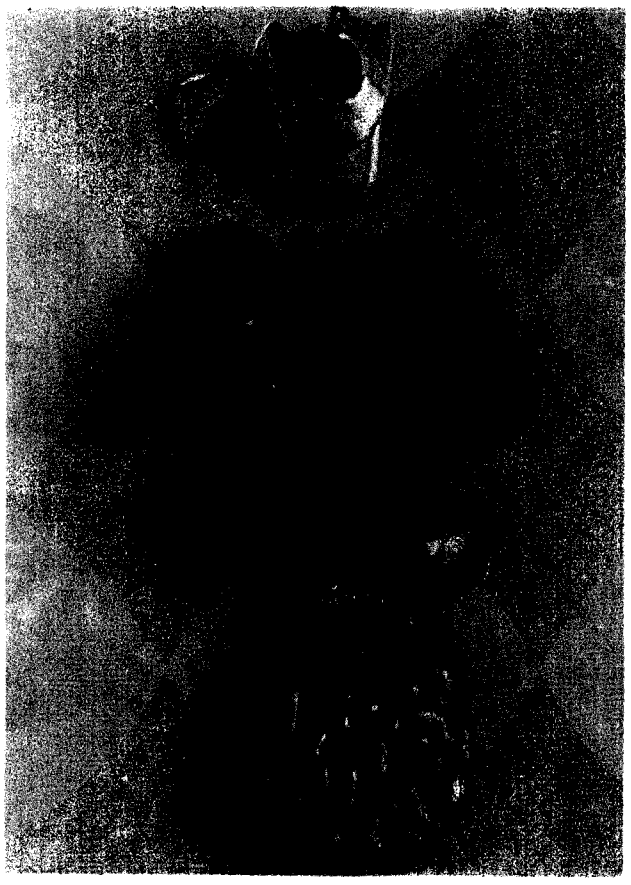
Dr. J. A. W. Hetrick, dean of the medical college, feels that the sculptor has earned his berth at the school. "Belskie's models are used along with cadavers here," he says, "and while they do not supplant them, they do offer our students many advantages. Dead organs have lost many qualities of the living organs which Belskie is so faithfully reconstructing."

Because much of Belskie's time so far has been devoted to special projects for groups like the Queens County (New York) Cancer Committee and the American Heart Association, he has not been able to fulfill his ambition: to supply latex organs and bodies for medical schools all over the nation. Although limited today by the high cost of making master molds, he hopes someday to lick that problem and increase the volume of production so that medical students everywhere can learn to save lives through model medicine.

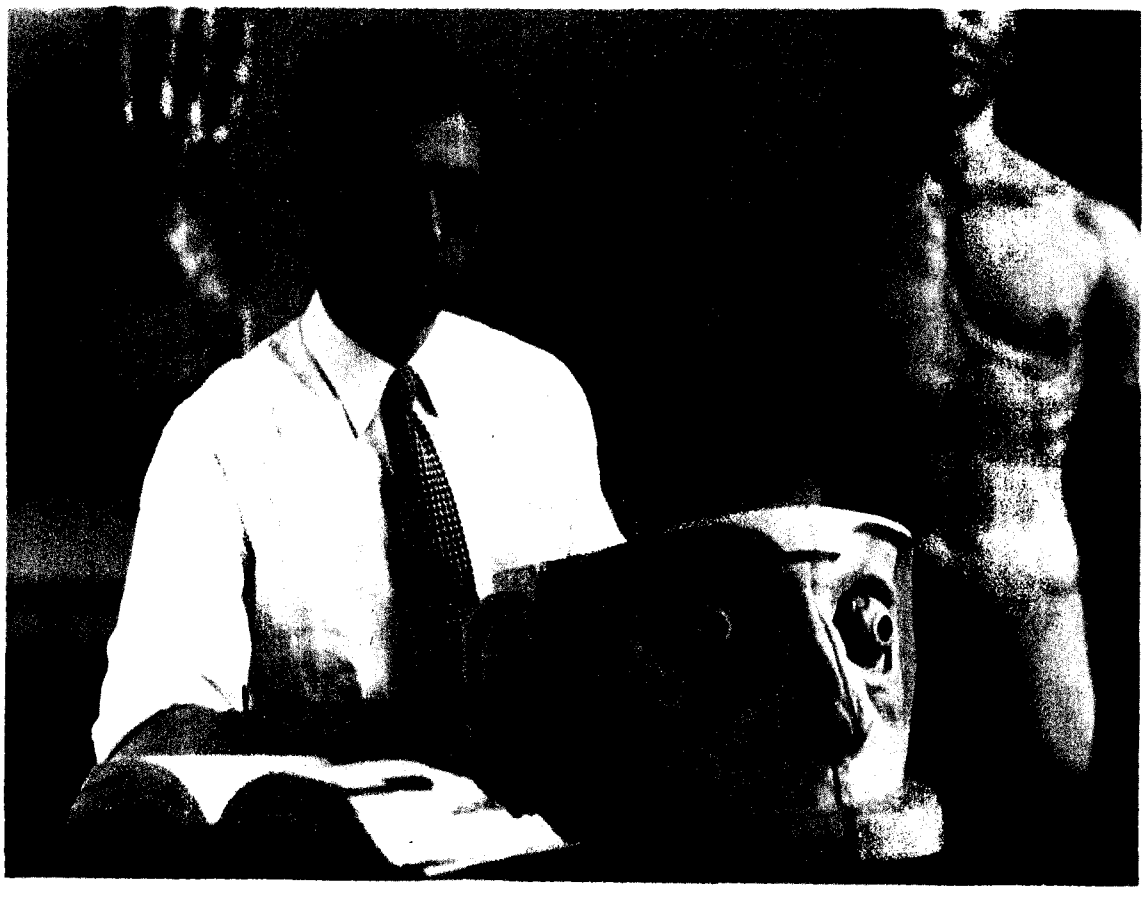
HOWARD COHN



Cross section of same head (opposite page) is realistically designed even to the coloring painted on by hand. Models are first made in clay, then in plaster, and finally in latex



Body organs in latex: heart between lungs; then, liver, stomach, pancreas, intestines



Designer of superrealistic body parts, Abram Belskie works in his studio at the New York Medical College on an oversized head in plaster that is another of his medical projects

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY ERLICH

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CHUCK WAGON

By HOWARD BRODIE

"DAYBREAK!"

I opened my eyes and peered through the darkness. A few feet away, white-whiskered Sid Geddis slithered out of his bedroll and briskly started building a fire. Sounds of movement came from the cowboys in the range tents around me, but I stayed where I was. It was raw and cold.

By the time I'd worked up courage to face the wintry wind, Geddis, the "koosinari" (from the Spanish *cocinero,* meaning "cook"), had cracked through the ice in the water barrel and had started coffee cooking. The smell of the coffee and the sharp tang of frying ham-and-eggs drew me into the open. It was 5:00 A.M. and still murky. I shivered.

"Chuck!" roared Geddis.

The flaps of the range tents opened and the sleepy cowboys moved toward the fire, spurs clicking as they buckled on their chaps. "The rich have ice in summer," muttered a chilled figure, splashing his hands in a basin, "and the poor have it in winter." As we clustered about the fire to eat, the men around me warmed their horses' frosty bits over the flames.

In their broad-brimmed, high-peaked hats and flapping leggings, these men looked like the cast of a Western movie. Indeed, they were cowboys in the old style, completely unmechanized, using a horse-drawn chuck wagon as their field headquarters, and operating in almost exactly the same way as did the colorful cow hands of the late nineteenth century. They worked for one of the few ranches still using a chuck wagon, the 200,000-acre establishment owned by William J. Lewis, Sr., and his family, and managed by William, Jr.

"Most of the smaller ranches use trucks," the younger Lewis had told me in Clarendon, Texas. "We tried it once, but had to give it up, for several reasons. The trucks were fine, but our men didn't know how to use them. For some reason, it's hard to find a cook who can drive; so it meant hiring an extra man just for that. Also, normal maintenance was a problem that far from town; most cowboys neither know nor care much about keeping machinery in good running condition.

"That isn't a problem on a small ranch, where the cowboys—and the trucks—can be brought into town each night. But we keep our men out on the prairies for months at a time, and they need a base that can keep up with them day by day. So we use the horse-drawn wagon, which moves just fast enough.

"Maybe sentiment has something to do with it, too."

The Lewises graze about 10,000 head of cattle, most of it on their own land around Clarendon, the rest on 35,000 leased acres 150 miles away, in Hartley County, near the farthest corner of the northwest Texas panhandle. It was on this leased acreage that the chuck wagon was operating; the cowboys were rounding up cattle there for shipment.

The rising sun revealed rugged country, with rolling hills spotted by mesquite and bear grass; not far away, a creek cut a sharp path through the slopes. The land was located within a game preserve, and a covey of quail wandered fearlessly past the camp. In a draw not far away we counted 11 wild turkeys.

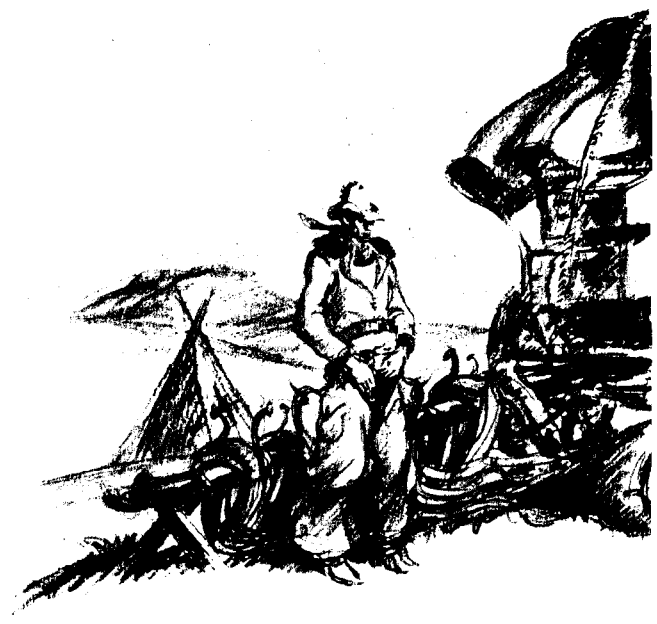
"Hey, hoodlum!" shouted Geddis. Responding to the traditional name for the cook's assistant, Bruce Stewart, a young man with a Mephistophelean mustache and chin whiskers, walked under the tent fly thrown up against the wagon. "Better get your wood an' water," Sid said. "We're movin' on."

There was plenty of activity now. Cow hands rolled up sleeping bags, pulled down the canvas set against the chuck wagon and collapsed range tents. Several loaded the wagon, and one covered up the fire, observing, as he hunched against the cold: "Buryin' that fire's like buryin' your kin." The wheel and lead horses were hitched to the wagon. Sid took the reins, a couple of cowboys slapped the rumps of the horses and the wagon rumbled off to the evening's rendezvous.

We had camped near one of several corrals located at strategic spots around the grazing land; now I followed the cowboys to the corral. There was the soft thud of hoofs *(Continued on page 47)*

RELIC OF OLD WEST, chuck wagon rumbles across prairie, past coyote and cattle skulls, to make evening rendezvous with cowboys. Wagon often stays in field weeks at a time. Note side of beef hanging from left side, washtub and pans at rear

THE "CHAPPING." Cook's helper gets spanking from cowboy Don Owens for littering the area around chuck wagon. This form of punishment is a tradition in cow camps. It is administered good-naturedly, stinging victim without causing any real injury



PRAIRIE BIVOUAC. Cow hands put up two-man range tents resembling Indian tepees, unpack their bedrolls, and are ready for the night. Tent fly stretched from chuck wagon offers shelter for cook

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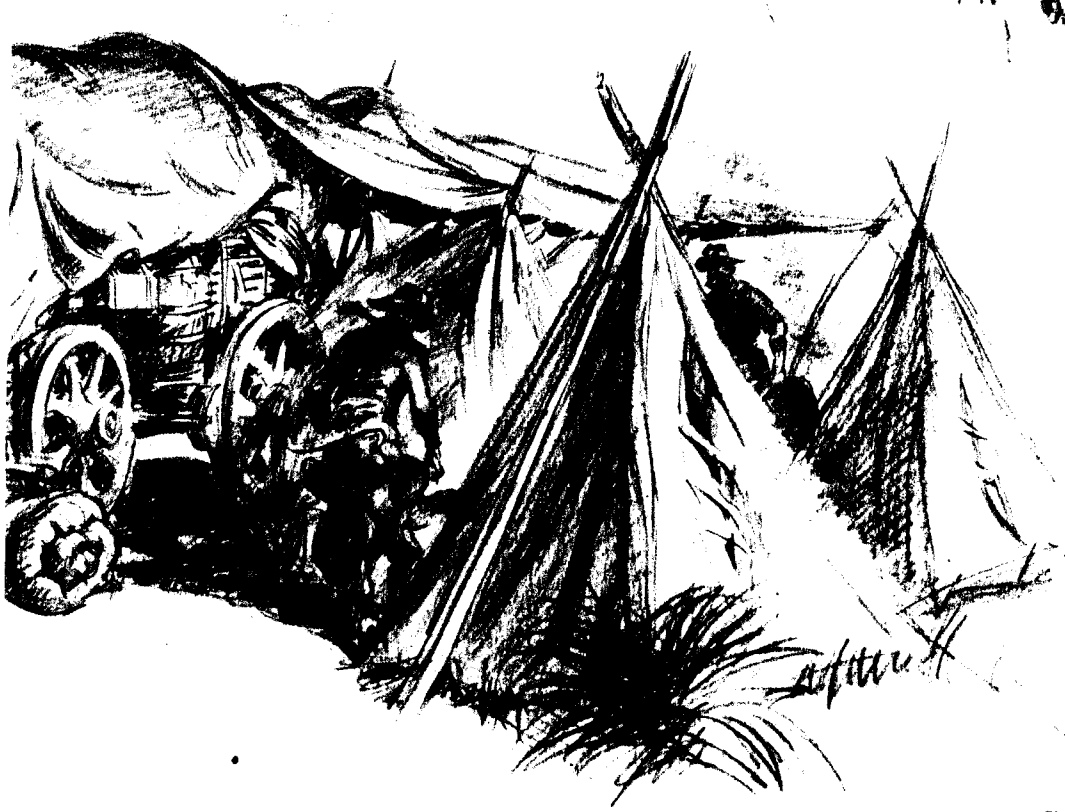

COOK AND HELPER. "Hoodlum" Bruce Stewart (left) assists as "Koosinari" Sid Geddis makes camp. Geddis, ex-cowboy, was forced into less active job by old injuries

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

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It was glorious—the cold, clear water, the white sand, the hot sunshine, and she and Barney alone together, with people all around them

There Comes a Time

By EUNICE LEE CAESAR

All her life Mary Lynne's mother had worked for her, protected her, made decisions for her. And Mary Lynne had been grateful—until Barney made her see what her gratitude involved

JUST looking at her, you would have known that she kept a diary. She had that sequestered, delicate, Brontë-heroine look. You would have known that the diary was a romantic sort of journal, full of wistful little fantasies. They weren't lies exactly, but everyday happenings dressed up a little, so that the diary, when she read it over, was not unlike her other reading—the most exciting, most romantic, and most colorful of the lending-library novels. For her reading was the only thing in her life that was not sorted and sifted and supervised, before it reached her, until there was no taste or color left.

Perhaps you would have known that when she read the more dressed-up passages in her journal she laughed at herself—a little ruefully, but with real amusement.

The last entry she ever wrote was about her meeting with Barney Lange: *I lifted my eyes to meet his, as clear and blue as the water around us, and knew that my heart was in his keeping for the rest of time. Out of all the men in the world . . .*

The men in the world. In her world there were only Dr. Norman Marsh, who was fifty and hoped to marry her mother, and Wes, who was forty and intended to marry her, Mary Lynne, when she was a little older. Unless you counted the elevator boys who came and went in the apartment house, or her father, whom she hadn't seen since she was three.

His hands were warm and brown and compelling on my bare shoulders . . .

That was where she'd stopped, there on a sentence that was literally true. The part she didn't write—about yielding, helpless and trembling, as they did in novels—was true, too. She had been trembling. She had been scared to death.

"Listen," Barney had said, with his hands on her bare white shoulders, "you don't have to jump! Just relax and fall in. Aim at that black line on the bottom there."

He had looked at her, then—for the first time, she guessed. He'd looked at the pale, delicate oval of her very young face and at the rest of her too, perhaps. She hoped so.

He had looked from her to the rest of the Housewife's Morning Swimming Class, from Mrs. Lee-Smith, sixtyish, all angles and long, horse face, doing her determined crawl back and forth at the six-foot mark, to little, round Mrs. West, floating and burbling happily in her shallow corner. Mrs. Roberts had never made anyone dive. She was afraid to dive, herself. But this—this substitute, this *man*—had lined them all up on the edge of the Y.W.C.A. indoor pool and *(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

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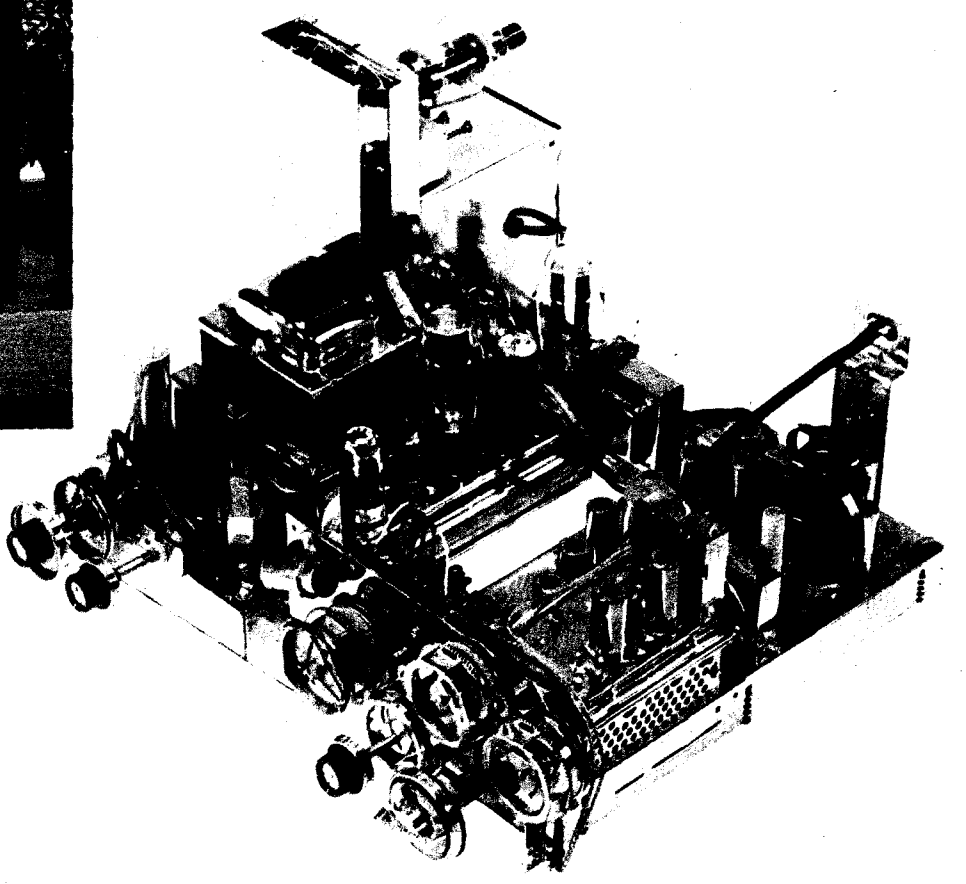

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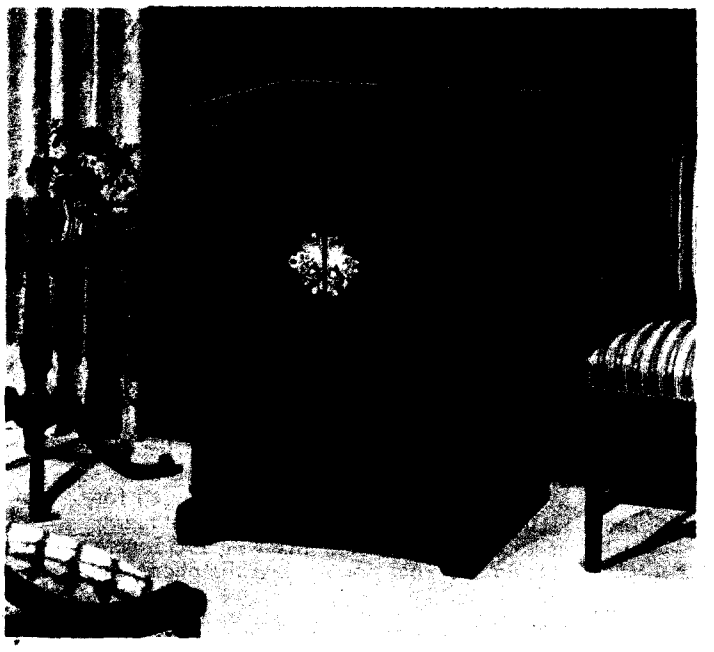

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ROBERT BUGG

"Ben Mercer," Addie screamed, "you all get off this line right now!"

MIRACLE At Sugar Creek

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

IN BEHALF of Ben Mercer and the rest of the poor, long-suffering wretches on the Sugar Creek eight-party telephone line, I would like to offer up a short testimonial to the power of prayer—despite the fact that our wives are screaming that it was the legions of hell and not the Lord that brought to pass what happened last Sunday.

What started us praying was the telephone line. They strung it out our way ten years ago with the idea that I and six other farmers would transact our outside business over it. There were just nine things wrong with the idea—all of them women.

There was Addie Grimes, the eighth party on the line. She'd talked two husbands to death in person and had decided to do in the rest of the world by telephone. She'd perched on that line so long she'd started getting feet like a bird. Then there was Mildred Burkes, the operator, who presided over the line from the exchange in Madison, the county seat. She had ears like a vacuum cleaner. Not one piece of dirt ever went over that line that they didn't suck in. She was an awfully helpful woman, though. Say somebody called a hardware store in Madison, and the line was busy. They'd ask Mildred to call the store for them when the line wasn't busy and tell them to send out a gallon of green paint for shutters. The paint would come out all right, but, instead of being green, it'd be red—Mildred's favorite color. Stuff like that. Hate us, Mildred, but don't help us, was our motto.

As for the other seven things wrong with the line, we were married to them. They'd take over when Mildred and Addie went off duty.

Every night, we prayed to the Lord for strength and justice for ourselves and mastoid trouble and lockjaw for Mildred and Addie. Nothing happened. If we complained to the company about Addie, Mildred came flying and lying to her defense, and vice versa if we complained about Mildred. We were in a purgatory that was wired for sound. Then last Sunday afternoon came along.

It was around five o'clock. My wife and I were sitting out on the front porch when the phone cut loose. It rang four times—Addie's ring. My wife's ears flapped twice and she soared in, eased up the receiver, and listened. A couple of minutes later, she prissed back out and, with all the skill of a blind butcher, cut Addie's throat from ear to ear.

"Henry," she gurgled, "you know the radio quiz show that gives away the thousand dollars? They just called and told Addie to stand by. They're going to call her back when they go on the air, and let her guess at the mystery song. Isn't that—" She saw the look I was trying to keep out of my eyes, and stopped. "No you don't, Henry!" she shrieked. "No you—"

She raced up my spine trying to beat me to the telephone. It rang just as I made a grab for it. It was Ben Mercer. Before he could say two words, every other member of the Purgatory Brigade had cut themselves in on the line. Never had so many vultures settled on one carcass so fast. The carcass was putting up a hell of a scrap, though.

"Ben Mercer," Addie screamed, "you all get off this line right now! I know good and well your wives just told you about that radio call."

"Addie," Ben said, "we been waiting ten years for this moment. I'm gonna talk till my jawbones jam and my tongue's in a tassel. If you hear from that radio fellow, it'll be by pony express or pigeon. Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

"Ben Mercer, you wouldn't dare."

"Addie," he said, "if you didn't have the biggest nest egg of any old hen in the county, maybe we wouldn't, but you need this lesson a lot more than you need that loot. Remember when my bird dog got hold of some poison and I tried to call the vet, Addie? I told you the dog was having convulsions. You said you didn't care if he was having kittens, you weren't getting off the line until you were through. I had to shoot him, Addie, but he's gonna howl again tonight—a great, long, thousand-dollar victory howl!"

Addie knew it wouldn't do any good to plead with the rest of us. She'd hardened all our hearts as much as Ben's. She called for her fighter cover.

"Mildred?" she said. "Mildred, are you there?"

Mildred's voice cut in: "Yes, Addie, but I wasn't snooping. I was just checking the line and—"

"Mildred," Addie said, "you know I don't believe a word of that malicious slander about you listening in on conversations. Now, I'll give you half the prize money if you'll cut these monsters off this line. Just unplug them or whatever you—"

Mildred gave a whimper. "I can't, Addie. If I cut them off, I cut you off. Those country lines work that way."

That did it. There was no way in the world that that radio call could go through with us on the line. We had them by the throats and we made them swallow the same stuff they'd been gagging us on for ten years.

Ed Taylor raved about the new tonic he was taking; Joe Haas carried on about his wonderful new recipe for slopping pigs; and poor old Tom Bagshaw got to sobbing about this nice, new automatic manure spreader his wife wouldn't buy him.

When Addie screamed that the show would be on in just ten minutes, Ben said he was awful sorry but that he just had to tell us about his lovely, new powder-blue overalls with the patch pockets and the daring off-the-shoulder effect. Mildred cut in with a five-minutes-to-go shriek, and Oscar Bailey started telling us about this perfectly sweet calfskin calf he'd picked up at such a bargain.

RIGHT in the middle of that, somebody screamed that the program was on the air. That's when I made my bid.

"Addie," I said, "we'll make you a proposition. If you and everybody else will take an oath never to talk more than three minutes at a time on this phone and to make Mildred quit her snooping, we'll let the call come through."

There were assorted gasps and gurgles, followed by a whine. "All right, Henry Shanks. It's immoral and unconstitutional but I'll do it."

We rared back and waited. The greatest moment in Sugar Creek history was about to come off. Instead, Mildred ushered in the blackest one. "Don't do it, Addie," she shrieked. "Don't do it. I've got an idea. You give me half the prize money and I'll take the call in the exchange here and tell them that I'm you!"

There was a fiendish cackle. "You've put a star in your crown this day, Mildred Burkes! Now, listen. The title of the song is Nellie Bly, an old Stephen Foster tune. Nellie Bly, now. I'm hanging up, Mildred. Henry Shanks, you'd just as well tear that evil tongue of yours out because you'll never talk on this phone with it again."

Twenty minutes later I was slumped down in a chair, listening to the master of ceremonies on the quiz show conducting our funeral service. He had Mildred on the phone. He finally finished with his witty sayings and slammed the lid on the coffin. "All right, now, Mrs. Grimes," he gushed, "you've heard our mystery song. What's your guess?"

I braced myself for the triumphant squeal they all give when somebody wins the money, because the song was Nellie Bly, all right. Instead of squealing, though, he came out with one of those professional groans.

"You say the title is Willie, We Have Missed You? Mrs. Grimes, I'm awfully sorry, but for that fine guess we are going to—"

I didn't wait for the rest. The phone was about to come off the wall. Addie was calling Mildred. It took about thirty seconds to get her. "Mildred Burkes," she snarled, "just what in the world was that Willie business? I told you distinctly the song was Nellie Bly and—"

"Addie," Mildred whined, "just before the call came through, I was checking Mr. Morton's line here in town. He's the choirmaster and I just happened to overhear him telling somebody it was that Willie song. He said it was by Stephen Foster too and, as he knows everything about music, I—"

"You just happened to overhear him!" Addie shrieked. "Mildred Burkes, you're the world's worst snoop and I'm going to have you fired if it's the last thing I do."

"Snoop, am I?" Mildred shrieked back. "You flannelmouth old witch, if you ever bother those poor men on that line out there again, you'll wind up using tom-toms instead of a telephone!"

Now, I ask you. Nobody but the Lord could inspire such sweet music as that, could they? THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

there are several thousands of butchers named Joe in America.) Anyway, *her* Joe's about the nicest, politest man in Louisville, Kentucky. Know what this Joe told her? He said: "It's a pure delight to serve young people like you. You kids aren't always giving me an argument about the good old days when the butcher tossed in free liver for the cat."

★ ★ ★

And somewhere Mr. Gregory Bernstein, of Louisville, Kentucky, has heard that one third of all household catastrophes happen in the kitchen. After pondering this intelligence briefly, he concluded: "They are immediately put on the dining-room table."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Darden MacHugh just dropped in from Minneapolis to tell us that the most remarkable woman he knows (outside his own family, by the way) is Mrs. Silvio Giovanetto, of Crosby, Minnesota. Wears you out just watching her. She's the head of Giovanetto & Son, building contractors. When the firm isn't erecting buildings, it's paving streets. When Mrs. Giovanetto isn't running the business, she's painting pictures in either oils or water color. Betweentimes, she's a modiste and a maker of Dresdenlike figurines which are in considerable demand. We asked Mr. MacHugh if there was anything else. He thought for a moment and then said: "Oh, yes, she's writing a novel. Got seven or eight chapters finished. That's about all, except that she's a fine cook."

★ ★ ★

We've been carefully reading all the early-birding of the political prophets. None goes so far as to tell us the name of the next President of the United States. But none fails to leave the impression that he has a better than fair idea and is prepared to say, "I told you so," early in November. And yet none of them mentions that Mr. Truman has one rather special advantage over the field. He hasn't written a book. Nobody can open Mr. Truman's book to, say page 98, and ask him what the dickens. Of course, he has made statements and speeches which would call for a lot of fast talking. But no book. Mr. Taft, to the contrary, may be busy dodging whole chapters of his opus, A Foreign Policy for Americans. General Eisenhower's Crusade in Europe seems pretty innocent of political booby traps, but you never can tell. Harold Stassen's Where I Stand! left him doing just that in 1948. Governor Dewey's written a book, but he's safe. Not a candidate. Still, no matter whom the Democrats nominate, he won't have to lament like the old Prophet Job: "Behold my desire is that the Almighty would answer me and that mine adversary had written a book" (Chapter 31, Verse 35). And that just about cleans up that situation for the moment, so far as this department of Collier's is concerned, except to mention that General MacArthur, another Bible reader from way back, hasn't written his book yet.

★ ★ ★

As anybody with working ears and eyes knows, the campaign's already well under way. Mr. Frank O. Deemer, of Houston, Texas, says he was reminded of this recently when he met a Democratic congressman who was industriously beating the bushes for votes which won't be cast for 10 months. Mr. Deemer scoffed. Asked the statesman why he wasn't back in Washington working for the people. The congressman contended that it wasn't at all too early for him to get busy. And then he uttered what Mr. Deemer describes as a great truth: "It's minkier than you think."

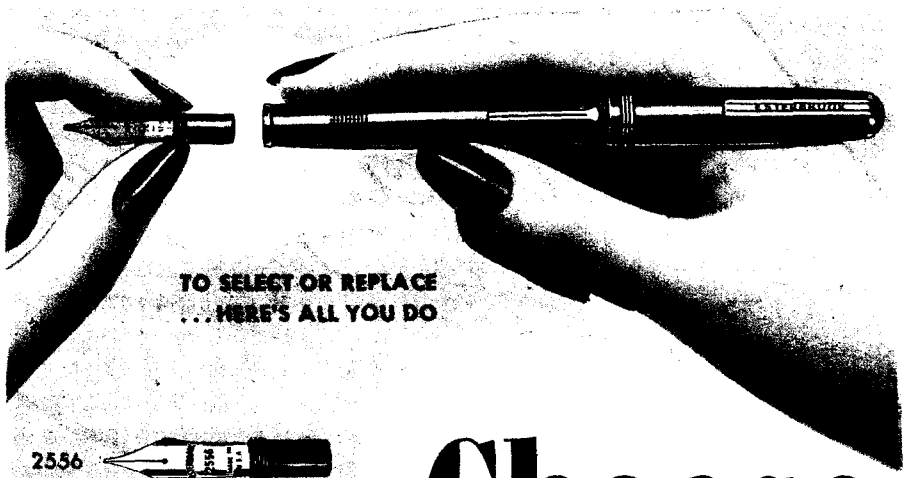
★ ★ ★

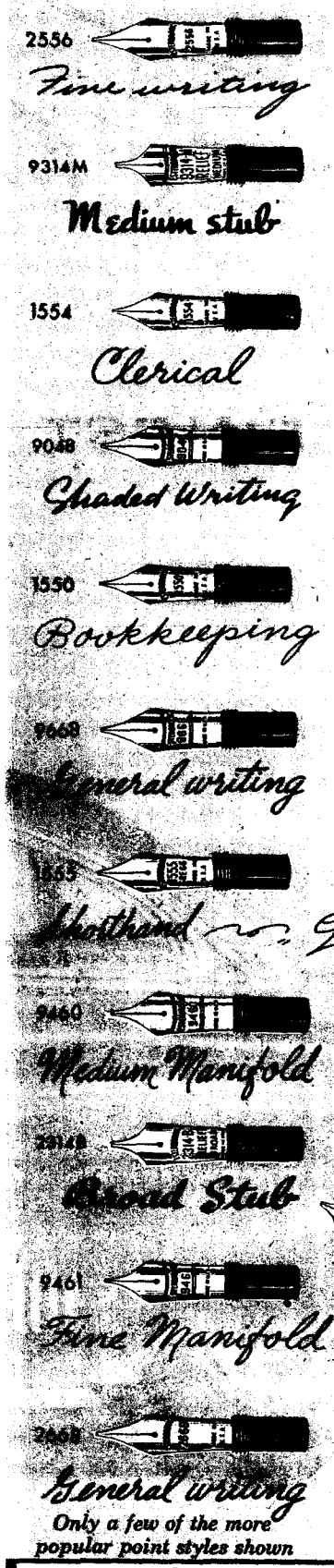
Collier's reputation for digging out the news was confirmed from an impressive quarter on December 28, 1951. At a luncheon of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, The Westinghouse Award for distinguished science writing in magazines—$1,000 cash—was presented to associate editor John Lear for his world-wide scoop on the first atomic explosion to be set off within a human body. In presenting managing editor Gordon Manning with a prize certificate for Collier's role in the enterprise, AAAS administrative secretary Dr. Howard A. Meyerhoff joshed newspapermen among the guests for letting a magazine carry off top honors in spot news coverage.

Atomic Miracle, the prize-winning article, was published in Collier's issue of last April 21st. It was Lear's second prize-winning atomic story. The first—Hiroshima, U.S.A.—won the Sigma Delta Chi Award for public service and a Headliner Award for the best feature story of 1950.

WESTINGHOUSE PHOTO

Named the top magazine science writer of 1951 by the AAAS, Collier's John Lear (l.) receives Westinghouse Award from Dr. Howard Meyerhoff





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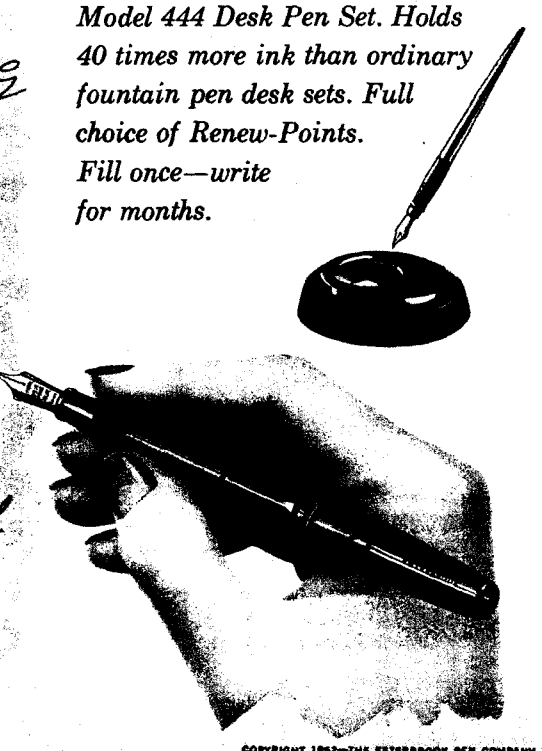

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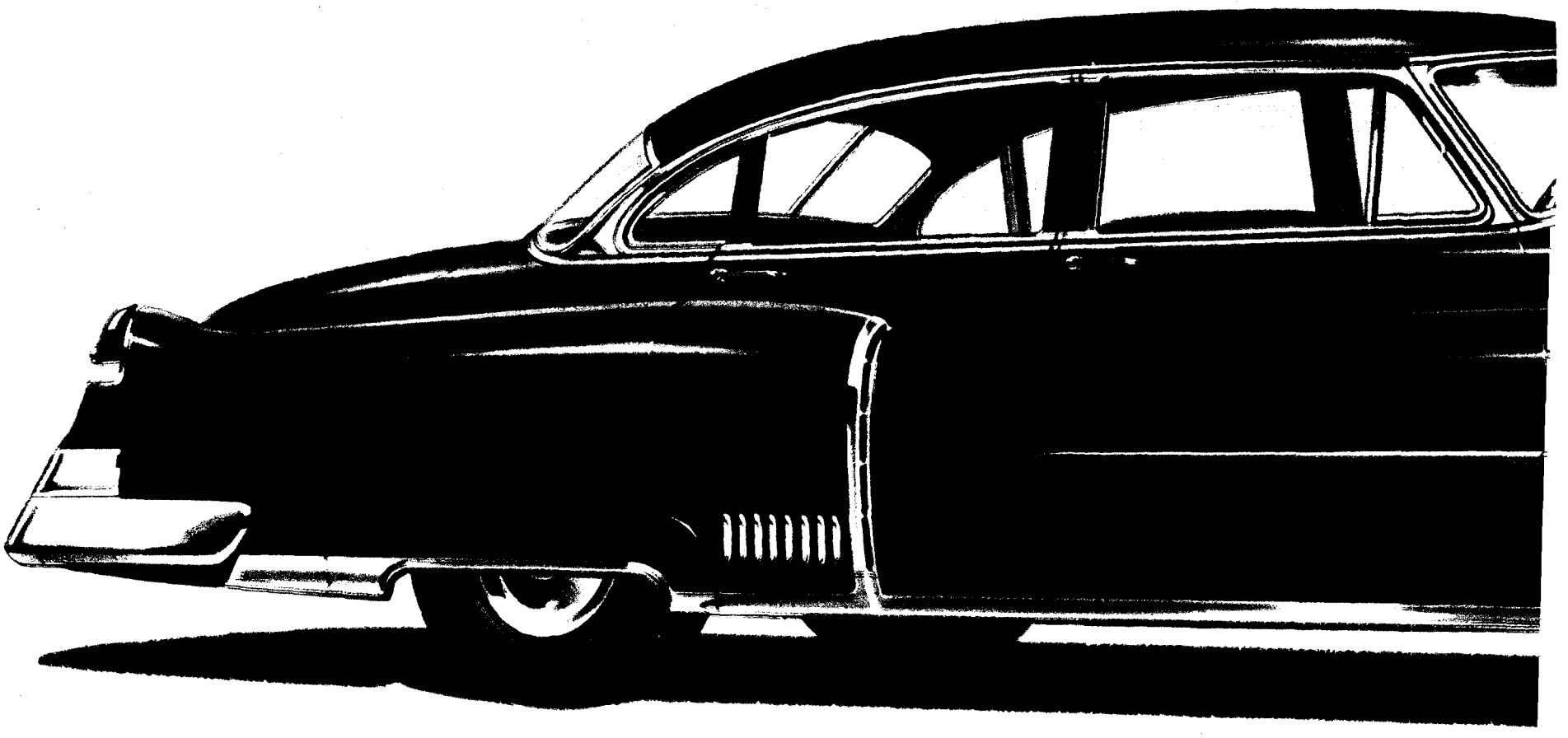

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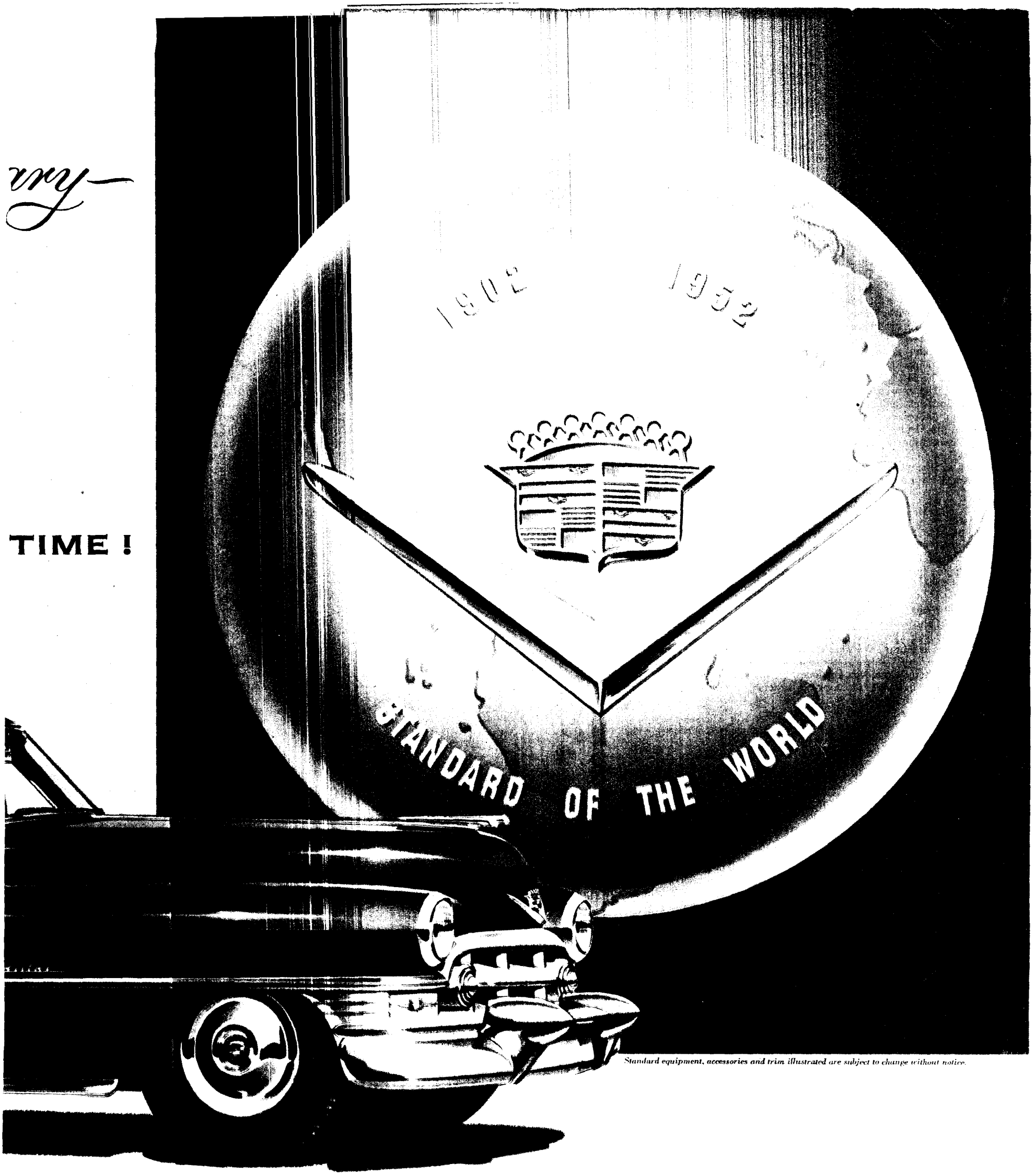

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Big Boss of the Big Port

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

he testified: "My intention was . . . where I was a little short of money, and my wife might want to buy the children something she would have the money for it."

Millionaire Bill McCormack lives like a millionaire. Winters he spends with his wife, Irene, in a Fifth Avenue apartment in New York City. (His children, now married, have their own establishments.) During the summer McCormack is at his estate on Round Island near Greenwich, Connecticut. Or on the yacht Duke, which is owned by McCormack's Penn Stevedoring Corporation. This yacht figured in the news last summer when Senate Crime Committee investigators said they had a tip that Abner (Longy) Zwillman, the New Jersey racketeer and political power they were seeking for questioning, was hiding on it—a report the McCormack family vigorously denied. The tip was never proved.

McCormack indulges himself in other things millionaires do. He is a stockholder in and president of the Lincoln Fields Racing Association, which ran a 29-day race meet last spring at the Washington Park track at Homewood, Illinois.

And he is a lavish host.

Parties on a Lavish Scale

For years, McCormack threw weekly night-club dinner parties for 20 to 30 of the biggest names in New York and New Jersey labor, business and politics. Then he would stake all hands to free tickets to the fights at Madison Square Garden.

"We would usually gather at a fashionable spot at about 4:30 or 5:00 P.M.," one guest recalls. "There was no question about our status as guests. We were free to order as much as we wanted at the bar before dinner. There was never any question of money. The bartender just took our orders as if we were the owners of the place.

"Then we would go into the dining room to eat. The meal would always be ordered in advance. We didn't even have to choose our food. During the meal, Bill (McCormack) would distribute the tickets to the fight. So far as I know, none of the guests ever paid for these tickets."

McCormack arranges one dinner yearly which puts his power on parade. This is the annual dinner dance of the Joseph P. Ryan Association, a social-political club headed by the president of the longshoremen. Originally just a water-front shindig, McCormack in 1931 turned it into New York City's most important political affair—a "must" where many of the city's biggest men feel they have to be seen. As chairman of the arrangements committee, he hired the Commodore Hotel ballrooms and invited Alfred E. Smith, Mayor James J. Walker and the AFL's president, William Green, to come. They came.

The proceeds of that first dinner, $8,000 (no part of which represented union funds), McCormack turned over to Joe Ryan. The ILA president blew the $8,000 on a de luxe pleasure and business trip to Europe, taking his wife, his two daughters and his niece. Since then, the dinner's proceeds have served another, but a more illuminating, purpose: as death benefits to the widows of ILA officials murdered on the docks in the line of union duty.

A magnet which draws mayors, judges, corporation executives, the annual Joseph P. Ryan Association dinner is also a showcase of the water-front system in which labor leaders, like Joe Ryan, employ ex-convicts and underworld characters in important union offices. Here come the underworld big shots who exact millions in dock rackets, in pilferage, in loan sharking and in narcotics smuggling over the piers. One guest, before the electric chair ended his socializing in 1949—a man we've met before—was the water-front killer, John M. (Cock Eyed) Dunn, the slayer of dockside hiring boss Andy Hintz.

At the dinner, Ryan, the presumed high mogul of the water front, is the honored guest. But McCormack, the one-man Port Authority, is the cock of the walk, the acknowledged bigwig to whom high and low pay homage.

Assisting McCormack in his usual role as chairman of arrangements for the last dinner, on April 14, 1951, was Ed Florio, the notorious racketeer and jailbird who dominates the New Jersey docks. On the committee, too, was a Florio subaltern, a dockside loan shark.

Spooning up the *"petite marmite Henry IV"* on the $15 dinner was Jerry Anastasia, brother of Albert Anastasia of Brooklyn's Murder, Inc. Savoring the prime sirloin of beef with mushroom sauce was one Willie Cox, associate of extortionist Socks Lanza, and boss of several North River piers. Willie Cox once served a penitentiary sentence for assault after he chewed off something less tasty—a man's ear.

COLLIER'S "Billy Ferguson and I have ph-t-t-t!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

At the dinner, he greeted guests as a member of the reception committee. Respectable executives of big ship lines rubbed elbows with mobster Mike Clemente, who bosses the East River piers. And with Alex DiBrizzi, the ILA organizer and vice-president who has been arrested 26 times and is the uncle of the three D'Alessio brothers, the "Three D's" recently exposed by the New York State Crime Commission as the racket kings of Staten Island.

For dessert there was "*bombe* praline," which may have served as a reminder to guests from Jersey City of the bomb—not praline—that blew up their ILA local headquarters a month before and maimed five men.

Enjoying all this was almost everyone from the water front except the longshoreman. The little man who wasn't there couldn't afford it. Only a third of the 30,000-odd registered longshoremen in the New York port get 1,350 hours of work a year and so earn about $50 a week. About half get no more than 800 hours a year, and so earn about $30 a week.

The reason is that there are more longshoremen than there are jobs. To work on the docks, a man must have a membership card from the International Longshoremen's Association. Yet, for years, cabdrivers, firemen, policemen and even ship jumpers who enter the country illegally have been able to obtain cards easily and to get a few hours or a few days of casual work on the docks—thus cutting into the work available for bona fide longshoremen. For, unlike other union members, the longshoreman has no security rights to his job.

In New York and New Jersey he lines up at 7:55 A.M. daily with several hundred other men in a rough semicircle at a pier entrance. This is the morning "shape-up," a system of dockside hiring that was abandoned on the West Coast as far back as 1934. From the "shape," the hiring boss picks the men who'll get, at most, four hours' work. The hiring boss does it by calling out the men in gangs or by tapping them on the shoulder individually. Under this system, the dock veteran can be passed over for the newcomer who's just slipped a hiring boss a "fin" or for a ward heeler sent down from a political clubhouse.

Yearly, the Joseph P. Ryan Association dinner serves notice of the undying character of one of New York City's most important friendships: the Damon and Pythias affair between labor boss Joe Ryan and industrialist Bill McCormack. The dinner serves notice, too, of the political heft that Bill McCormack can call on when his friend Ryan needs it. This helps explain why the chaotic water-front world, racket-ridden and blood-stained, whirls merrily on despite probe after probe, despite a Pulitzer-prize-winning exposé, and despite the wildcat uprisings of the rebellious rank-and-file longshoremen themselves.

To understand the durability of the notorious water-front system, it is necessary to start with the Ryan-McCormack friendship.

Joe Ryan, president of the ILA since 1927, has been on the water front for 39 years. Four months of that time he served as longshoreman. When a pig of lead fell on his foot in 1912, ending his dock-walloping, Ryan took up the cause of the laboring man. His first union job, financial secretary of Local 791, paid $1 a meeting. He has come a long way since then.

Today, Joe Ryan is the boss of a union that embraces 30,000 longshoremen—the men who load and unload ships. In the union, too, are some 3,000 "checkers," the men who verify the goods that go on and off a vessel. Another 3,000 ILA members man the tugboats in New York Harbor. The hiring bosses on the docks, the "ship's carpenters" who repair damaged cargo crates, the clerks in the ship line's dock offices—all belong to Joe Ryan's ILA.

The man who heads the ILA has his hand on the jugular vein of New York City. The 3,000 tugboat operators alone, as the 1946 tugboat operators' strike proved, can cut New York City's life lines of food and fuel. By shutting down the docks the longshoremen can block the movement of goods into New York from abroad and even from inside the U.S.A.—for Manhattan is an island, and much of the railroad freight that moves into it must first be put on lighters in New Jersey and floated over to the piers in New York.

Joe Ryan is now paid $20,000 a year, plus another $7,200 for expenses. He is also allowed (as the 1950 ILA financial statement disclosed) $1,000 "cash for Christmas gratuities."

On this, a champion of the workingman can live well. Joe Ryan, a big, square-faced man of sixty-seven whose speech reveals his West Side origin, lives the good life. He eats in the finest restaurants and is "mistered" and lionized at exclusive spots. Working hours are not onerous. His office on West Fourteenth Street is comfortable with air conditioning and elegant with wall-to-wall, wine-colored carpeting.

Through its portals have passed union officials with some of the most lurid police records in the world.

Of the six international organizers named by Ryan and listed in the 1950 ILA report, three have criminal records. One, Ed McGrath, is an underworld Big Wheel who served a stretch in Sing Sing for burglary. McGrath resigned as an organizer last May after the Senate Crime Investigating Committee turned on the heat. But he is still an officer in an ILA local. The others are Alex DiBrizzi and Ed Florio.

Praise for Executed Killer

Ryan has a carefree attitude about criminals in his union. Of John (Cock Eyed) Dunn, the electrocuted killer who once bossed three ILA locals, Ryan said:

"Johnny Dunn? He was a hell of a nice little fellow."

In the hands of men like Ed McGrath and Cock Eyed Dunn, some ILA locals have served for years as "enforcers" of dock rackets, intimidating both employers and laborers. "To control the . . . rackets," testified an associate at Dunn's murder trial, "you got to control the local."

Many of the 37 New York Harbor locals in the ILA are mob-controlled. Naturally, union democracy is rare. The New York State fact-finding panel that probed the recent longshoremen's strike heard one ILA delegate, Charles Spencer, testify that in 10 years his local (866) had held no more than "three or four meetings." Delegates from unions like this give Ryan his power by supporting him in the New York District Council, which decides all ILA policy matters in the Port of New York area. The delegates also elect Ryan to office at the quadrennial conventions. (Although elected for life, Ryan is re-elected every four years as a gesture.)

Deprived of a voice in their union, the longshoremen can make their will known only by "voting with their feet," i.e., staying away from the docks in wildcat (unauthorized) strikes.

Ryan has battled three such mutinies since 1945. In all but the last, the longshoremen refused to take Ryan's settlements with employers, and won better terms over his opposition. In 1945, when Ryan brought back a 10-cent-an-hour wage increase, the men rebelled and obtained a 25-cent increase plus vacation pay.

This kind of leadership doesn't win Ryan any popularity contests in the ILA. Half in contempt and half in bitterness, the long-

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shoremen call their leader "Brother Joe." One local, 791, expresses its feelings by refusing to allow Ryan to address its meetings for longer than five minutes.

At sixty-seven, Ryan's onetime abundant energy is running down. His eyelids droop heavily over his blue eyes. His cigarette sags from a corner of his mouth. But he comes to life at the mention of his friend Bill McCormack.

"Bill's one of the most valuable citizens in America," says Ryan.

McCormack feels good about Ryan, too.

Asked: "What is Bill McCormack to Joe Ryan?" one friend, a former New York City labor mediator, said:

"Billy (McCormack) is Joe Ryan's father confessor. Ryan discusses his problems with McCormack."

"Billy is Ryan's adviser; he's kept Joe out of *more* trouble," said another friend of McCormack's, the Collector of Customs for the Port of New York, Harry Durning.

If McCormack has "kept Joe out of trouble," he's kept him out of something else, too. "Ryan is the only AFL international president," said one significant official, "who has no real power."

"In many years of negotiations involving Ryan," said a tugboat operator, "when the chips were down and a decision had to be made, he'd have to go to the telephone."

The man who wields the power in the LA can be master of the Port of New York. McCormack isn't only a power with the ILA. As an intimate friend of Joseph Papa, president of Local 202 of the teamsters, McCormack also has a voice in the control of the Washington Market—through which pass most of the fresh fruits and vegetables New Yorkers eat.

As the biggest man in the world's biggest port, McCormack controls more power and patronage than many city or state political bosses.

The Port of New York's 200 deep-water piers and wharves can berth a fleet of 400 seagoing vessels. Over these piers and through 170 neighboring warehouses yearly pass some $7,000,000,000 of goods (imports and exports). This comes to 30,000,000 tons of cargo and includes half of all the coffee Americans drink yearly, one third of the bananas they eat and one quarter of the sugar.

Rackets on the docks don't affect only New Yorkers. They boost the price of coffee and sugar in Iowa and Illinois. Practically all (98 per cent) of the imported copper and two thirds of the rubber pass over the New York-New Jersey piers. It has been estimated one of every 10 persons employed in the port district owes his livelihood, directly or indirectly, to the port. But increased costs of handling basic materials like rubber and copper on the docks affect the jobs of wage earners in Ohio and Pennsylvania as well.

This Port World is McCormack's oyster.

He operates two stevedoring companies (Penn Stevedoring Corporation and Jersey Contracting Company) which serve 10 piers and make McCormack one of the biggest business figures in the port.

McCormack's power in the port goes beyond this. When he turns thumbs down, underworld characters are blocked from achieving business ambitions on the docks. Mayors come to him when strikes in the harbor imperil the city's welfare and threaten their own political fortunes. Mayors come to him, too, when the parasite-ridden port and the nearby produce markets lose so much business that their futures are endangered. At such a time, the biggest man in the port also becomes the biggest protector of controversial water-front practices.

The "Public Loading" Angle

His word can determine who shall get important dock business such as "public loading," the right to load trucks at the piers for a fee. Unlike the longshoreman who loads a ship, the "public loader" lifts cargo from dock to the tailboard of trucks that call for merchandise at the docks.

"Public loading" sprang up when truckers, calling for cargo at the piers, found it more economical to hire casual laborers at the docks and to pay them by the load rather than use truck helpers paid by the day. While many "public loaders" are legitimate businessmen who have invested substantial sums in loading equipment and efficiently provide a necessary service, much of the public loading has fallen into the hands of mobsters.

The loading on the upper Manhattan docks, for instance, is controlled by penitentiary graduate Mickey Bowers and his Uptown Mob. Although a Truck Loading Authority, set up by truckers and loaders, now fixes loading rates, profits from public loading are so lush that mobsters have spilled as much blood over its control as over gambling territory.

From one dock alone, a prosecutor found, "public loaders" were taking $500,000 yearly. These "loaders" kept no books, not even for taxes. They preferred to be paid in cash rather than by check.

Bill McCormack's aid has been sought by men who wanted loading business as well as by truckers who complained of mistreatment at the hands of the loaders.

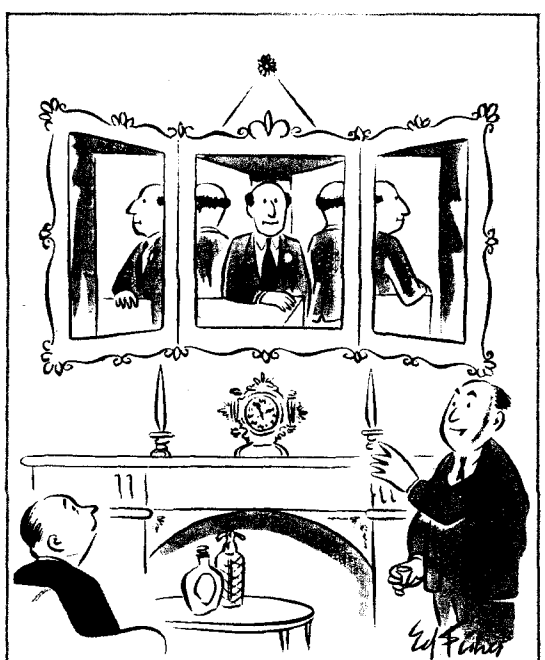
When Frank Hague was mayor of Jersey City and boss of New Jersey, he ruled the Jersey water front with an iron hand. Jobs on the docks and loading concessions were political plums to be dispensed through City Hall. The man who handled the water front for Hague, as court testimony showed, was his Director of the Department of Public Safety, the late Dan Casey. To Casey's private, unlisted telephone in City Hall came calls from Bill McCormack.

What did they talk about?

The answer came when John V. Kenny ousted Hague from power, and his followers then promptly demanded the loading concession plums on the piers. One hapless Hague supporter who lost his loading business to a Kenny man tried to get Bill McCormack to intervene in his behalf.

"All McCormack had to do to save my loading," the Hague man said, "was to pick up the telephone."

For this man, McCormack would not pick up the phone. What McCormack can do when he wants to pick up the phone was told by a union delegate with 30 years on the docks. "It



"That's Uncle Herman, who made a fortune in the clothing business"

COLLIER'S — ED FISHER

SCHICK INJECTOR WINS 5 TO 1 IN U.S. SHAVING TESTS*

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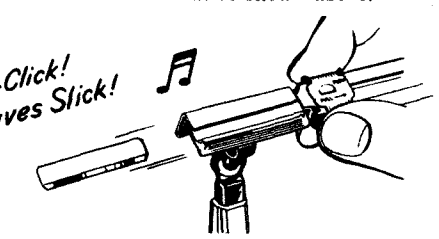
More Shaves per blade, nearly 2 to 1

*Men in 10 cities — nationwide — compared NEW SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and "GOLD PACK" BLADES with whatever they had been using. About 80% of the men had a preference. Of these, the votes were in the ratios shown above.



EVERSHARP **SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR & BLADES**

WATCH SID CAESAR AND IMOGENE COCA — SPONSORED BY EVERSHARP, SATURDAY NIGHT, NBC-TV

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works like this," he said. "On the water front, time is money. It costs $3,000 for every day a ship's at a dock. And it costs a trucker plenty, too, if his truck is waiting idle at a pier.

"Suppose," the union delegate continued, "you're a trucker, and the public loaders on the pier are holding you up. They want more dough, and when you don't pay it, they keep your truck waiting. You've tried to square the beef through the regular channels and failed. If you can get to McCormack, and if he wants to, he can call Joe Ryan. The loaders are in Joe Ryan's union, and he can put the heat on them. A telephone call from McCormack can do it."

All this McCormack can do because he has the support of the ILA and of Local 202 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters at his back. The 30,000 members of the ILA can be used as enforcers to shut down docks and bring recalcitrants into line. The ILA members who man the New York Harbor's tugboats can do the same thing by refusing to dock ships. And what Local 202 of the teamsters can do in a pinch can be glimpsed from its contract with the commission merchants in Washington Market. This reads, in part: The union can ". . . issue instructions to the employer relative to the conduct of his business . . . when the union believes that the employer conducts his business in such a manner as to jeopardize the employment security of his employees." Usually, the enforcement powers of the ILA or Local 202 don't have to be invoked. Knowledge that the power is there is enough.

Mayor Kenny knows McCormack's power in the ILA. Eager to quiet the Jersey City water front which had erupted with two bombings and the torture of union officials last spring, Kenny ordered the more notorious gangsters from the docks. To make the order stick, he asked Joe Ryan's enforcement aid. But just to make sure he'd get results, he let Bill McCormack know about it, too.

Some of New York's toughest businessmen—the tugboat operators—learned what it means to try to cross McCormack.

When the ILA tugboat local—333—threatened to strike in 1948, Manhattan faced so widespread a shutdown that Mayor O'Dwyer called in Bill McCormack. Through Joe Ryan, McCormack had no trouble with the union side of the argument. The operators, bedeviled by rising costs, fought a suggested wage increase. But McCormack is not a man to be balked.

Tugboat Operator Bulldozed

"We were hauled down to City Hall like a pack of criminals," one operator of a tugboat fleet recalls. "McCormack would come in and tell us what to do. He'd bull me almost to the point of throwing a punch at me.

"He'd stick a finger at my eye and storm, 'Who do you think you are?' You'd think I was a plug, a bum off the docks."

The tugboat executive was a hard, physically fit man in his early forties. McCormack was fifty-eight at the time.

"Sure he's in his fifties," the tugboat operator said. "But he's a fighting machine, a tough man to handle."

Even tougher was the force McCormack had at his back: the ILA and the political reprisal threat from City Hall.

The tugboat operators capitulated, as the New York Times noted, "to almost brutal pressure."

When the rank-and-file longshoremen struck last fall to show their dissatisfaction with their president, Joe Ryan, the big man who could promptly end other harbor walkouts—Bill McCormack—took grimly to the side lines.

The heat was on. The CBS network had raised the question, "Who is Mr. Big?" Columnist Westbrook Pegler named McCormack openly. The Hudson County, New Jersey, grand jury called McCormack for questioning. To take a hand openly in the longshoremen's strike would confirm McCormack's true power.

Daily, the pressure mounted for McCormack to act. His friend Mayor Impellitteri was under attack by important business interests who were being ruined by the shutdown. So dangerous was the situation politically that one aid to the mayor despaired: "This strike is killing us."

Finally, unable to act openly, McCormack took a hand in secret. He called John (Gene) Sampson, the strikers' spokesman, and suggested a meeting—not in McCormack's office or in Gene Sampson's—but on a sidewalk in uptown Manhattan. If the longshoremen went back, McCormack said, some of their demands would be met later: honest balloting in the ILA locals, for instance. And besides, McCormack said he'd suggest an arbitrator for the industry.

Every day the strike continued, the existence of the water-front system became more imperiled. For the public learned more and more about it from newspaper headlines. McCormack tried to stop the strike, but it had gone too far. The longshoremen had the bit in their teeth and wouldn't listen.

In another port crisis McCormack stepped in again, this time as an investigator. In 1950, Mayor O'Dwyer became alarmed over "the serious downward trend of water-front commerce," and named a Joint Citizens' Committee on Port Industry to find the reasons.

COLLIER'S **"I take it back about his being childish!"** KATE OSANN

O'Dwyer had cause to be concerned. The magnificent New York Harbor with its 770-mile rim of piers, warehouses, Navy yards and Army bases, was losing its commanding lead over other less favored, but less racket-ridden ports. So blatant was racket rivalry on the docks in 1948 that three "hot piers" had to close; the city could find no one to lease them.

Census figures told the story of declines. During the nonwar years of 1923 through 1940, the Port of New York handled an average of 35 per cent of all the ocean-borne general cargo (this excludes grains, ores, coal and similar bulk stuff) shipped out of the country. By 1950, this 35 per cent share had shrunk to 27 per cent. Meanwhile, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans had substantially increased their share of general cargo exports. The New York Harbor's share of general cargo imports also declined.

Only the rackets continued to flourish. Organized pilferage—large-scale commercial stealing from the docks—takes many millions a year. Some $15,000,000 is paid yearly by protesting truckers to the public loaders already described. There are other ways of making a buck: duplicate hiring or payroll padding (in which pay is collected for longshoremen who aren't there); there are the loan sharks and numbers gamblers who fatten on the men; and there is the smuggling of dope over the piers.

The root causes of the rackets, according to such authorities as District Attorney Frank Hogan of New York County, are the hiring methods on the docks—the shape-up which puts the men at the mercy of the hiring boss and opens the way to kickbacks, shylocking and other evils.

Mayor O'Dwyer named nine subcommittees to probe the harbor. McCormack served on four of these and was chairman of one. The crucial subcommittee to investigate labor conditions was headed by Hugh E. Sheridan, the respected impartial chairman of the New York City trucking industry. But the dominant voice on the 11-man committee was that of member Bill McCormack and his friends Joe Ryan, Joe Papa (boss of Local 202 of the teamsters), and Martin C. Lacey, also of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (AFL).

Last November, months after other subcommittees had presented their findings, the port-labor group reported. The reasons for the delay were interesting. Months were consumed in bickering, and only five of the 11 members would sign the report. Besides chairman Sheridan, these were Bill McCormack and his friends, Ryan, Papa and Lacey.

Issued on the heels of the wildcat longshoremen's strike, the report provided an ironic footnote to the longshoremen's rebellion. Labor conditions were described as "generally satisfactory from the standpoint of the worker, the employer, the industry and the government." The report whitewashed the root cause of water-front ills, the shape-up method of hiring. And it breathed no word about the rule of the mobs over the ILA locals.

As a grand inquisitor for New York City mayors, McCormack not long ago struck another blow for the *status quo*. This dealt with the chaos in the Washington Street produce market which forces New Yorkers to pay some of the highest prices in America for their fresh fruits and vegetables.

This is the market where a Congressional Labor Practices Committee found a "Frankenstein"—Local 202 of the teamsters. The union, the committee reported, had the right, by contract, to "issue instructions to employers." In amazement, the congressmen read one contract clause: "An employer may be permitted in the firm's premises on Saturday morning, *providing permission to do so is obtained from the union in advance.*"

Joe Papa, president of the union, made no bones about his iron rule: "Anyone picking up this (contract)," Papa testified, "would say, 'This union is worse than Jesse James, or Dillinger, worse than Stalin . . .' There are reasons for it all. There is honorable intent. That is important."

Began as Trucker's Helper

McCormack is one of the biggest men in the Washington Market. Through his Penn-Stevedoring Corporation, McCormack unloads the fruits and vegetables destined for the market on railroad cars lightered over from New Jersey. He made his start toward riches as a trucker's helper in the market. He spends most of his business day in an office on a nearby pier and for years has been an intimate of Papa's, with a voice in the control of the market.

After the stevedores take the produce from the railroad cars, it is loaded on trucks and hauled to the market. The trucks have only a few blocks to go. But the streets are so choked they sometimes take hours to get there. At the market, the produce is unloaded by porters and displayed by commission merchants for customers who must then reload it and use up additional hours trucking it out of the jammed market area. It is an antiquated, inefficient and costly system of food handling which, coupled with the admitted union domination, is ruining the market.

The two men who were asked, among others, to probe this bit of chaos were two figures who have great stakes in the *status quo:* industrialist McCormack and labor boss Papa.

The report, signed by committee chairman McCormack, admitted the chaos in the market and noted that a "staggering number of concerns engaged in the wholesale distribution of perishables have found it more profitable to move their sites across the river to New Jersey." It said nothing about the problem of doing business under the domination of Joe Papa's union.

What did the committee suggest? Among the recommendations were:

That New York restaurants be required to post notices when they sell frozen rather than fresh fruits and vegetables.

That the great grocery chains be forced to buy their produce in the market rather than out of town.

Neither suggestion was accepted by New York City.

The Port of New York Authority has drawn up a plan for a market terminal that would streamline the produce handling to a few necessary operations. This would be a fundamental reform that could save the market, for it would eliminate much food hauling through the jammed market streets and reduce costs drastically by trimming market payrolls. McCormack's report said nothing of this vital reform but suggested, instead, a truck terminal that would not alter the basic costly food-handling setup. Ignored by McCormack's committee, and opposed by labor leader Joe Papa in hearings before former Mayor William O'Dwyer, the Port Authority plan has remained in cold storage.

In the strife-torn water front, hope for a better day is rising. There, a fearless, tireless young Catholic priest has taken up the cause of the downtrodden laborers. In next week's Collier's, Lester Velie tells of his stirring fight. Order your copy now

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When a rabbit jumped up, Lightning just loped until the shepherd was winded and came back, then Lightning sprinted and caught the rabbit

Lightning

He was foolish, greedy, and no good at racing, but my girl and I figured he might be worth thousands

By WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM

I SAW her for the first time when I went to the express office for the pups, and it was she who first noticed that there was something strange about Lightning. She was wearing blue jeans and a new red Mackinaw, and her taffy-blonde hair curled over the collar. When I got a good look at her I had to stare, because she was magnetic. I was wearing my old overalls with one knee busted out, and I felt disreputable.

The expressman made an X, and I signed Dad's name. Then I reached to pick up the crate, and she said, "Aren't they darling! What kind are they?"

"They're purebred greyhounds," I said, hoping she hadn't noticed my overalls.

"Look!" she said. "That one crawls like a seal."

I looked. One of them was so weak-ankled that he walked on his front ankles instead of his feet and used his feet like flippers. I didn't know what to say or do. I was horrified about the pup and ashamed of the way I looked, but a girl like this would make anybody nervous. I just grabbed up the crate and got out of there, wondering how my overalls looked from the back.

On the way back to the farm in Dad's old Model A, I thought of things I could have said or done to impress her. I knew my older brother, Andrew, would have got her name and address and made a try for a Saturday-night date.

At home, I took the pups out of the crate and let them crawl in the yard, while the family studied them. They had tags on their collars, saying they were Blue Streak, Blue Dash and Blue Lightning. The letter that came with them certified that they were sired by a famous dog named Blue.

Then Andrew shoved me out of his way and picked up Streak. "I take this one," he said. He still shoved me sometimes, although I had just turned eighteen and measured five feet ten and three quarters, to his five eleven.

My sister Mary, the second oldest, chose Dash, not only because Dash was female, but because Lightning's front ankles were so weak. So I chose Lightning. I suppose it is always like that. The youngest member of the family gets what is left, if anything, and does the best he can.

Dad said that he figured he'd been skinned, but he always said that when he bought something. Mother said that he had promised not to buy dogs until we cleared the blackjack stumps from the cornfield, and that buying purebreds was the silliest thing she had ever heard of. Dad said maybe she was right, but once in his life he wanted to have dogs that could outrun the Indians' dogs.

That fall and winter it didn't make any difference who owned which pup, because Mother took care of all of them, as she took care of everything on the place. Dad worked out some new tunes to fiddle at the barn dances. Andrew had his own jalopy, which he kept tuned up to take girls to dances. I got most of the stumps dug out of the cornfield.

The pups grew fast, and Lightning's ankles straightened. If anything, he became a little sleeker

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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and more prosperous-looking than the others. Mother said it was because he was always closest to the kitchen door when she threw out scraps.

It was a pleasure to watch the pups romp around the yard. Their hind legs were not attached at right angles, but sloped down from their curved backs so that they looked like half circles of spring steel. When they ran, they straightened in a long forward dive, coiled and uncoiled in mid-air, and their hind feet struck the ground like hammers. If you watch a greyhound running, from a distance, he seems hardly to touch the ground, but when you are close to him you hear his feet pounding, which is how he gets his speed.

Our house was in the blackjacks with no big fields close to it, and we never got around to taking the pups to open country, so we did not know which dog was fastest. However, one summer evening when we were loafing in the yard and the pups were chasing one another in the pasture a quarter of a mile away, Mother came out of the kitchen door with some scraps and called them. Lightning arrived first. You can't really tell about a race like that, but Lightning looked good.

"I think it's time to choose," Andrew said.

"Choose what?" Dad asked.

"Choose which one of us is going to enter which pup in the fall races," Andrew said.

"You already chose Streak," I reminded him, "and that's the way it's going to be."

Andrew ignored me, walked over to the pups and put his hand on Lightning's back. "I've just about decided to choose this one for mine," he said.

I crowded between him and Lightning. "You're through choosing," I said.

"Watch who you're shoving around," he said. He squared off with a cocky grin on his face, just as he had the last time he knocked me halfway across the yard, when I was five feet ten. But I had in mind it wouldn't be so easy for him this time.

Dad walked between us. "Cut it out," he said and shoved both of us back. "Little Hand offered me thirty-five dollars apiece for these pups. I've been thinking it over."

That cooled us off completely. Andrew went off to the barn and whittled a long time.

A few days later, when Dad caught Lightning with his head in a hen's nest, the whole family turned on me, and you would have thought I was the one who had been sucking eggs. Soon as Mother broke Lightning of that habit, Dad saw him eating axle grease out of a newly opened can. Dad said he had been around dogs and axle grease all his life, and he had never before seen a dog who would eat it. "Nothing around the place is safe from that pup of yours," he said. When Andrew drained the oil from his jalopy into an old bucket, I put the bucket on a shelf. I couldn't be sure of anything.

SATURDAY, the day before the first race, we kept the dogs tied and didn't feed them. A greyhound has to be ganted for twenty-four hours before he races, otherwise he can't or won't run well. This race was to be held on a big stretch of wheat land about four miles south of our place.

When we arrived Sunday, some twenty men, a few women, and a dozen greyhounds were standing around on the wheat field. The dogs shivered and looked out over the fields. Greyhounds are always interested in things a half mile away. A couple of yelpers had tagged along and were running free, wagging and sniffing. A yelper is a mongrel who thinks he is fast. He starts every race, screaming at the top of his voice, but after a couple of hundred yards, he is so far behind that he gives up and comes back to the crowd.

Andrew, Mary and I, each with a pup on leash, and Dad, with his hands in his pockets and feeling important, joined the crowd. Andrew got busy arranging to place Streak in the first race. Dad explained to everybody that he had purebred dogs. Mary kept still, as was becoming to a woman at a race. I walked around, proud to be seen leading Lightning.

A few other cars arrived and parked at the edge of the blackjacks, and soon I noticed a blonde girl sitting alone in one of them. From where I stood she looked beautiful, and something drew me toward the automobile. I still had never looked at a girl seriously, feeling it was no use because sooner or later she would see Andrew. But in the back of my mind was the idea that there must be a girl somewhere in the country who would see Andrew for what he was—a show-off, with nothing to recommend him except his handsomeness.

I had no intention of speaking to her. I just wanted a close look. But when I looked I had to stare, because it was the same girl I had met in the express office.

"Is this a sale?" she asked.

My heart stopped and then worked hard to catch up. I shook in my high-heeled boots—an old pair Andrew had given me. "Oh, no," I said. "It's a dog race—you know, a rabbit hunt. Supposed to start any minute."

"My father saw the cars parked and thought it was a sale."

I was enjoying this conversation more than any conversation I had ever had. I hoped she would remember the conversation in the express office, then I could tell her that this was the very same pup that she'd said crawled like a seal. But I didn't want to bring the matter up myself and show her that I remembered her after more than thirteen months. She might get the idea that I didn't have anything else to think about all that time.

Then Andrew arrived, in his new high-heeled boots, a big cowboy hat, and tight dungarees that gave his legs a beautiful curve.

"Beat it," he growled at me in a low voice. Then, loud enough for her to hear, he added, "Your pup is in the third race." He pretended to notice her for the first time. "Oh, hello," he said, with just enough surprise in his voice to indicate she was something special.

She didn't answer but stared past him at a big red-faced man who was obviously her father, striding toward us, looking displeased to see a couple of cowboy characters clustered around her.

"It's just a fool rabbit hunt," he said to her.

"Let's watch for a while," she said.

"We got to go," he said.

The atmosphere was tense, so Andrew and I moved off. But we hadn't gone a hundred steps when the car door slammed, and she came leaping after us. I never saw a human form so graceful. Her father followed, looking disgruntled. It was plain that she had the Indian sign on the old man.

Andrew stopped happily to let her catch up, but he had said hardly a dozen words to her when the old man arrived and stepped between them. Andrew dropped back and tried to pull up on the other side, but the old man got between them again. After that Andrew had to do his talking around the old man's sheep-lined coat.

THE crowd moved forward across the wheat field. Andrew unleashed Streak. Two other running dogs were loose. Paying no attention to them or the yelpers, Streak trotted ahead with his head high.

I was too far from Andrew and the girl, now, to hear what was being said, but I'm sure Andrew was recommending himself and Streak. Then a rabbit got up, and the men whooped.

I must admit that Streak did well in his first race. After a bad start, he inched past the other dogs on a straight run, which was very much to his credit because these dogs were known to be fast. However, he made the mistake most inexperienced dogs make: he approached the rabbit too fast and turned it right into the path of the other hounds, so that they made the catch. But Dad was happy. He recommended himself highly for having sense enough to get purebred dogs. He referred to Streak as his dog.

I sidled toward Andrew and the girl and heard Andrew also praising himself for buying purebreds. He didn't mention that Dad put up the money.

In the second race, my sister Mary's Dash did even better than Streak, taking the lead at the start and holding it against two tough dogs belonging to White Cloud. However, Dash also had too much speed at the end and let the rabbit turn out from under her.

"That's another one of my pups—litter mate to this one," Andrew said.

Then I realized that if Lightning did as well as the others, he would also be claimed by Andrew. I edged toward the blonde, trying to think of something to say that would impress her with the fact that Lightning was my dog and that I was not just Andrew's hired hand. But the old man glared at me. He could not guard her from both sides.

"Let's go," he said, grabbing her by the elbow. "I haven't got time for this foolishness." He dragged her off. She looked back and smiled. At me. Before she reached

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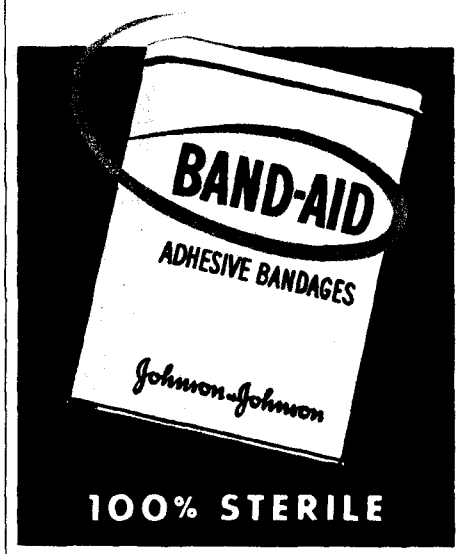

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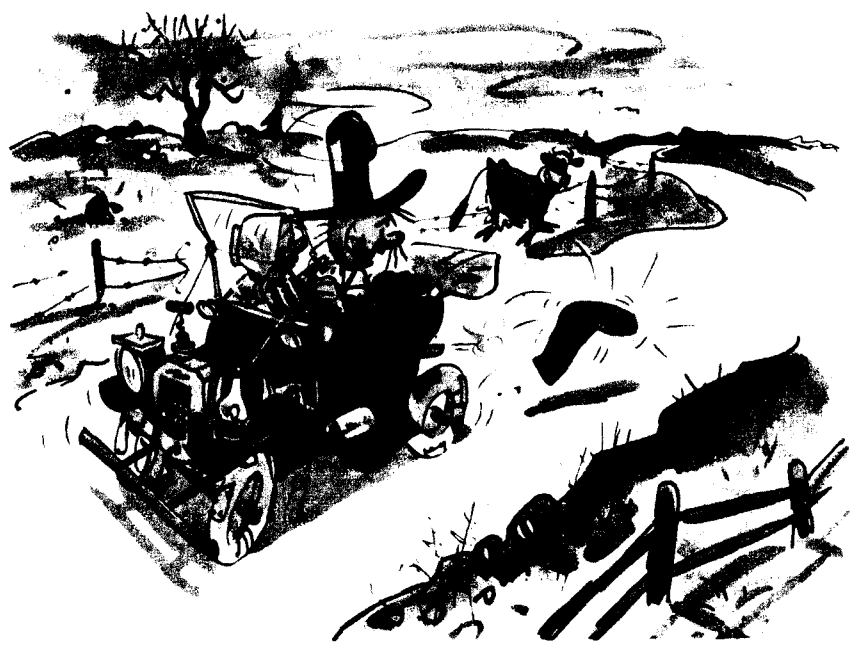

COLLIER'S "Well, that gets rid of *one* rattle" REAMER KELLER

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GROUP 1	GROUP 2	GROUP 3
Promptness Prize	Promptness Prize	Promptness Prize
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If your original entry is postmarked before 7 P.M., March 10, 1952, then you will be in competition for the promptness prize in each Prize Group for which you have, by that time, submitted the required entry fee. The promptness prize for each Prize Group will be awarded to the highest prize winner in each Prize Group among those contestants whose original entries were so submitted.

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2nd Prize	1,000.00	2,000.00	3,000.00
3rd Prize	900.00	1,800.00	2,700.00
4th Prize	800.00	1,600.00	2,400.00
5th Prize	700.00	1,400.00	2,100.00
6th Prize	600.00	1,200.00	1,800.00
7th Prize	500.00	1,000.00	1,500.00
8th Prize	400.00	800.00	1,200.00
9th Prize	300.00	600.00	900.00
10th Prize	200.00	400.00	600.00
Next 20 Prizes Each	$100.00	$200.00	$300.00
Next 20 Prizes Each	80.00	160.00	240.00
Next 20 Prizes Each	60.00	120.00	180.00
Next 30 Prizes Each	50.00	100.00	150.00
Next 50 Prizes Each	40.00	80.00	120.00
Totals	$16,700.00	$33,400.00	$50,100.00

GRAND TOTAL OVER $100,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

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Please read them carefully

$100,000.00, now on deposit in the American Security & Trust Company, in Washington, D. C., will be awarded to the contestants in accordance with the official prize list, instructions and these rules.

WHO CAN ENTER CONTEST

1. The contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States (except an employee of the DAV Service Foundation, its advertising or processing organization or member of his or her immediate family) who has not received a prize of $1,000 or more in cash or cash value, in a previous DAV Service Foundation Contest.

HOW TO ENTER CONTEST

2. Send in your own puzzle solution on the Official Entry Form together with an entry fee contribution of $3.00 to enter Group 1; $6.00 for Group 2, or $9.00 for Group 3. You may enter and compete in any one, two or all three prize groups.

Each ENTRY FORM and contribution must be mailed to the address specified on the Form and postmarked before *7 p.m. April 15, 1952* (not only mailed but actually postmarked), and received by 5 p.m. April 30, 1952.

ALL ENTRIES ACKNOWLEDGED

3. Acknowledgment of your original Entry will be promptly sent to you with an OFFICIAL SUBSTITUTE ENTRY FORM on which you may submit an OFFICIAL SUBSTITUTE SOLUTION. An extra 45 days from the dates above (i.e., until May 31st and June 15th) will be allowed for submission of Substitute Solutions and also for submission of required contributions to enter any additional prize group.

DICTIONARY AUTHORITIES

4. In solving the puzzle, you may use any word that fits which is actually printed in heavy-faced type in the main alphabetical section of any printing of the Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary; "any word" includes any variant, diminutive, shortened form, contraction, abbreviation, prefix, suffix, combining form, hyphenated word, plural, inflexional form, vocabulary entry, or the first word of a two or more word phrase or expression (if printed in heavy-faced type), disregarding any hyphen, apostrophe, period or diacritical marking. If more than one set of tie-breakers becomes necessary, the Webster's New International Dictionary, Unabridged, 2nd Edition (any printing from 1947 through 1952) will be the dictionary authority.

ENTRIES SHOULD BE READABLE

5. Although neatness does not count, any submitted contest solution entry which is illegible, unclear, or not signed will not be considered; only one solution may be submitted on any one entry form.

HOW ENTRIES WILL BE JUDGED

6. Entries in prize groups will be judged separately. Highest valid score in Group 1 wins first prize in Group 1, second highest wins 2nd prize, etc., until all prizes in Group 1 have been awarded. Prizes in Groups 2 and 3 awarded similarly.

Ties are expected and if you are among those tied, you will be sent a set of five tie-breaking puzzles to be solved in which each succeeding puzzle will be judged only if ties still remain after preceding puzzle has been judged. To assure that solutions shall be on the basis of the personal skill of the still-tied contestants, the tie-breakers (similar as to both portions of the original puzzle) will be more difficult with more intersecting letter-paths and with different instructions as to the number, arrangement and use of letter-squares and letter values as to the respective puzzles. Time limit for solving and mailing back first set of five tie-breaking puzzles will be not less than ten (10) nor more than fifteen (15) days from scheduled date of delivery to contestants; and not less than 3 nor more than 5 days for the 2nd, 3rd or 4th sets of tie-breakers (if needed). All tie-breakers will be so released in mails that they should arrive on same day for all tied contestants.

In case of final ties, you will receive full amount of prize for which you are still tied.

YOUR FAMILY MAY HELP YOU

7. A member of your own immediate family living in the same household who has not received help from anyone else may assist you in solving your puzzle. Any collusion or fraud however will cause forfeiture of all your rights as a contestant. Every reasonable effort will be made to enforce these rules and sworn statements will be required from all high scoring contestants. Although you may submit as many original solutions (with accompanying contributions) as you desire, no more than one cash prize in each prize group can be awarded to you (including members of your immediate family).

8. Your ability to observe and follow the rules and instructions is an integral part of this contest of skill. You must, therefore, exercise great care in recording each step, computing your score and recording it. You will not receive more points than claimed nor more than earned.

9. The DAV Service Foundation will not be responsible for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof, and each contestant, by the act of sending in an Entry, agrees to be bound by the contest instructions, rules and conditions, and, in any event, with the decision of the DAV Service Foundation and/or its Committee on Awards on any and all matters affecting the contest.

10. Any contestant who leaves the Continental United States before he has fully exercised his competitive rights as contestant thereby becomes entitled to refund of the entire entry contribution upon his submission of written request for it.

★ ★

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Choose *your* three books from a list of six groups of three books each — books you've always wanted to own! These are hand-bound volumes of beauty, dignity and permanence — books you'd expect to cost several dollars apiece! Gold-tooled backbindings look like fine morocco leather. Finely printed on white wove paper — books you'll hand down to your children and *their* children. Yours for entering all 3 Prize Groups (Total Donation $18) now or later, regardless of whether you win or lose in the contest!

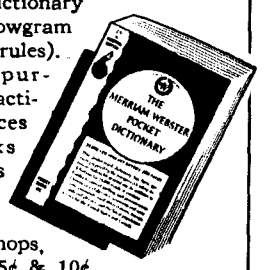
ENTRY PRIZE TO ALL CONTESTANTS

BEAUTIFUL BALL POINT PEN With Your Name Imprinted

Every person who *enters* this contest will receive, with our acknowledgment of their donation, this beautiful Ball Point Pen inscribed with contestant's *own name*. Made by a well known pen manufacturer this valuable pen will be sent FREE to *all* contestants who enter whether they later win a contest prize or not.

HERE IS THE DICTIONARY TO USE FOR THIS PUZZLE

The Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary published by Pocket Books, Inc. (any 35¢ or 25¢ printing) is the official dictionary for this Shadowgram Contest (see rules). It may be purchased at practically all places where books and magazines are sold; that is, drug stores, book shops, newsstands, 5¢ & 10¢ stores, department stores, etc.



This contest is sponsored by the DAV Service Foundation, which is the incorporated trusteeship for the Disabled American Veterans, chartered by special Act of Congress.

READ THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

❶ This SHADOWGRAM puzzle consists of two related parts (A and B) and is to be solved in two steps, as follows:

STEP A. First, fill in word spaces just as you would in a crossword puzzle, with 8 vertical and 5 horizontal words, each of which fulfill the clues shown under Definition Clues.

If you have filled in valid words complying with the Definition Clues, you will have used 22 different letters in 34 white spaces, and your total Letter Value in A on the basis of the Table of Letter Values (counting each intersecting letter twice) will be 1118. It must be 1118, no more no less. *This constitutes your qualifying score.*

STEP B. Having achieved the correct qualifying score (Step A) you will then fill in the 22 empty *grey* squares in STEP B with six different words of your own choosing (subject to rules) not using, however, any of the 4 different letters omitted in Step A (P, X, Y, Z).

No word used in A may be used in B; but you may use in either A or B any one of the 22 different letters as many times as is necessary. The 4 letters (P, X, Y, Z) which cannot be used in either A or B are indicated below by the circles:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O (P) Q R S T U V W (X) (Y) (Z)

❷ In solving the puzzle be careful to observe the following conditions:

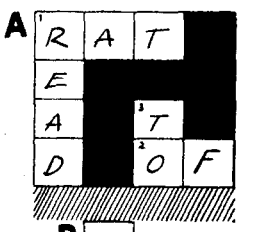
(a) All words must be correctly spelled out and must read from left to right or top to bottom.

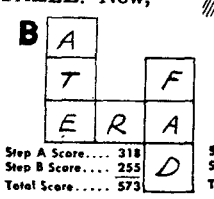
(b) The letter in each intersecting square in A and B must form part of two valid words (the down word and the across word) and the letter in each intersecting square must be computed twice in determining the total letter value score for A and for B.

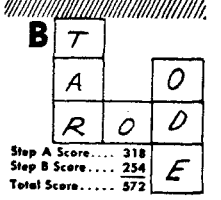
(c) Each letter in Step A and Step B carries the point value shown in the Table of Letter Values; you must record the score for each step; then add the total of A (qualifying score of 1118) to the total of B (as high as you can make it by your choice of words) and, finally, add these scores to attain your total score which you place in the space provided.

LOOK AT THIS SAMPLE SHADOWGRAM PUZZLE

Note how the "A" portion of the sample puzzle opposite has been solved using the above instructions and the following word definitions: ACROSS . . . (1) Rodent (2) Preposition meaning from. DOWN . . . (1) to utter printed words (3) Preposition expressing direction toward. This provides a qualifying score of 318 using the OFFICIAL LETTER VALUE TABLE. Now, note the two different solutions to "B". . . one gives a higher score. Perhaps you could have done even better. Why not try your hand with the OFFICIAL PUZZLE?

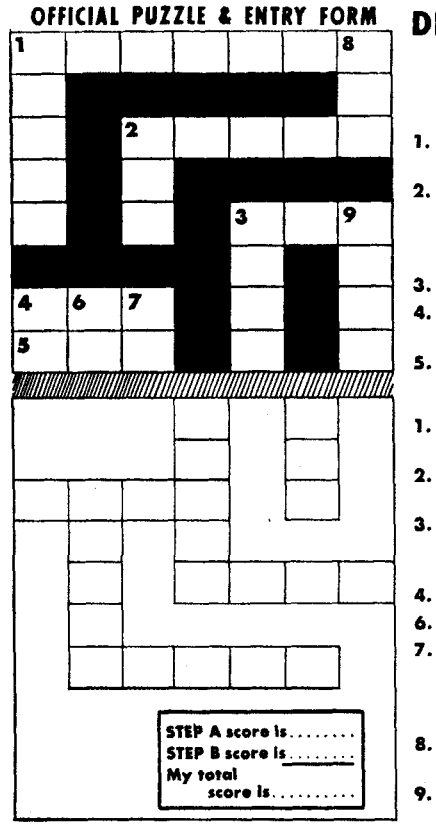






D.A.V. SHADOWGRAM

OFFICIAL PUZZLE & ENTRY FORM



DEFINITION CLUES

STEP A

Across

1. African animal with long neck.
2. To settle on land without right or title (or to crouch).
3. To project.
4. Not bright or distinct.
5. Single unit.

Down

1. Covering for the hand.
2. To weep convulsively.
3. Machine to raise weight as in changing tires.
4. To work at.
6. Within a place.
7. Personal pronoun (objective case of I).
8. To chew and swallow food.
9. To melt as ice or snow.

TABLE OF LETTER VALUES

A—32	E—23	I—16	M—17	Q—13	U—14	X—15
B—19	F—25	J—24	N—31	R—29	V—10	Y— 9
C—27	G—22	K—12	O—28	S—30	W—18	Z—20
D—26	H—11	L—34	P—21	T—33		

DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000 Fifth Annual
Contest, Dept. 109
Washington 6, D. C.

MAIL TODAY! You may improve your score later by sending substitute solution *free* (see rules).

Please enter me in your 1952 SHADOWGRAM Puzzle Contest, for competition in the Prize Group or Groups checked below, for which I enclose entry fee donation in the sum of

$_____.

NOTE: You may enter one, any two, or all three prize groups, depending on amount donated. The following shows possible total prizes in relation to your entry fee or fees.

FULL LIST OF WINNERS will be sent to all contestants after final judging.

CHECK HERE	GROUP	CONTRIBUTION	FIRST PRIZE
☐	1	$3.00	$3,000.
☐	2	$6.00	$6,000.
☐	3	$9.00	$9,000.
☐	1 & 3	$12.00	$12,000.
☐	2 & 3	$15.00	$15,000.
☐	1, 2 & 3	$18.00	$18,000.

DONATIONS should be made payable to DAV Service Foundation. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash!

It is understood you will send me an OFFICIAL RECEIPT for my entry donation, together with a beautiful BALL POINT PEN with my name printed on it and an OFFICIAL SUBSTITUTE SOLUTION form, on which I may later submit (*free of cost*) a better score if I find I can improve my score any time prior to the final closing date. Also, at any time, now or later, after I have donated $18.00 to enter all 3 prize groups, you will send me an order blank which I may use to select (*free of cost*) any group of three out of six groups of three beautiful Collector's Edition Books.

I have read the rules and agree to be bound by them.

★

SIGNED_____

Name_____
Please Print Plainly

Address_____ State_____

City_____

DO NOT USE THIS FORM for submitting a substitute solution. *Please be patient until you receive your Official Substitute Solution Form with your Official receipt (allow 3 weeks).* Additional copies of this Official Puzzle and Entry Form will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. Write Dept. 500, Washington 6, D. C.

TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR PROMPT ACTION CASH PRIZES, ENTER BEFORE 7 P. M., MAR. 10, 1952

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the car, she turned again and waved. I stood petrified. Andrew took off his big hat and waved. He had presence of mind.

"Why did you have to come and scare them off?" he asked me.

"Who are they?" I said.

"Name's Salstrom. Live in the north end."

The north end of the county sounded bad. Things were different up there.

While I was lost in thought, a man who lived near our place walked up beside me. "That pup of yours is fast," he said.

"I hope so," I said, but I was heavy-hearted. I felt that the day was spoiled. Now that she was gone, it did not seem to matter so much how well Lightning did.

"I know he's fast," the neighbor persisted. "Every once in a while he comes over to my field before sunup and catches a rabbit."

For a moment I was surprised out of my gloom. "That pup?"

"Yeah, I know him well. Sometimes he comes around the house, but I don't feed him, because that would be stealing a dog."

This was very important. Most greyhounds won't range out by themselves, because they like to have human beings watch them race. But if what the neighbor said was true, it meant that Lightning was experienced. He might cover himself with glory.

A rabbit jumped up. The men whooped. Lightning galloped a few yards and stopped. The other dogs sailed past him.

"What's wrong with that pup of yours?" Dad asked.

"Your dog no savvy," White Cloud said.

However, I didn't have much time to puzzle. A whoop came from the other end of the line; somebody had kicked up another rabbit. Lightning was the only free dog. Even the yelpers were still after the first rabbit.

Lightning coiled and hit the ground in a beautiful take-off.

"Your dog savvy," White Cloud said.

Within half a mile, Lightning turned the rabbit.

"Slow rabbit," Andrew said.

"Fast rabbit," White Cloud corrected.

Lightning did not make the mistake his brother and sister had made of approaching the rabbit too fast, but turned it neatly three times and then caught it. This was a masterful performance, but it wasn't a race, since no other dogs were running.

"By George, that's the fastest pup I've got!" Dad yelled.

Then the awful thing happened. Lightning sat down and ate the rabbit.

A normal greyhound enjoys racing so much, and gets so excited during a race, that he cannot eat for several hours after. However, once in a while there appears in the breed what we call a "hog," who runs only to eat. He won't race against another dog, because he wants the rabbit all for himself. There is nothing you can do to change his habits, and he is not worth a nickel. Lightning was a hog.

IN THE difficult days that followed, I had only this consolation: the blonde girl hadn't stayed to see my humiliation. I didn't go to any more races, but on Sunday afternoons when the others went, I wandered off alone among the blackjacks.

Andrew never got tired of gloating over my disgrace. Dad regarded me sourly, as if I were somehow to blame for the dishonor of one of his purebred hounds. Mary felt sorry for me and offered to give me her Dash, but I refused with thanks. After all, sooner or later Dash would give up her racing career to become a mother.

I scorned Lightning, and for weeks I didn't speak to him. I know now that he, too, was going through a difficult period. Usually he lay under the porch with his chin on his paws, moving only his eyes when someone passed. He didn't fawn or try to win favor with anyone. Greyhounds have their pride.

Dad and Andrew chased him from the trough when they poured out fresh milk for their dogs. Even Streak and Dash, who were getting more famous every week, ignored him.

Lightning went out every morning and got a rabbit. "One thing you've got to say for that dog," Dad said, "is he's independent." Then Dad said something that made me think. "Maybe when he was a helpless puppy, before we got him, the others crowded him away from his dinner, and he was so scared that now he can't think of anything but eating."

Suddenly my attitude to Lightning changed. I remembered his weak ankles and realized that he must have suffered as a puppy. Once when he was staring at me, I winked at him. He wagged his tail, stood up, and came over to me. That was a rare sign of affection for a greyhound. I patted his head, and it seemed to do him a lot of good. After that we were friends. One morning I got up at daybreak and went with him on his hunt. We both enjoyed it.

The only other happy moment I had that winter was when I measured myself and discovered I was five feet eleven and a quarter, which meant that henceforth I could look down on Andrew.

My other trouble, however, persisted, even got worse. I couldn't get the taffy blonde out of my mind. One day my mother scolded me for moping. "Why don't you go out and get acquainted with young people, like Andrew does?" she said.

I couldn't bring myself to tell her that the only young person I wanted to get acquainted with lived in the north end, where it was practically impossible to go. Even if I had had my own car and plenty of gasoline, I couldn't have spent a week driving through the north end looking for a mailbox labeled "Salstrom."

Our country has a red end and a yellow end, with gypsum hills in the middle. The red gumbo in the north produces thirty or forty bushels of wheat per acre; our sandy land, ten or twelve. North, they specialize in wheat, but in the south we grow little patches of almost everything. They have tractors, but most of the south-enders get along with horses. They plow deep and harrow smooth; but if we did that, the land would blow away in the spring, so we just scratch the surface. They have two-story white houses and big red barns, and we have shacks and sheds.

They go to bed early to save kerosene, but we stay up late. They have only white people, wheat, jack rabbits, machinery and automobiles. We have whites and Indians, rabbits and coyotes, horses and cattle, blackjack trees and plum thickets, sandburs and crab grass, and even a river with fish in it sometimes. They figure everything closely, and we lump things off in round numbers. People in the north end don't think much of people in the south end, and vice versa. Especially vice versa.

One Saturday in March I noticed that Andrew was ganting Streak and Dash. When he loaded them into his car the next day, I asked him what was up.

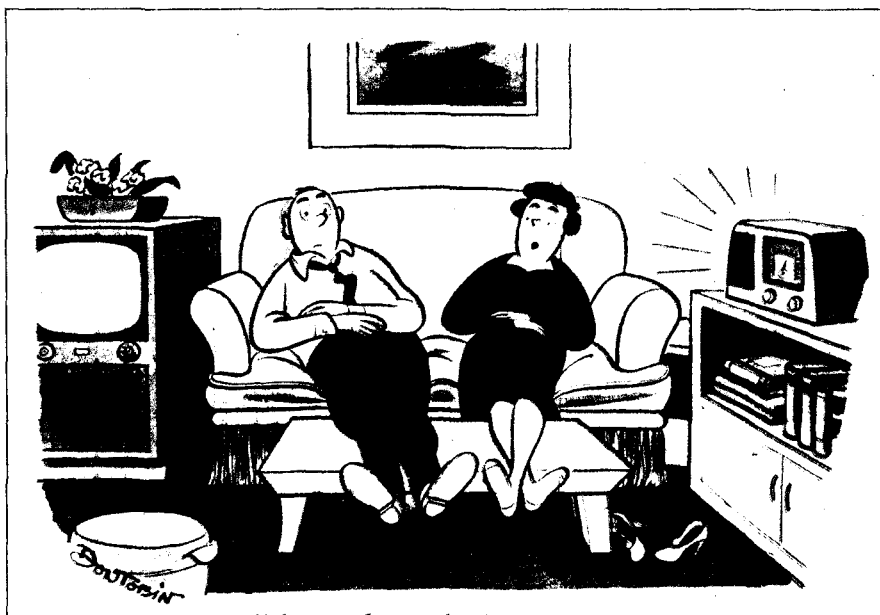
"Little private hunt," he said. "Want to go along?"

I had nothing better to do, so I climbed in. I was surprised when he headed north. "Lots of rabbits in the north end," he said. "Decided to try up there."

I DID not give the matter another thought until an hour later when we came to a mailbox labeled "Salstrom" and turned into a long driveway. "How did you know where she lived?" I asked.

"Piece in the paper last week said a fellow named Salstrom lives three miles east of Davis, which is here." Then he looked at me with astonishment. "You remembered her name! So that's why you've been moping all winter." He roared with laughter. "You have the damnedest luck—getting calf-eyed over a girl I got my eye on."

He stopped the car and jumped out. There was a big white house, and a bigger red barn with fancy lightning rods, and fields of pale-green winter wheat that stretched for miles. I hid my misery and hoped there was nobody at home.



COLLIER'S "What in the world did we use to *look* at while we listened to it?" DON TOBIN

A woolly shepherd dog barked and wagged. Walking like a movie cowboy, Andrew went to the kitchen door. I followed. The big, red-faced man opened the door. He was sucking a toothpick.

"Mr. Salstrom," Andrew said, "I wonder if we could hunt a few rabbits."

Mr. Salstrom pulled out his toothpick, studied it a while, and threw it away. "Nope, you'd shoot the stock."

There was no stock except three cattle grazing a half mile away.

"Oh, we hunt with dogs."

Mr. Salstrom smiled sourly. "Wouldn't do you any good. Rabbits are too fast. Even my dog can't catch 'em."

"What do you bet my dogs can't catch 'em?" Andrew said.

"I'm not a betting man," Mr. Salstrom said, "and I'm not a hunting man. While back, I was down south and saw a bunch of fellows—grown men—chasing rabbits with dogs. Seems like that's all they had to do." He was pretending not to recognize us, so that he could insult us anonymously. "Maybe down there," he added, "a dog can catch a rabbit, because the rabbits are starved—too weak to run. But up here they're fast."

"Maybe you and your—boys would like to come along and watch," Andrew said.

"Haven't got any boys."

This seemed to settle the matter in his mind, and he was closing the door when he was shoved from behind and stumbled out between us. She burst out, radiant. "We'll watch," she announced. She was carrying his coat and hat and her own red Mackinaw.

He glared at her but put on the coat. "All right, we'll watch a little," he said.

"Oh, hello!" Andrew said.

"Hello," she answered, but she seemed to say it to the shepherd who bounced against her. She was even more magnetic than I remembered.

Andrew let Streak and Dash out of the car. The shepherd was glad to meet them, but they ignored him. He was beneath them.

As we started out across the field, Andrew began his maneuvering, trying to walk beside her, but the old man got between them. I kept to one side, not wanting to scare the old man again. Andrew claimed his dogs were worth a hundred dollars apiece.

"Why don't you feed 'em better, if they're worth all that?" Mr. Salstrom asked. "They're too skinny to have any strength."

Andrew tried to explain greyhounds to him, but Mr. Salstrom didn't listen. Obviously he thought we were too poor or mean to feed dogs.

We had walked only a quarter of a mile when a big, lazy rabbit jumped up, running sort of sideways, as a rabbit does when it is in no hurry. The shepherd yelped. Streak and Dash uncoiled and caught the rabbit in about a hundred yards.

Within an hour we had collected six of Mr. Salstrom's rabbits, which was all we could carry, since they weighed twenty pounds apiece. I've never seen better hunting or worse racing. For generations these rabbits had had so much to eat and so little exercise that they were only a little faster than cow dogs. By contrast I had to be proud of our south-end rabbits.

If Mr. Salstrom was impressed by our dogs, he didn't admit it. He certainly wasn't impressed by us. Andrew kept using a line that would do very well for sporting people but was no good in the north end. I was glad he was ruining himself with the old man, but I realized he was also ruining me.

ON THE way back to the car, I decided to take one good look at the girl and get a memory to carry with me always. When we reached the barn and there was not much time left, I looked and—to my utter amazement—I caught her looking right at me. She turned red, then broke into a run and ran to the house with the shepherd leaping beside her. She didn't give Andrew a parting glance.

As Andrew and I were driving home, he said thoughtfully, "She thinks she's too young to get out of sight of the old man. You can't get anyplace with a girl until she strays off a little from her parents. I'll let her keep guessing for six months."

When we got home, I threw the rabbits out of the car. Dad was delighted. "That's enough meat to feed our dogs for a week."

Lightning came around and sniffed, out of curiosity. Dad yelled at him, and he walked off with dignity. "Put 'em where he can't get at 'em," Dad ordered. "If it wasn't for him killing off all our rabbits we could have good hunting around here. We got to do something about that dog."

That night I hunted up the paper and found the piece Andrew had mentioned. Telling how prosperous our county was, it gave some examples of master farmers, including Mr. Salstrom, who had raised twenty-four thousand bushels of wheat last year on six hundred and thirty acres—or thirty-eight bushels per acre—on his farm three miles east of Davis.

Then I began to get an idea, at first only a daydream, but it grew on me. A few days later I knew I had to try it, and I made serious plans.

The following Saturday I tied Lightning, to gant him. He seemed surprised but didn't complain. The next day, when nobody was looking, I loaded him into Dad's Model A and drove north. I was scared.

When I parked in the Salstrom yard, the old man came out alone and looked at me suspiciously.

"Mr. Salstrom," I said, "this is wonderful land you have."

"Yeah."

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"Should get forty bushels to the acre."

"Last year I got thirty-eight."

I shook my head. "Should get forty. Pasture too much."

"I don't pasture hardly at all. Just three old cows, and I take 'em off early."

"Oh, cows won't hurt," I said. "They haven't got teeth and just pull off the top leaves. You pasture too many rabbits."

"Rabbits!"

"I've been thinking about it. Five rabbits eat as much as a horse." This was probably an exaggeration, but rabbits do eat a lot. "We caught six last week," I reminded him, "on just a corner of your place, and probably five or six have already moved in where they were. Now, suppose you support forty rabbits—that's eight horses. Pasture for a horse is worth, say two dollars a month; that's sixteen dollars a month. But you couldn't afford to pasture a horse in the spring, when the wheat is ripening, for ten dollars a month. That's eighty dollars a month in the late spring."

MR. SALSTROM was staring at me. I kept looking at the kitchen door, but it didn't open. "A fellow can't do anything about rabbits," he said.

"Well, it just came to me last week, after I found out how much you are losing on account of rabbits. I've got a special dog that ranges out by himself every morning at dawn, when rabbits are still hopping around, and catches one."

"I'm not gonna buy a dog," he said, "if that's what you mean."

"Oh, I wouldn't sell him. It would be like selling a member of the family. But you see, he's caught all the rabbits around our place, so we have to feed him stuff that should go to the chickens, especially during the laying season. He's just a big expense to us. But up here he wouldn't cost a cent to keep, because he could feed himself. If you want to, you can borrow him during the spring season, when rabbits do the most damage."

"Borrow him!"

"He catches one rabbit a day. That's three hundred and sixty-five a year, divided by five—is how many horses?"

Mr. Salstrom squatted, took a stick and scratched on the ground, doing division. "Seventy-three," he said.

"At two dollars a month for pasture, that's how much?"

Mr. Salstrom figured again. "A hundred and forty-six."

I got out of the car and let Lightning out. The shepherd trotted up, stiff-legged, and Lightning, being a democratic dog, sniffed him, which pleased the shepherd. "Let's go out and get a rabbit," I suggested. Still the kitchen door did not open.

We started out, and when a rabbit jumped up, Lightning just loped until the shepherd was winded and came back, then Lightning sprinted and caught the rabbit and ate it. "Now he won't catch another one until tomorrow morning," I explained.

We walked back to the house. Mr. Salstrom was thoughtful. He squatted and scratched on the ground. "About the seventy-three horses," he said, "I don't follow you. But say these rabbits reduce the yield one bushel per acre. On a place like this that would be six hundred and thirty bushels, or what you would raise on sixteen acres. If a dog could clear up the rabbits, he would be worth sixteen acres, at, say, four hundred dollars an acre—"

"He'll clear 'em up for three miles around," I said.

"Always figure what you stand to gain, and then divide by two, because that's the way it comes out in real life," Mr. Salstrom said. "But divided by two, that dog's still worth a lot."

We talked until Lightning came back, bulging at the waist, but still the kitchen door didn't open. I kept on talking, and Mr. Salstrom's enthusiasm mounted. "If this thing works out," he said, "I'll sure be obliged. By George, I wish you could stay for supper, but my wife and daughter are away."

I drove home, cursing my luck. I had given away my best friend for nothing, and I still had to face the music at home.

When I arrived, the folks were eating supper—except Andrew, who was putting on a necktie. He was getting ready to go out courting one of his half-dozen girls.

"Where you been?" my father roared.

"I found a wonderful home for Lightning," I said.

"You mean you gave that dog away?"

"You said we had to do something about him."

"That's a purebred greyhound. Who'd you give him to?"

"Mr. Salstrom."

"Salstrom!" Andrew bellowed.

"Who's he?" Dad asked.

"Fellow in the north end. Raised over twenty-four thousand bushels of wheat last year."

"North end! You mean you drove my car fifty miles to give my dog away?"

Andrew grabbed my arm and whirled me around, facing him. "What's the idea? You aiming to cut me out with that girl?" He jerked my arm hard. "You try that again, and I'll—"

He didn't say what he would do. I just gave him a good push and looked down at him and laughed. It was the first time I'd ever done that. I expected him to swing at me, but he just stood there openmouthed. I guess he realized that I was bigger than he was now.

Mother jumped up. "A girl! What's she like? What's her mother like?"

"Like anybody else, I guess," I said, still keeping an eye on Andrew.

"What about her brothers and sisters?"

"She hasn't got any."

"What's her name?"

"I don't know."

WHEN I went out to milk the next morning, Lightning greeted me at the kitchen door. He was very glad to see me. He had had breakfast on the way home.

The family row started all over again. Dad said I was not going to drive his car another fifty miles to take that dog back.

"Of course he'll take the dog back," Mother said. "She's an only child, and her father raised twenty-four thousand bushels of wheat last year."

The third time I took Lightning back, Mr. Salstrom came out to the car with a worried look on his face.

"I've got to have a talk with you," he said. "My daughter has got so fond of that dog that every time he shows up missing she raises thunder. But, like I tell her, he's just a one-man dog, and he won't ever be happy away from you. It's just not fair to him to keep leaving him here, and it's just bad for everybody."

My heart turned to lead. "Oh, I don't mind bringing him back, but of course if you don't want—"

"Well, it's not so much what I want. It's her I'm thinking about. It's what she wants."

"You mean she doesn't want—"

"That's right. And I need a good man here, anyway. Now if you could see your way clear to moving up here and working here—"

I saw my way clear immediately, and after that Lightning stayed. We both like it in the north end. . . .

This year my father-in-law, Mr. Salstrom, and I got forty bushels per acre, and maybe the difference was rabbits. That figures Lightning is worth thirty-two acres, say at four hundred dollars an acre. THE END

Chuck Wagon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

as horses were roped and saddled. I was to get a spare mount from one of the cow hands. "Since you're a sod lover," he grinned, "we're giving you a gentle one." Ten of us mounted and trotted over the rolling hills.

Plains stretched before us as far as we could see. A herd of antelope darted across a field and a startled cottontail rabbit raced away at the approach of the horses. At one point I saw the skeleton of a coyote; a little farther on, a cow's skull lay on the hard ground.

It was still bitter cold, and the wind was sharp. "A blue norther's comin' up," a cowboy said, slapping his elbows against his sides. One numb-looking man dismounted stiffly and walked beside his horse to restore the circulation in his feet.

I was directed to move up a prairie road; the cowboys were going to flank the cattle and drive them toward me. The riders scattered and disappeared in the hills. Soon I could hear the bawling of cattle; a few cows jogged in from both sides, then a few more. The cowboys appeared, whooping and turning their horses sharply to keep stragglers in line. A herd formed, and we drove it ahead of us.

It was noon when we sighted the chuck wagon, parked near a corral. Lunch was already on the fire, and after the cattle had been penned, the cowboys lined up by the wagon. We filled our plates with steak, beans, corn, sour-dough biscuits and fruit.

"How'd you like yer ride?" Sid asked me, smiling as I rubbed my back. He told me his riding days were about over. "I still cowboy a little, but I've had both my legs broken, an' my head caved in, an' both my wrists broken, an' a shoulder knocked out of place."

"Ever get bitten by a snake?" I asked.

"Once, when I was ten. They gave me a quart of corn licker for it; I was awful sick for three days. Don't know which made me sicker."

"I killed two rattlers last week down where the wagon was this morning," volunteered sixty-year-old Earl Stack, oldest of the cow-pokes. "They come out even when there's snow on the ground, long as it's a warm day."

I stayed with the chuck wagon after lunch, sketching, helping Bruce with the dishes and watching Sid Geddis crush empty bean cans underfoot, so the cows wouldn't lick them and get them caught in their jaws. The sun was low when the cowboys returned.

Supper was just as tasty as the other meals had been: roast beef, sweet potatoes, corn, beans, peaches and coffee.

As the men relaxed around the fire, smoking handmade cigarettes, cowboy Don Owens suddenly spoke up: "Say, hasn't the hoodlum got a chappin' comin'?"

Bruce Stewart, grinning sheepishly, found a bedroll and draped himself over it. Don stood up, grabbed a pair of chaps, and let fly.

I winced as I heard the crack of the leather against the hoodlum's breeches, but cowboy Jiggs Riley chuckled.

"It just stings a little," he said. "We all get chapped any time we dirty up the area around the wagon. It doesn't hurt much. It's an old custom. Some places, they hold a court first."

That night we huddled around the fire, swapping tales as men do everywhere, in college dormitories, in army barracks, on camping trips. After a while, one or two cow hands turned in; soon the group had disintegrated. Sid Geddis unrolled his bedding over a squeaky set of springs that he pulled from the wagon; I crept into my bedroll under the tent fly. The last things I saw were the coals of the fire glowing dully in the cold darkness. THE END

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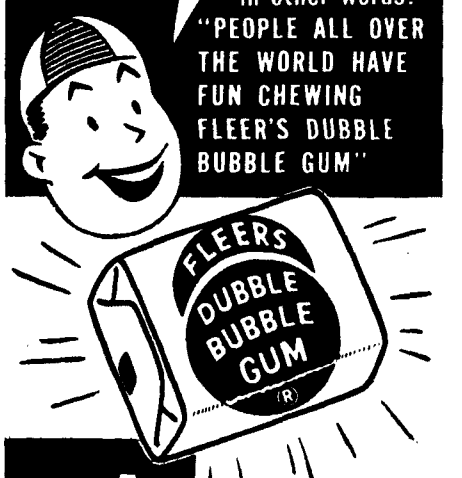

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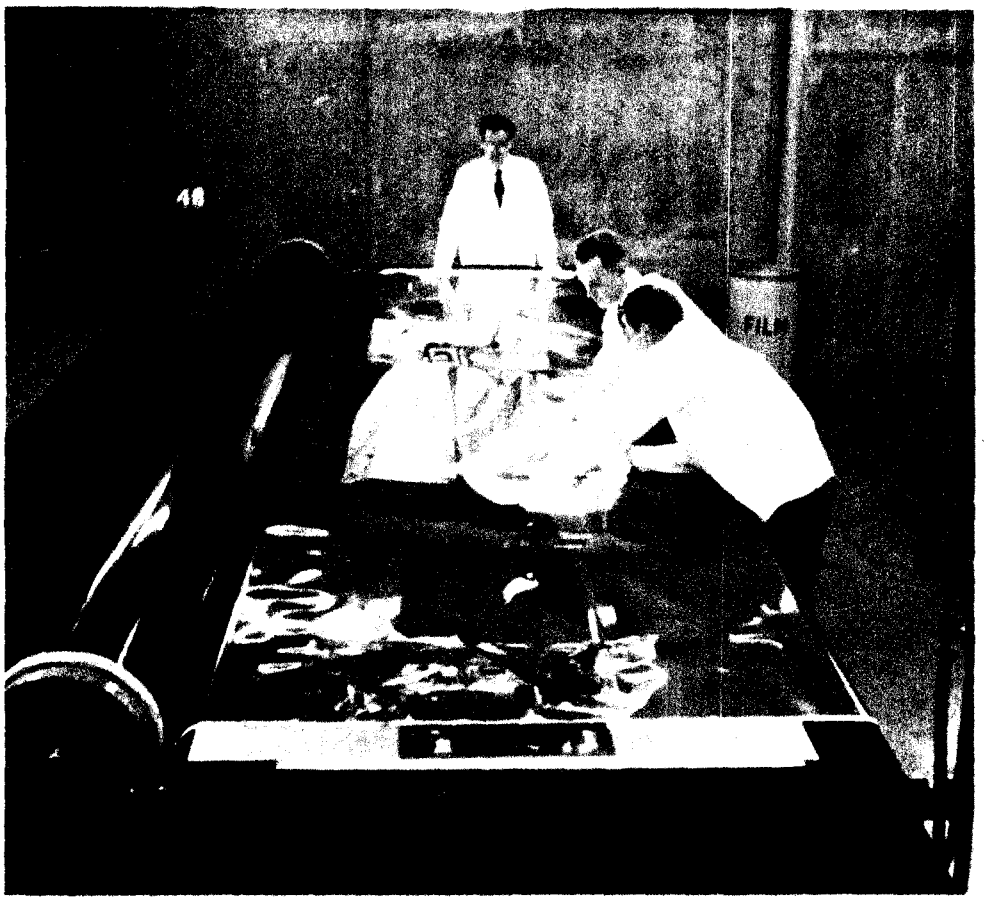
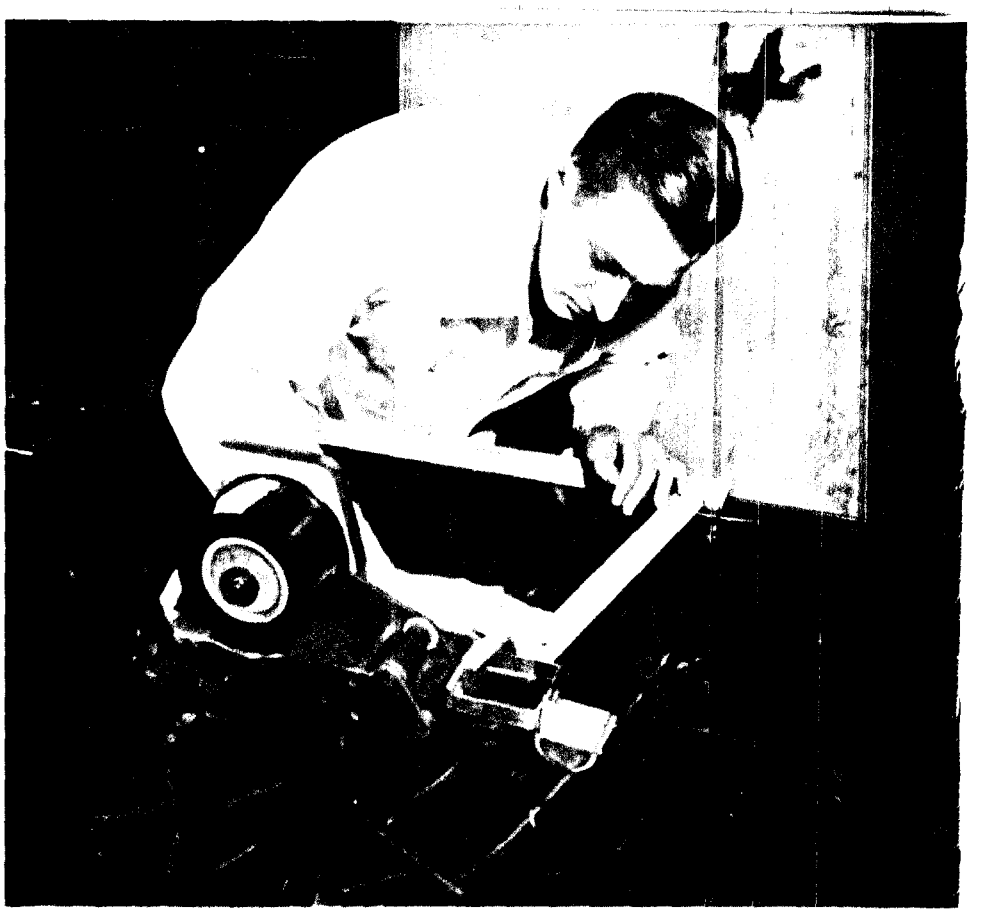
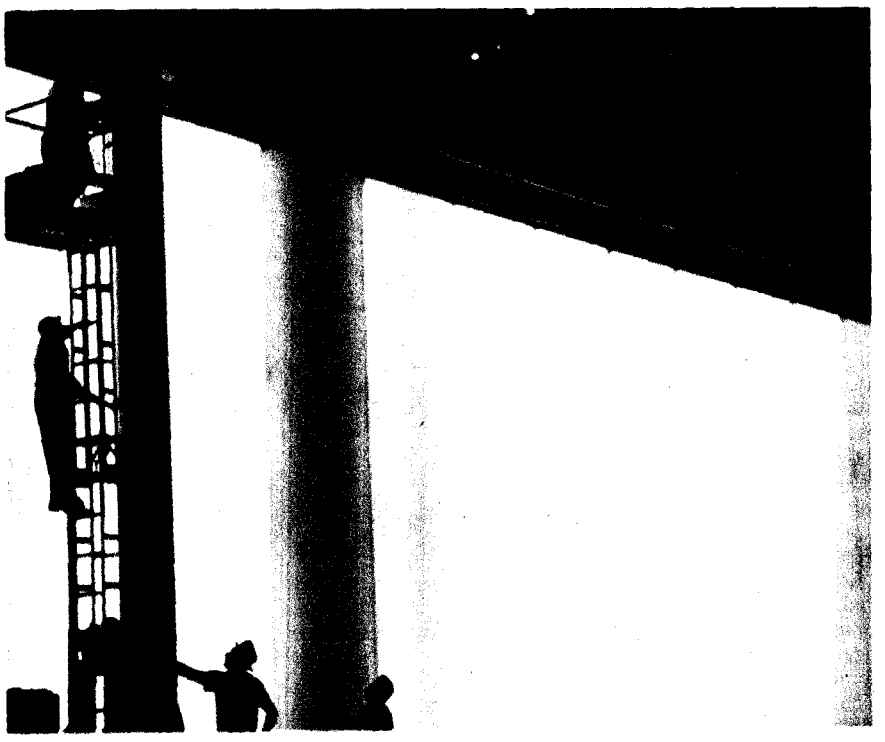


World's largest color transparency first takes shape as 38⅓ sections of small original, each enlarged to 19 inches by 20 feet, are matched

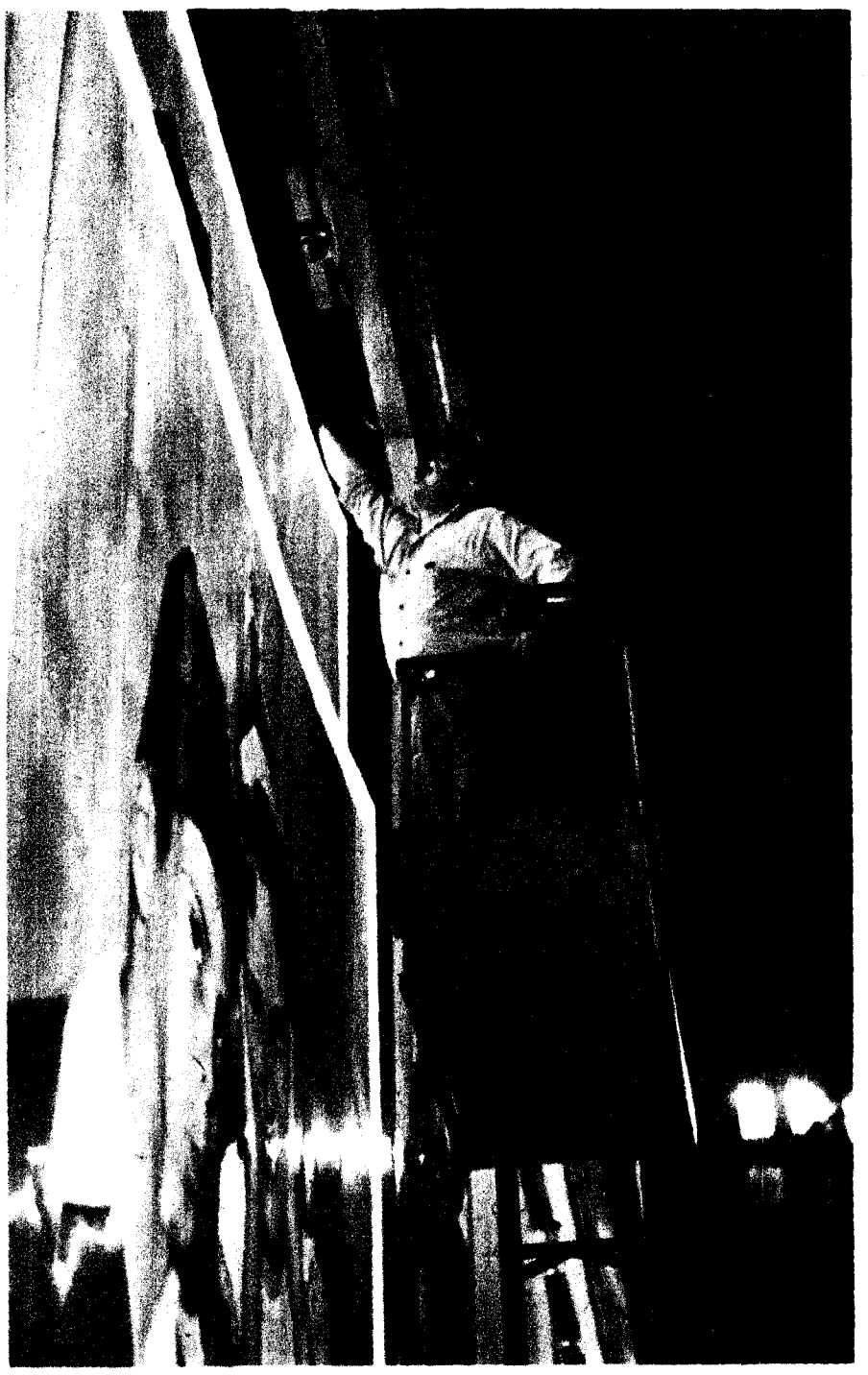


After matching, sections are trimmed so they adjoin each other without overlap. They are then spliced into a continuous roll with clear tape

Rolled up on huge spool, the big transparency is enclosed in zippered case, crated for truck-shipment to New York's Grand Central Station



In station, 18- by 60-foot roll of film is raised to vertical position in front of light-diffusing plastic, and unrolled by crew of four men



Unrolled transparency is held by springs on top, sides and bottom so it hangs without wrinkles. Here, worker adjusts a loosened spring

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN

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GRAND CENTRAL SNAPSHOT

WHILE thousands of serious professional and amateur photographers spend long hours discussing photography as an art form, millions of snap shooters consider it simply the most satisfactory method yet devised to keep a visual record of a lifetime's pleasant but fleeting moments.

Some 65 years ago, when photography was in its infancy, George Eastman discovered what it could mean to the general public. Scorning the scientific approach of the German lens-masters, he built easy-to-operate cameras and took them directly to America's families. The Eastman Kodak Company has made snapshots virtual hearthside necessities ever since. Today it is pursuing the snap shooter more vigorously than ever.

Latest and most ambitious of its projects to interest the family amateur in photography is its eye-catching, mammoth Colorama on the East Balcony in New York's Grand Central Station.

First unveiled 21 months ago, and presently being seen by millions of travelers, commuters and city subway riders every week, the Colorama is the general name for a series of the largest color transparencies in the world. Each of them is 18 feet high by 60 feet long, filling a space which could accommodate more than 21,000 average pocket-size snapshots.

Basically, Colorama pictures are simple enlargements of 5-by-9½-inch color photographs. But since it would be impractical to make the enlargements on a sheet of film 18 by 60 feet, the final "blowup" is composed of separately enlarged sections taped together. Each section is 19 inches wide, and runs the full height of the visible Colorama, with a foot or two extra on top and bottom to provide space for attaching the picture to the frame in the station.

The gigantic color picture is put in place by a method which looks almost as simple as loading a box camera. The 60-foot film, wound on a 20-foot-long spool, is attached to an electric lift and drawn to a vertical position. The film is then unrolled. Lighted from behind by 5,328 feet of cold-cathode tubes which deliver some 61,000 watts, it is a true transparency.

To reflect the moods of the seasons (and to prove that any time is picture-taking time) Colorama pictures are changed periodically. Varying from homey fireside scenes to beach scenes and baby pictures, they are what every snap shooter has in mind when he clicks his shutter—big, bright, beautiful pictures, perfectly gauged to make the neighbors sit up and say, "Ah!" SEY CHASSLER

First color photograph of Colorama to appear in national magazine shows current "snapshot" in place. Shots are changed every three weeks

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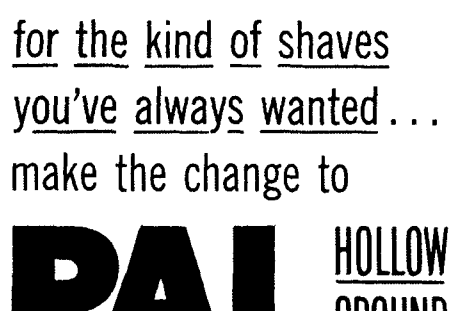

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You Make Them Out of People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

the Fairy Godmother. She would be blonde and use blue eyeshadow. It was the era when all blondes were virtuous, when no actress was conceded to be a lady, but all were treated with the forms of courtesy and billed and addressed as "Miss" or "Mrs." So "Miss ——" would enter flying, suspended by a wire and followed jerkily by a pink follow-spot. *She alights beside the babe. Sweetly:* "I christen you Gordon Keane!" Music up. She beams. "He shall have everything! Talent! Sensitivity! Wit!" Yes, and a throat designed for resonance. And height and fine proportion and grace of carriage. And beyond these, an overpowering male beauty that would cross the footlights like a scent and fill a house of two thousand capacity.

What could be wrong?

Hollow laugh from the wings. The Evil Fairy. Brunette, of course, with purple eyeshadow. *Green follow-spot.* "He shall have everything!" she echoes, giving the line a reading that makes it like a curse. Too much sensitivity. Too sharp a wit to spare himself. Too strong a theater impulse to ignore the fact that the beauty was best displayed when his chin lifted to an angle of precisely forty-five degrees.

Or something like that, thought Al Waterman, trying to fit the cold, known facts into the semblance of a man whom he could feel, could deal with, if he pushed the issue that far. At the same time, he was ashamed of his twisting night thoughts, of his habit, like any five-year-old's, of putting together a waking dream at bedtime. He would have been a different kind of director if he had suspected that one reason he would earn his net salary was precisely this kind of thinking, which was not really thinking at all, but an incessant probing of people, a projection of himself into their circumstances, and an effort, like the child's, to shape some form out of the day's confusion.

FOR ten years after his first big part, Keane's personal appeal was so dazzling that nobody noticed he was a fine actor. By the time they noticed, the corrosion —corruption, decay, whatever it was— must already have set in; the sense of himself as a fantastic public joke, larger than life, the supermarionette of sex appeal. As thousands swooned, the joke would be that he should insist upon acting. Then came the imperceptible surrender as, more and more, he played a single role: the glamor puppet. That would have been about the time that he came from the stage to pictures. But pictures were not to blame; they only speeded the process. You could see him in his first pictures—Waterman had run them all—satirizing himself gently and then, as the hair thinned and hairpieces shadowed the classic forehead, satirizing himself less gently and more often.

It was the era when all actors, by popular demand, were wicked and extravagant, and a star was served like a potentate. Later, the fan magazines would reverse themselves and strain to prove that each new star was everybody's pal. And each new star would frantically co-operate: he would be photographed in the same denim apron on the same homey terrace, in the act of barbecuing a simple meal for simple friends. Professional modesty would replace the more naïve professional hauteur. But the lofty mode had suited Keane.

It had also been the era before taxes. Taxes exert a potent moral force. They leave you the prestige of your salary, while removing the temptations of cash. Keane had had his money to spend, on two continents—both at his feet. Male beauty, thought Al Waterman, must be quite a thing to live with. A problem I am spared, he thought, hunching his scrawny body under the thin, expensive California blankets. But what an actor the man had been!

He shivered once, and slept. His decision was made. Tomorrow he would tackle Holley, the producer, about Keane. . . .

He was not braced for a matter-of-fact reaction.

"Everybody's talked about using Keane," Holley said reasonably, "and he'd be great for this. No question. *If* he could get through it. But they had him at Continental—four-five years ago, on Island of Fire. Supporting part, but in every damned scene, it turned out. He didn't put up any front. No trouble that way. In fact, everybody was crazy about him at first—actors, crew, everybody. But he clowned so, came in hung over, came late, couldn't learn his lines—he disrupted the whole company. They had to let him go. Cost them about sixty grand in time lost and retakes and replacement."

Holley spoke lightly, adding after a pause, "It was the winter that virus X was high style. Officially, they blamed his withdrawal on that—the way they did Gigi Carr's mysterious stretch at General Hospital."

THE subject was supposed to be changed, but Waterman said, "I'd like to talk to him, at least."

"Go ahead, talk," Holley said smoothly. "Give you a chance to meet the old boy. Everybody's got to have a story about Keane."

"Sure," said Waterman.

"Have him come in."

"My God, you don't have Gordon Keane come in!"

"Why not?"

"I'd rather go see him."

"Go ahead. Charlie Esterbrook'll take you out there. He's his agent."

"Why?" Waterman was shocked again. In a profession where few were respected, Esterbrook was the bottom of the barrel.

Holley understood the question. "Oh, Keane worked his way through a couple of the good agencies. Used to demand a lot of time and didn't bring in any business, so they dropped him. Now I guess he wants to prove he doesn't give a damn. Besides, Charlie's good for laughs." The producer stood up, came around the desk, and put a hand on the young director's arm. "After you see Keane, if you decide you want to use him, Al, the decision's up to you. I've told you my story."

Waterman digested this. On its face, it was completely generous: it gave him a free hand and a fair warning. But, normally, Holley would share responsibility for the casting, so he would not make such a gesture on his own. There must have been a conference that Waterman did not know about. His idea of using Keane had been discussed. Miss Sweeney could have given them the hint, or the projectionist who had run the old films, or anyone at the film library. It didn't matter. What was important, he decided, was that they were getting irked with him. They were going to let him go whole hog, make the picture his own way, sink or swim. If he sank, then they dropped his option. The generous gesture gave him enough rope to hang himself, if he chose. Or, less melodramatically and more likely, it was an invitation to stop being silly.

"Holley, thanks for your confidence," he said, and for his private amusement added the bromide that is spoken once in all such arguments: "After all, we all want the same thing, don't we? We all want to make a great picture."

"Sure thing," said Holley. "Have you thought of Stan Montague?" Montague was one of the leading men whom Waterman had come to loathe.

"I'll do some thinking." That was also standard dialogue.

"You do that, Al," Holley said. . . .

The drive to Keane's place was long and anxious, and Charlie Esterbrook's breathy anecdotes annoyed Waterman. He was unexpectedly keyed up about meeting the old-time star—thrown back ten years into an amateurish state of hero worship. To put a stop to it, he rehearsed the terms in which he would pay his respects and the devices by which he would uncover Keane's real response to the script. This had been sent out by messenger the day before.

"He made his money B.T.—before taxes," Charlie confided, waving him into a driveway with a great pile of stone and stucco at the end. "It's Moorish or Chinee or something. It used to be the greatest show place in Hollywood. Imagine. Well, he's a sweet guy. Regular guy."

He rang a bell that sounded far away, like an effect in a Dracula picture.

"Let me handle him," he breathed.

The interview was short, and nobody handled Keane. The great man came to the door himself, and forgot to ask them in. He wore a stained but regal dressing gown that spoke of opening nights and champagne receptions in star dressing rooms. His figure was lean and very tall, but the bleaching sun was the wrong lighting for him. It showed his face ravaged like the gullies they had passed on the drive out, eroded to the craggy bone whose whiteness jutted under the dry skin. His hair needed cutting at the neck. It needed dyeing too, if it was to match the dark chestnut elegance of the toupee.

The director had been prepared for a toupee. As a theater man, he accepted unnatural shoulders, corsets, lifted heels, false bosoms on actresses or, for that matter, counterfeit teeth; but this toupee disconcerted him. It was expensive, fashioned by the best theatrical wigmakers. He took his eyes from it, prepared to acknowledge Charlie's introduction, but Keane cut Charlie off, stopping him not with a word, but with one long, imperious finger.

"Come for your pound of flesh, no doubt, Charlie?" Keane said.

"Now, Gordy," Charlie cried, "don't say that!"

"How much?" asked the great man. "This can be settled very simply. Tell me what I am offered. How much is Plymouth Pictures prepared to pay for this aging, not to say putrefying flesh, of which you own your little piece? For these nerves of iron, delicately rusted—how much? Speak and begone."

"Gordy, they thought we ought to go into that after you'd had a little talk with Mr. Water—" Charlie lied bravely and automatically. There had been no conversation whatsoever with the studio.

"Ah, they thought, did they? Unwarranted assumption, Charlie, and unbecoming in my personal representative. On the contrary, they did not think. Care for a drink?"

"Now, Gordy! At half past eleven? I thought you—"

KEANE gave him a withering glance. It was just that: a turn of the head, a fixing with eagle's eyes, a boring into the quivering, lardy little agent. It was a look that Waterman had not seen since Keane's great picture, Monte Cristo.

"Get out," said Keane. "I will consider doing this picture if the fil-thy lu-cre suffices, but for no money will I endure your company."

"I knew you'd be crazy about the script!" cried Charlie. "It's a great part! You gotta do it, pal!"

"On what compulsion must I? Tell me that . . .
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts . . ."

"Mr. Keane," Waterman said, speaking

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for the first time, "did you have a chance to read—"

"Of course he read it, Al!" Charlie interrupted. "He's crazy about it. Gordy, I want you to shake hands with—"

"I read con-tracts," said Keane, enunciating clearly. "Good-by, all."

"So long, Gordy," Charlie said helplessly. "I'll call you tonight. Keep your toupee straight."

Keane lifted his long hand above his head, his fingers spread stiffly like a spider's legs. He held them there a minute and then lowered them and spun the toupee a quarter turn, crossed his eyes and uncrossed them, so fast that it seemed he had not done so.

CHARLIE wheezed with delight. Keane turned to Waterman with mock regal courtesy, acknowledging his presence for the first time. "I have other tricks. Would you care to audition them, O Master?"

"I saw your Hamlet, Mr. Keane," said Waterman. Anger roughened his voice.

Keane's eyes flickered, but his reply came instantly, as though it had been rehearsed. "Carried to the theater at your mother's breast, no doubt."

"No!" Al Waterman was stiff, when he meant only to be serious. "I was in high school. But it was the finest performance I ever saw. It made me want to be in the theater."

"Thank you, dahling," answered the throaty, unmistakable tones of Lynn Fontanne. "Of course it isn't true, but how adorable of you to say so!"

Charlie was dissolved in hysterical laughter. Keane backed away from him and turned on Waterman aggressively. "You have no conversation, Mr. Waterman?"

"I'm listening."

"How much more elder art thou than thy looks!"

"Mr. Keane!" Waterman said sharply, pulling himself into his half-forgotten Pfc stance. It made him five six, even, but he saw that the actor straightened too, listening. "Mr. Keane, this part would take the best that you could give it."

"Indeed?" said Keane. He gave the toupee a quarter twist.

"It would," said Waterman, "and you would not wear the toupee, Mr. Keane. In fact, we'd test you first without any make-up at all."

"Keane never tests!" said Keane, white in the face, not fooling now.

Waterman realized why the toupee had troubled him: it was a replica of the luxuriant hair of the actor's youth, the hair of a man twenty, but with the famous wave delicately exaggerated.

"We'd test the make-up," he said impatiently, but, as he spoke, Keane turned and went into the house. The door banged heavily. The young director and the small-time agent were left, suddenly foolish, in the sunlit driveway.

When a real actor goes off stage, Waterman thought, it always feels empty. It's like a bright light going out; there must be time to readjust. As he was thinking this, he was fighting back his feeling. The actor moved him—the arrogance, the wasting power.

They got into the car.

"You mustn't mind him," Charlie pleaded. "That's how he is. I told him last night on the phone who you are. I told him eight times, but that's how he is."

"Look," said Waterman, "don't make an anecdote out of this."

Charlie's face fell. "Sure, Al. Sure thing. You can trust me."

"It'll be tough enough without your adding to the general merriment," Waterman said. "I know it's a story, but bottle it up, will you?"

"Sure, Al."

"What's more," Waterman said, catching at the tail of an idea, not sure why this point should be important, "I don't want you coming on the set, or coming over to have lunch with him. If you do, I'm going to have you barred from the lot."

"Sure, Al! You can count on me," the agent repeated with automatic enthusiasm. Then he did a slow and authentic double-take. "You mean—you're really going to use the guy! My God, he's my client, kid, but— Well, he is a sweet guy."

"He looked like an old eagle," Waterman said absently. The resemblance had settled the casting in his mind ten minutes earlier. Such almost simple-minded, single-track stubbornness was a second reason he would earn his salary.

"You think you can handle him, Al?"

Waterman pushed the accelerator to the floor. "If I can't handle him, I ought to quit anyhow."

"Hey, watch it!" Charlie screamed with the panic of those who do not drive. Then, instantly, he said, "First off, you need to get palsey with him."

"Thanks for your help, Charlie."

A MONTH later, he hoped that he had the answer. "I want everybody called," he told Mike Taylor, the unit manager. "Cast, crew—everybody who'll have anything to do with him."

"You want Francie Pierson?"

Francie was the starlet who, the studio hopefully asserted, was going to bring the bobby-soxers to the picture. Francie was difficult.

"Especially Francie. But everybody."

"You want Promotion there?"

"Everybody who'll even say hello to him. I want the gatemen and the studio cops. I won't keep them long."

"Commissary waitresses?"

"Right. And the stand-ins. You sure his stand-in is okay?"

"We turned up an old geezer who worked for Lionel Barrymore one time. No sense of humor whatsoever. I tried him on my best and dirtiest."

"Great, Mike."

"I don't get it."

"I'm not trying to be mysterious. I just want to get it off my chest all at once."

"Sure, Al. Oh, Perry says, do you really need him? He's up to his ears." Perry was the cameraman.

"Tell him please—for his prestige."

"There'll be the extras, you know."

"You can give them a talk the day they're called, Mike."

"You mean how the picture depends on them? They've had it."

"This'll be a new one. Anyhow, we don't use extras till the third week. We'll be swimming by then, or we'll be sunk."

"You got everybody's curiosity up. You'll draw capacity."

WATERMAN watched them assemble on Stage Five. He was humbled always by the number of people whose services it took to make a picture. Good, bad, or stinker, it took a platoon, but almost never did the whole personnel come together as they were doing now in the arched, dusky building. The cast was only a small segment—twenty-eight, including the bit players.

Perry, the cameraman, studied each of them as he joked with his operator and the cutter. The sound engineer stood a little apart with his assistant. In the growing crowd were the light men, camera crew, carpenters, set dressers, prop men, art department, the costume designer, men's wardrobe, women's wardrobe, men's make-up, women's make-up, the dressers, the hairdressers, Francie's maid, the dialogue director, the assistant director, the script girl (self-conscious in her chair), Miss Sweeney, and all the rest whom Waterman had listed to Mike the day before.

They picked their way over the electric cables and camera tracks, and around the walls of the sets that waited, ready at last for the actors. After all the weeks of planning and research and sketching and model-making and changing plans and building and painting and retouching, the scenes looked flimsy and unreal. They always did, until they were lighted properly. Now all of the available lights had been turned on at once, most of them pouring down from overhead, but they could never light the whole of the high, hangar-shaped sound stage, and people kept coming and coming out of shadows.

The director waited, settling one question and another with the department heads as he watched the people gather. Most of them he did not yet know by name, but he knew that whether a picture was good or bad, the crews were always ready and good. Good men. Good-humored. Ready to turn any whim of the director's into a reality. If he wanted a shadow of a certain density and shape upon the moon, they would supply it.

By the same token, he had better prove himself. His salary and reputation, which carried so much weight in the front office, would earn him no more than an hour's tolerance here. He had to be good—good at his job or else a good guy. It was better if he was both. If they decided he was not, they would function as expertly as ever and, to his face, there would be a great show of respect, but the morale would be gone. It was morale that Waterman was going to need now as never before. He turned to Mike. "Let's go."

"Qui-et!" Mike boomed.

Waterman spoke slowly, feeling them

COLLIER'S

"I have to laugh when I think of how you tease me about my purse!"

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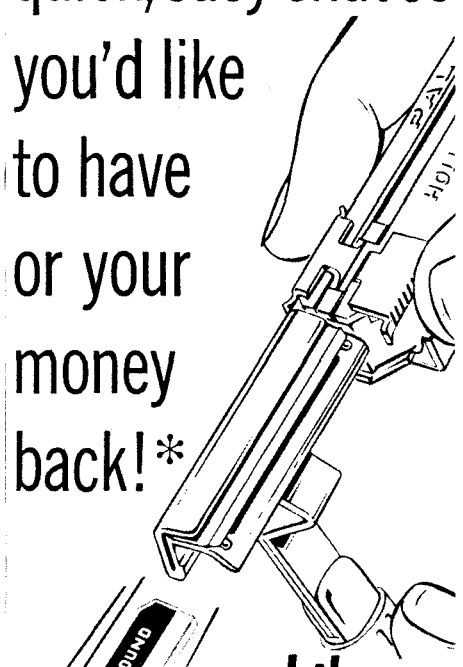

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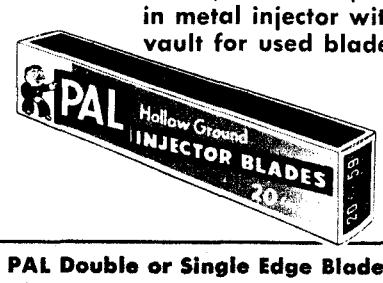

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out. "I'm sorry there's not room for everybody to sit down. I won't keep you long. Everybody's got plenty to do, and I didn't call you here to tell you that we want to make a great picture."

There was a small laugh, for which he was grateful.

"What I want to say is that we won't have any picture at all—I mean that literally; the picture could be canceled—unless you help me out with Gordon Keane. He's going to be our star. He may also be the greatest actor living. I saw him give a performance once in New York that was the finest I ever saw. I can remember every minute that he was on stage. I believe he's got it in him to give another like that, but he's got to know that we expect it from him. He's got the reputation in this town of being finished, and don't forget that he knows it as well as we do. They say he's nothing any more but a comic entertainer, and he drinks a lot—"

The titter that he invited came, and he stepped on it.

"For the duration of this picture, there's going to be nothing funny about drinking. Also, no coming in hung over or even with a breath. I'll say it again: We've got to remind Mr. Keane who he is. We'll treat him as he was used to being treated at the top. It'll be *Mr.* Keane, from me, from everybody. And anybody who eggs him on to give us gags instead of a performance, anybody who treats him as anything but a revered actor and gentleman—is out, ladies and gentlemen. Is off the picture. I have the authority of the front office for that. It goes for the crew and for the cast. I don't care how important you are. Girls—look, if he pinches you, make like he didn't. That's all. We start tomorrow."

IF THE thing works, he told himself that night, it could open up a whole new career for Keane. Yeah, yeah, he answered himself back, you're quite a salvager of stars. And if it happens not to work . . . ?

The telephone rang while it was still dark.

"Mr. Waterman? This is the gateman at the north gate." He had asked him to call. "Gord—Mr. Keane, he just drove in."

"What time is it?"

"Six on the dot."

"Good." He had come on time.

"Mr. Waterman, I thought you'd like to know, he's got a lady with him."

"Lady? Who? She young?"

"I guess you'd say a dame."

"Call Mike Taylor. He's on the set. Tell him, while Mr. Keane is dressing, to get the lady politely to my office and keep her there. I'll be right over."

A dame she was, but, as her story came out, Waterman gave thanks for her. At some point in a crazy night, Keane had picked her up in a Santa Monica billiard parlor. She guessed he wasn't drinking because he shot a nice game. Still, he acted peculiar: he would talk with an accent, like an Englishman, and then like a Dutchman, but mostly like an Englishman. They kept driving around in his screwy car. She'd seen guys before, that they couldn't be alone sometimes. So they drove up to Oxnard and then he started out for Arrowhead —screwy. And then he got them lost someplace in the Valley and everything was closed. He was cooking up how he was going to bring her to the studio and introduce her like she was some famous foreign actress. It sounded funny when he said it, but she was no actress, even though she used to be a stunt woman, back when. It was quite a night. Look at her yawn. Was he okay now? Well, sure she knew who he was!

Waterman sent for coffee and ordered a studio limousine to take her back to the beach. He put her into it, and she snuggled into the lap robe, weeping sleepily as the car purred away.

The dawning sun stained through the smog. He walked toward the sound stage, thinking: At least he managed not to drink. But after not sleeping, his eyes'll look bad. That won't hurt. It may even be a good effect. But he must not have trouble with his lines. He must not have trouble with his lines the first day. He hurried into the building, with a sense of panic.

Keane was already coming in from his dressing room.

"Good morning, Mr. Keane." The voices of the crew and the few actors went up in chorus, too subdued, too virtuous, like children on the first, uncertain day of school. "Good morning, Mr. Keane!"

My God, thought Waterman, they'll overdo it. Somebody'll start bowing from the waist. He grabbed Francie Pierson by the elbow and guided her across the cluttered floor to the actor.

"Morning, Mr. Keane," he said crisply. "We're almost ready for you. I don't think you've met Miss Pierson."

"Aaah!" Keane leered in a magnificent caricature of lechery. Whatever fears had sent him running in the night were well disguised.

"I'm terribly honored to be working with you in this picture, Mr. Keane," Francie said in the voice she used for playing fifteen-year-olds.

Waterman said, "I asked the lady who came with you if she would mind leaving, because I don't like visitors on the set, Mr. Keane."

Keane measured him. "The lady whom you so presumptuously sent away was merely my mother. However, I was growing tired of the relationship. I had been wondering how to end it." He slipped his arm around Francie and raised his voice. "If I have lost a mother, perchance I have gained a— Mustn't say the word! No, no! Have you heard me do the third chapter of Genesis as it would be played after being censored by our sundry censors?"

"I'd just love to, sometime, Mr. Keane," Francie said.

"Call me Gordy. What say we persuade Junior Svengali here to alter his script and allow us a scene together? I mean together." He lifted one eyebrow to an incredible height, and his eyes roved, searching out his audience. The actors had retreated to the shadows. The crew were turned from him, their backs bent at fictitious work. The actor brought his voice down to a whisper —which penetrated the far reaches of the building. "Can you arrange that, Junior?"

Mercifully, Perry came up. "Ready, sir, when you are."

"What's all this Mr. Keane-sir business?" Keane demanded. "I smell a gag, Mr. Waterman. May I call you Junior?"

"No gag," Waterman said shortly. He made a decision. "Perry, I'm sorry, I want to change the setup. I want to do the shaving scene. The close-up that we talked about. It won't take too long?"

"Check," Perry said, and he began to point where lights and camera should be shifted.

Keane was silent. Too good an actor, Waterman thought, not to change pace when his material isn't getting over.

THE shaving scene was difficult. The character had to break. Ordinarily, the director would have shot it in sequence, when the actor had worked up to it, but he felt that Keane must be put on his mettle. At the same time, there was no dialogue here to tax him.

"If you don't mind, sir, I have a cockeyed idea, and I'd like to try it now, because if we can't get it—"

"I never mind a close-up," said Keane.

"Right into the camera," said Waterman, "as though the camera were your shaving mirror."

Keane's eyes narrowed. "And—?"

"Just shave. That's all. It'll be very close. Just shave until you hear the sound of the doorbell."

Keane stepped in front of the camera. Already the lens had been set exactly to his height. The crew watched him now, and he seemed to feel the silence.

The head prop man held out a razor. "Here you are, Mr. Keane, sir," he announced self-consciously. He was a first-class prop man, but no actor.

"No, not a safety razor," Keane said impatiently. "I'd use an old-fashioned cut-throat razor. And I'd hone it on an old leather strop."

"Right!" Waterman nodded to the head prop man, who signaled to an assistant, who disappeared.

Keane faced into the camera. Perry, in the operator's seat, motioned with his hand, and Waterman pulled the actor back carefully, six inches, to get the distance right. "Quiet," he said. The crew stopped where they were.

The actor curled his hands. They took on age, moving as though the joints were stiff. He raised his left hand to his cheek and pulled tentatively at the flesh below the eye. The eye strained, as though the uneven light were troublesome, as though this eye were feebler than its mate. His breathing was slowed and conscious as he seemed to study his reflection. Then, in his right hand, he moved an imaginary razor, flexing the hinge and pulling the blade across the resistant stubble that was not there. He worked carefully down the left side of his face, and his left hand moved to steady the chin.

"Now you hear the bell," said Waterman.

The actor heard it and gave a small, rasping cry. His hands dropped. His jaw sagged.

He turned to the director. Behind Waterman, the people had gathered in a three-quarter circle to watch him do the scene. Now they paid the tribute of a continuing silence that, after a minute, broke into a hushed murmur of appreciation. The actor, from old habit, lifted his chin to a certain angle as he made a little bow of acknowledgment.

"Wonderful," said Waterman. He looked at Perry, who had followed the rehearsal through the camera.

Perry nodded. "Great for me."

The prop man was back, with strop and razor procured from mysterious sources. He handed them to his boss, who examined them critically.

Waterman spoke in the actor's ear, "You don't need the cry."

Keane looked at him and then said aloud, for all to hear, "That's right. The cry is too much. I put it in to see if you'd know, Junior. It seems you know."

The head prop man was a mighty man, as tall as Keane and far heavier. He held out the razor diffidently. "See if that's just what you want, Mr. Keane. Because if it's not, we can get another one." The respect was real this time.

"Thank you," Keane said, with old-time courtesy. "This will do very well."

"We're ready," said Waterman.

MUCH later, in talking about it, he said, "The trouble with this business we're in—" The trouble was that you got fond of people in the tense, constant, intimate association of the work. "You aren't making buttons, you're making characters. You make them out of people. And the better an actor is— In certain ways, I guess you can say this is the best performance Mr. Keane ever gave."

You got close to people, and then one afternoon you shot the last, anticlimactic shot and the association ended. After that, you didn't see them. It was even slightly embarrassing to meet them, like running into an ex-wife.

Well, the day they finished, Keane had gone off on a glorious bender. He had been called for by some long-lost friends who had heard that he was making a comeback. That was Keane's business; but the director had excused himself from joining the celebration.

Now the sneak previews were over. The audiences had wept and inscribed favorable comments on their post cards. This made the director—not a genius again, but, instead, in the odd foreshortening of time which happens in the industry—a veteran.

He almost looked the part. His face had thinned and his eyes were set deeper and darker. He always felt let down when a picture was over. He always wondered if he would be able to make another one. He had an idea of sorts but he evaded questions, for if he talked about it, it sounded silly, even to him. It was about a boy and a girl, and the studio could not "see" it. They wanted him to stick to what he could do. Some executive had thought of the veterans of the Spanish-American War, and casting had been ordered to look up fallen stars who might be pasted into heaven once again.

Endless questions about Keane harassed Waterman.

"Yes, Mr. Keane was wonderful . . . Yes, he's swamped with offers, I hear . . . How do I know if he can make another picture? . . . You notice I still call him Mr. Keane, but he's Gordy again, all over town . . . And it's true, he *is* funny when he's tight . . . And, of course, the girls are around again. Not like the Santa Monica stunt woman; she had a heart. New, streamlined models. There's one particularly noxious one . . ."

What the hell! Waterman would remind himself, I'm always depressed after I finish a picture. THE END

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Democracy's Best Salesmen in Germany

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

district chief in lower Bavaria, whom I visited in Regensburg. (There are five districts in Bavaria; a chief is in charge of all ROs in his district.)

"Under the early military government setup," Lindaman went on, "the military government officer had to make all the decisions. It was the only way for us to get things started again. The MGO ran the local government, appointed officials, supervised schools, and no steps were ever taken without him. When General Clay announced the new policy, we began letting the Germans make some decisions of their own. First we gave them back administration of railroads and post offices, and then of the schools, although we maintained safeguards in education.

"Our main job, after that, was to create an interest in government, to get the people over their traditional lethargy. The old MGOs had been called 'little kings' or 'governors' by the people, and the ROs inherited the titles, despite the new approach. The sentiment of the Germans remained, as always, 'What can we do? We're just little men.' Now we suddenly had to rid them of that complex."

Long Hours of "Discussion"

The first step was the formation of small discussion groups, at which the RO would answer questions. Lindaman, who studied at Harvard and the Sorbonne and taught English in private schools before the war, sat through many of these early sessions himself, often until the small hours of the morning.

"It was astonishing, the number of questions they asked," he said. "They wanted to know a lot about America, and whenever we mentioned the word 'democracy' they'd come up with a question about the Negro problem. We pretty much had to give them stock answers—that there was indeed a problem, but that it was being met and corrected slowly, despite what the Reds say.

"They also wanted to know a lot about Germany, but mostly in relation to us—why had we signed the Potsdam agreement, when were we going to return the 'lost' eastern territories and so on? It was pretty embarrassing sometimes, and you had to be an expert on everything from raising pigs to international law."

As the discussions waxed, they gradually turned into old-fashioned bull sessions among the Germans themselves. "After a time, we made arrangements for these meetings to be held in halls," Lindaman continued. "In wintertime the RO managed to beg, borrow or steal some coal, so people would come just to get warm, and then they'd get interested and come back next time and join in.

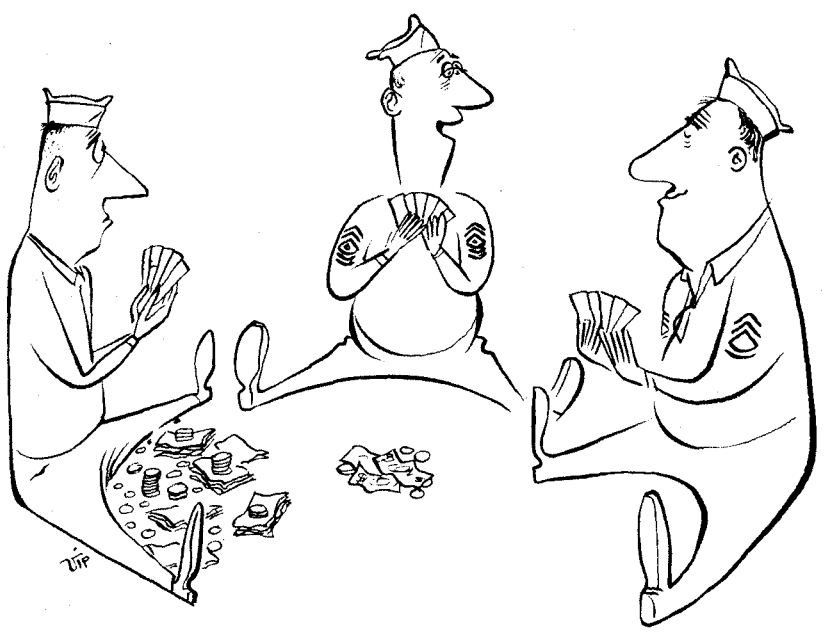
"The next step was to get folks to act as well as talk, and this was the actual birth of the town meetings. We tried to sell them by stressing people's personal problems, asking them what troubles they had and why they didn't bring them to the attention of the authorities. There was a lot of incredulity at first, and sheer fear as well, but slowly they began to air their grievances. Housing, for instance, was a universal headache; the rich wanted to get their houses back from the Americans, the poor wanted better housing, and the refugees from the East wanted any housing they could get."

Usually, the toughest nut the RO had to crack was the opposition of the *Bürgermeister*, or mayor, who had always made all his town's decisions, without brooking criticism or interference. "It was often like pulling teeth to get his co-operation," Lindaman said. "Beyond that, many citizens would come and listen but still say nothing, remembering the ban on talking freely under the Nazis, and being afraid. Others, when they caught on, went to the other extreme. They'd get up and complain about something, and then would want to go on talking for hours."

Often as not, gripes would be directed against the Americans. When the RO, who sought to establish some rules of order and guide the discussions, tried to calm a speaker down, the latter would complain that he wasn't being accorded the right of "free speech" he had ostensibly just been granted. It soon became necessary to draw the distinction between constructive and destructive criticism and to suggest the limits of debate.

There are a number of occupation officials today who believe some of this trouble

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Oh, by the by, Sergeant Neff. Do you have all the K.P.s you need over the week end?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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was the result of confusion over our own terms. One of them summed it up by saying: "We should have told the Germans in the first place that democracy meant responsibility, as well as freedom. By not doing so, we created a vacuum. They started thinking democracy meant irresponsibility, and, since they're great individualists in many ways to begin with, this often pointed the way to anarchy."

Nevertheless, the town meetings have prospered, until today they are held in almost every *Kreis* in Bavaria, on an average of one every three months, and they have recently been written into the new state legislation as a requirement for local government. Along with the next higher step in the evolving democratic process at this level—the community or planning councils, usually consisting of a group of specially selected professional leaders—town meetings have undeniably been responsible for manifold public improvements throughout Germany. These would have been long delayed, if they had come at all, had it not been for the fostering of citizens' organs by the American ROs.

"The Germans would never have done what they did if it had just been up to them," Commissioner McCloy told me. "Their traditional-mindedness wouldn't have allowed it."

How One City Was Restored

Take Neumarkt. A community planning board of 42 members developed out of the town meeting has been chiefly responsible for the rebuilding of the city, 90 per cent of whose center was destroyed at the end of the war by U.S. artillery and a retiring Nazi SS unit. A new modern secondary and vocational school is being erected, with more than half the money raised locally through taxes after the rest was obtained, through civic pressure, from a special $15,000,000 fund administered by McCloy. A youth and recreation center and an old-age home have already been built. The city lighting system has been modernized.

Public activity stimulated by Kormann and his predecessor ROs (one of whom once went out with a trowel and some bricks and began building a project he thought the town fathers had too long delayed) has extended into many other fields throughout the *Kreis*. Train schedules were changed by the federal government after a formal complaint on behalf of country workers that they were inconvenient. A daily second mail delivery was arranged.

Roads have everywhere been built and improved, and community centers, including even swimming pools, are sprouting up in several townships. Land consolidation has been initiated in the region, increasing valuable acreage, and new horse and cattle markets have been established. Agricultural co-operatives, virtually unheard of in Germany before, now have farmers exchanging machinery and even sharing their labor at harvesttime.

Would these things have happened anyway, without the ROs to suggest them or plant the suggestions with others, and help guide them? As Commissioner McCloy says, it's highly doubtful; certainly it would have taken a lot longer and would not have sprung as directly from the people.

In Munich—where George Godfrey, fifty, of Eugene, Oregon, one of the veteran military government officers retained under the RO system, has just been succeeded by his younger assistant, Lee Stull, of Paoli, Pennsylvania, a regular Foreign Service officer—community planning and co-operation have been among the chief instruments in refashioning this former spiritual home of the Nazis.

It began with a drive to clear rubble away, in the fall of 1949, when Godfrey, with the help of the Army, local breweries and truckers from as far off as 75 miles, rounded up 900 trucks, two dozen cranes and bulldozers and a volunteer labor force of 20,000. A day-long mop-up, which, among other things, opened up playgrounds that had been blocked off for years, vastly impressed the inhabitants and helped Godfrey when he formed district committees in each of Munich's 42 districts as the forerunners of town meetings.

Four annual meetings are now held in each district and much of the work of the city council—whose members now regularly attend these local sessions, if only because they will soon be chosen by direct vote for the first time—stems from public discussion.

Munich has thus come a long way from the old *Blockleiter* system under Hitler, when the Nazi chief for each city block was a petty dictator. City councilors, who used to walk out of meetings in huffs when they were criticized, have learned to sit patiently and explain administrative and policy decisions to the people, all the way down to an increase in streetcar fares. The old nucleus district committees Godfrey set up still meet every week as sort of interim bodies between town meetings. Sessions are usually held, informally, in the local *Gasthaus*, or inn, where citizens of the neighborhood come with minor complaints, such as a street lamp being out on a certain block.

"This may all sound pretty elementary," Godfrey remarked to me, "but you have no idea how revolutionary it is for Germany."

COLLIER'S

"We ought to have asked the builder to be more explicit as to what 'Full basement' meant"

CHARLES PEARSON

A Denver Man's Reaction

Godfrey once took a friend of his from Denver to one of Munich's town meetings. The friend was so impressed that he turned and said, "By golly, George, we ought to start something like this in Denver!"

By now, in Munich as elsewhere, the RO has pretty much stepped aside. "We still suggest a topic for discussion sometimes," Godfrey said, "but the Germans have now got the ball. That's why I'm sure the town meetings are here to stay, as one monument to the American occupation."

In some places, the RO is actually ignored, and is no longer invited to town meetings. This is both a good and a bad sign—good in that it shows the Germans have begun to operate on their own, but bad as evidence of a latent anti-Americanism. The RO in the town of Füssen, for instance, recently reported that he had to "crash" a town meeting because he had been signally uninvited. "It is strongly suspected," he wrote, "that the *Bürgermeister* received some indication from (local) German authorities that it is not appropriate for the RO to mix in such a purely German affair."

Politics are supposed to be forbidden at a town meeting. Often, if someone gets up and starts to make a political speech, the crowd shouts him down. But occasionally, as part of the evolvement of democratic means and methods, the past crops out, like a bad weed.

In the little town of Hochheim, a taut, thin-faced young man recently arose at a meeting and replied to the main speaker, a former Social Democratic member of the *Bundestag:* "I was a Nazi. I believed in Hitler and Hitlerism. How could I believe otherwise? I was educated by Hitler in the schools and in the Hitler *Jugend*, and in my home. Then I entered the army and was brought further along the Nazi path. And what did I have to convince me otherwise when I came home? The ruins of Germany?

"No. You can't count on me. I am finished. I will never be any different. You must go out and work with the children, those who were too young for the Hitler *Jugend*."

Although this bitter confessional is by no means a nation-wide reaction—in Munich, contrariwise, Godfrey and Stull have as their chief German assistant a young man who spent six years in the Nazi air force but came to work for the Americans as soon as the war was over—the young ex-Nazi is essentially right; and because he is right, much of the "reorientation" work of the resident officers is devoted to youth groups.

"I don't care what anyone says," Godfrey declared, "80 per cent of the young people of Germany haven't decided yet which way to jump. We can help them decide."

The first task is to fight the attitude of the disillusioned young man of Hochheim, an attitude the Germans sum up with the words *"Ohne mich"*—which means "Without me," or "Leave me out." In the U.S. zone of Germany alone, there are 5,400,000 youths between the ages of ten and twenty-five. Among these young folk especially, the significance of individual rights and democratic group action has only begun to be realized, and many of the old authoritarian hang-overs remain.

One of Godfrey's biggest disappointments in Munich has been school reform. Efforts were made, by persuasion, to democratize the secondary-school system in its curriculum and entrance requirements, and to create freer teacher-student and teacher-teacher relationships (the teaching profession has been as caste-ridden as anything in all of Germany). Some success was achieved, but old-line officials pretty much stymied the program. "We should have rammed it through in the beginning, when we had full say," Godfrey believes.

While the stimulation of civic affairs is the RO's most vital function, he also has many other duties, not the least of which is to write constant reports on the changing political, economic and social conditions of his area. As an administrator, he also must represent HICOG in his county or counties —most ROs in Bavaria have at least two *Kreise* under their jurisdiction—and there are all sorts of special situations that arise along the international and zonal borders and wherever American troops (who sometimes get into brawls with German civilians) are stationed.

The active RO, such as John Kormann in Neumarkt, works as many as 16 hours a day. During the morning and afternoon, at his office, Kormann sees a score or more persons who come to find out about visas or interzonal passes, property rights involving inheritances abroad, and a host of other matters the RO handles as an occupation official. *Bürgermeister* from towns and villages in Kormann's two counties constantly drop in to discuss their local affairs. The Neumarkt police chief, or the *Landrat*, the county's representative in the state parliament, will come in to talk over regulations for forthcoming Allied troop maneuvers nearby or the Communist propaganda stickers pasted on the town's walls during the night.

Social Life Is Strenuous

The Kormanns seldom have any time to themselves. "My private life? I might as well forget about it," Kormann says—a sad complaint for a newly married man. He and his wife run open house constantly and average 40 people a month for lunch or dinner, which Kormann's $25 entertainment allowance monthly hardly covers. Some months, he puts up as much as $100 out of his own pocket (as an RO, Kormann gets $5,300 a year, his house, a servant and a car). But he doesn't begrudge the additional expense. "I don't think you get a thing done without meeting people, especially these people, socially," he says.

At least three or four nights a week Kormann goes off after dinner to a town meeting or planning council session somewhere in his *Kreise*, or often to a smaller and more informal gathering in a *Gasthaus*, far off on some country road, where just a handful of villagers may be meeting to drink beer and talk over their troubles.

Kormann's German is conversationally good, although both he and Elsa are studying to improve their facility. "The Germans love snap answers and efficiency," he says, "and good German is essential. If you don't come up on your feet in any situation, you're through."

Functioning as a one-man consulate who must cover virtually every phase of activity in his counties, Kormann is a prolific writer of reports. "I'm usually eight or ten behind," he says. "If Elsa weren't here to help me, I don't know what I'd do."

Mrs. Kormann is one of many RO wives in Germany whose community roles are almost as vital as their husbands'. Until the advent of the Nazis—who used women's groups for their own political ends —German tradition had always insisted that a woman's place is in the home and that, above all, she has no business mixing in political or community affairs. *Kirche*

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(church), *Küche* (kitchen) and *Kinder* (children) were her sole business. Now, chiefly under the inspiration of RO wives, women are playing increasingly important roles in the cities and towns of Germany.

As is perhaps only natural, this increase of female activity has also led to a growth of gossiping. As part of his "glass-house existence," Kormann cites a visit he and his wife made late one night to a local movie. "There were only five people in the theater," he said, "but the next morning, first thing, my secretary asked me how I liked the picture and told me all the comments being made around town about how I looked and acted. It's the same when Elsa goes shopping."

Despite this great local curiosity about everything the Kormanns do, most ROs have made few real friends among the Germans. An exception for Kormann in Neumarkt is the *Kreis Landrat,* a former journalist named Dr. Otto Schedl, one of the still-too-rare Germans who are farseeing liberals and who have backed the RO program to the hilt. Schedl, forty-two and a man to watch in Germany, is anxious for the ROs to remain in some capacity when the occupation is over.

"It's not that we're too weak," he says, "but I'm afraid that for many years we will still be in a ticklish, formative period. Perhaps the resident officers could become consular officials; that way they could act as a resistance force, encouraging us to protect ourselves from both the right and left."

Unfortunately, Schedl's views apparently are not shared by the majority; most of the Germans probably would be glad to see the ROs go.

The Americans' feeling of being cut off and alone is particularly strong in remote rural *Kreise* along the Czechoslovakian and the Soviet zonal borders. In the town of Vohenstrauss, population 3,000, Thomas Hoctor, of New York City, and his wife, Ruth, are only a few miles from the diplomatic crossing point into Czechoslovakia, 100 miles from Prague. Much of Hoctor's work is taken up with border affairs. As the only Allied administrative officer in the area, he has to deal not only with such routine matters as Allied officials moving in and out of Czechoslovakia, but also with illegal border crossers. These are mostly Czechs, but among them are also persons fleeing from other satellite nations, as well as a constant flow of individuals trying to smuggle themselves into Germany as spies and agents.

Dealing with Border Jumpers

In the two *Kreise* under his jurisdiction, Hoctor deals with about 15 illegal border jumpers each week. He and other ROs along the border act as committing magistrates in such cases. First they take evidence; the apparently bona fide refugees are then turned over to the International Refugee Organization for further processing, and suspicious persons are passed on to HICOG investigators.

I visited the border at Waidhaus, near Vohenstrauss, with Hoctor and one of the *Grenzpolizei,* or border police, who kept up a running conversation with Hoctor over administrative problems that had come up, including a cow that had wandered off a Czech farm into Germany.

Most of the area within Czechoslovakia has been cleared to a depth of three or four miles, except for a few trusted farmers, and the area beyond that for 10 more miles is under tight military control. Labor gangs were building tank-pits right up to the border, and we could hear them at work. "On quiet nights we can hear the Czechs at artillery practice," Hoctor said. "I had my wife fooled for a while that it came from our maneuver grounds, but she caught on."

The *Grenzpolizei* inspector took us to a small side road and pointed out a dirt ledge under which lay an empty, rusted American coffee can. In it was a crumpled piece of paper bearing a note written in Czech. It had come from the director of a small espionage ring who was informing one of his operatives in Germany, a Sudeten German apparently, that last week's information had been received and that "30 marks will be here for you in a few days" (30 marks equal about $7).

"Our police dog found the cache 10 days ago," the *Grenzpolizei* officer said. "We'll watch them for a while, to get enough evidence, and then arrest them. It happens frequently."

An RO whose duties involve border problems on an even larger scale is William Keen, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, who operates in Hof, a city of 60,000 in the Fichtel Mountains.

Hof is the chief crossing point between the American and Russian zones of Germany. As many as 34,000 persons a month move back and forth, and Keen is kept constantly busy with screening procedures and crises of one sort or another. While I was there, the Russians summarily announced the closing of the *Autobahn* and diverted traffic to a small side road, where, without advance notice, the first vehicles from the East just showed up one morning. The Soviet commander said the quick change had been made necessary by bridge repair work, but, actually, uranium digging was going on too close to the *Autobahn* for the Reds' comfort (one digger even wandered by mistake into our zone, with his pick, and Keen had to ship him back).

Keen has an assistant, James Carrigan, a former air line pilot from San Francisco. Among the problems they have to deal with are ex-prisoners of war, still being returned from Russia; alleged German war criminals released from Poland; refugee traffic (there are 17,000 refugees from the East living in Hof); the movement of repatriation trains to the Soviet zone over the Hof-Gutenfuerst rail line; steady attempts to smuggle strategic materials into the Soviet zone, and constant Communist propaganda (Soviet radio stations are heard more clearly in Hof than Western ones).

West of Hof, in Coburg, first city to go Nazi (not Munich, contrary to popular American belief), RO Hans Thomsen, of Madison, Wisconsin, has a deskful of special problems. In addition to being on the zonal border, Coburg is a Protestant island in an area otherwise largely Catholic. It is also a bitter battleground for extremists of the right and left. And because of traditional rivalry between the city and county governments, it has been extremely hard to develop community programs in the area.

Coburg Accepts Planning Idea

Thomsen, a German by birth who was educated in his adopted America and speaks several languages fluently, has not been fazed by all this. Rated by HICOG as one of the busiest and best ROs in Germany, he has diligently organized youth forums, discussion groups and educational programs, and has now managed to make community planning a publicly accepted feature of Coburg's life.

On this latter score, a riposte between Thomsen and the Coburg mayor, Walter Langer, is widely quoted among ROs in Germany. During the early stages of Thomsen's work in Coburg, Langer expressed the typical attitude of German officialdom toward civic planning when he told Thomsen, "It's easy for you Americans to plan because you have dollars."

"You misunderstand," Thomsen replied. "We have dollars because we have planned."

Coburg provides an outstanding example of how subtle, behind-the-scenes pressure by an RO, carefully leading politicians by the hand, has stimulated a new awareness of individual rights among average citizens in Germany. Thomsen began by inducing a group of local educators to deliver talks on citizenship responsibility. Late in 1950, he managed to launch a city planning commission, and soon he brought county officials to the meetings.

At first there was much glaring and wrangling, but, as Thomsen now says, "between the people living in the city and people living in various townships there was no bitterness; only the heads of their government fought—and about issues which were really quite easy to solve." By forcing their officials to get together, the citizens of Coburg and the *Kreis* for the first time effectively exercised their rights as individuals; the result ever since has been thoroughgoing co-operation between the city and county on many vital matters.

Thomsen has kept himself in the background. "As an American, I'm still an enemy in the eyes of most," he says.

Despite his success, Thomsen believes we made some serious mistakes in Germany after the war. For one thing, he believes, "we should have kept the lever of political control in our hands a bit longer." By allowing political parties to spring up too rapidly, he says, not only have we suffered a recrudescence of nationalism and an undisciplined element on the left, but "we are no longer as respected as we were before. Too many Germans believe that kindness and sweet reason are a sign of weakness."

There are some things Thomsen can't do much about. One is geography. Coburg, unfortunately, is rimmed by the Iron Curtain on three sides, forcing rail and road traffic between the city and West Germany to take circuitous and expensive routes, which means high operating costs for the city's main industries—ceramics, toys, furniture and electrical goods.

Not Enough Girls in Town

South of Coburg lies the even larger city of Bamberg, population 76,000. RO Nathan R. Preston, of Chicago, who has been in Bamberg more than two years and in Germany since the war's end, has a special problem all his own to deal with, one of the toughest in Germany to handle—incidents between American troops, stationed in and around the city, and the German civilians. Bamberg is an exceptionally conservative, hidebound community, with a shortage of girls. The combination is a bad one. Last spring, in less than a month, American soldiers tore five cafés apart as incidents mounted throughout the city. At the request of the *Bürgermeister,* Preston called a meeting between U.S. Army officers and town officials. The session became so heated that the German delegation walked out.

Today, however, with a new military commander in town, things are vastly improved, thanks chiefly to Preston. Army MPs, special auxiliary MPs, and local German police now rove the town in teams and see that trouble is kept to a minimum. The incident rate has dropped 43 per cent. Preston has obtained the full support of the previously hostile press and manages to keep on excellent terms with both the Army and the German authorities.

The Bamberg problem will be a continuing one, however; as more and more troops come in, incidents are bound to occur. However, military officers I talked to insisted that their men are not entirely to blame.

"When a taxi driver takes a soldier and a girl to the side of town, and loses his cab in a free-for-all, it's his own fault for acting as a procurer in the first place," one officer remarked. "And the drinking laws here are far too lax. They'll serve anybody, any amount."

The round-the-clock role of the RO in Germany, embracing the multifarious tasks performed by Kormann, Hoctor, Keen, Thomsen, Preston and others, will, of necessity, be modified when the final agreements are signed between the Western powers and the Bonn government.

Perhaps some of them, as Schedl proposes, will stay on in consular posts. But in any case, the RO has proved himself an effective "frontiersman" in the exploration of the German mind and community. "He absorbed a lot from the Germans while the Germans were absorbing a lot from him," Commissioner McCloy told me. "I hope we can all go on absorbing." THE END

COLLIER'S "He tries to tell me they're just carbon" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Hollywood's Exclusive Comedians' Club

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

afford not to get my money's worth out of my yachting clothes."

The other comedians dress more conservatively, but except for George Jessel and Lou Holtz, it's a safe bet you won't find a pair of pants with coat to match among them (on one person, that is). The Ritz Brothers, in fact, don't bother with coats at all. They have a mysterious fondness for sweat shirts, except for the most formal occasions; if they must dress, they change into turtle-neck sweaters. Groucho, on the other hand, not only wears a sport coat, but several thicknesses of cashmere sweaters underneath it, because he's generally so cold. Until recently, he wore a vest instead of the sweaters, but he discarded the vest after Danny Kaye noticed it on him one day and asked, "What are you made up for, Groucho—a period picture?"

Each to His Taste in Hats

Some very interesting hats go with these outfits too. Harpo, of course, sports a yachting cap, because, according to Lou Holtz, he wouldn't want to be caught out of uniform. Groucho favors a beret, because he can fold it up and put it in his pocket, instead of parking it with a tip-expecting hat-check girl. Danny Kaye wears a baseball cap with a Marc Mitscher peak. Chico wears a Tyrolean hat, complete with feather, and George Burns wears a Scotch tam with a small peak on the front of it. He's so fond of this headgear that he never takes it off, even during lunch.

"He thinks we don't know he hasn't any hair!" says Jack Benny, who is the only one of the group who goes bareheaded.

"That's because he *has* hair," says George Burns. "The show-off!"

Though there's no telling who will get to the table first, the last man to arrive is usually the fabulous George Jessel.

To the world at large, Jessel is now a prominent motion-picture producer at 20th Century-Fox, and to showfolk one of the greatest toastmasters who ever lived. But to the members of the Round Table, Jessel is their own version of King Arthur!

When he strolls in, generally dressed as if he has just come from a funeral, the others stop talking and all eyes focus on this slightly built, gray-haired man, who never ceases to amuse them.

According to the Round Table, Jessel is the comedian's comedian. He can take an old line and make it sound fresh, and a new line and make it sound like nobody else can. And unlike many comics, he never quotes himself or repeats the same story twice, unless requested to. He seems to have an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes and "punch" lines.

"Jessel is the only man I never interrupt when he's talking," swears Groucho Marx. Coming from Groucho, who has an aversion to letting anybody finish a sentence, this is about the highest compliment a man could be paid.

But what makes Jessel so unique is not just his talent for tossing off a funny line; it's his whole bizarre outlook on life. Even in the face of disaster, there is a certain unpretentious grandeur about his every mannerism. He buys dollar cigars and throws them away after chewing on them for a few minutes (he rarely smokes one). He'll make a long-distance telephone call from Los Angeles to New York, just to say "hello" to a friend. And though there were times in the past 25 years when he could ill afford it, he's always owned a chauffeur-driven limousine (he refuses to learn how to drive).

One rainy Saturday afternoon last February, Jessel and Lou Holtz started playing pinochle at the Round Table immediately after the luncheon dishes had been cleared away; they didn't finish until one A.M.

"Want me to call a cab?" asked Holtz, who doesn't drive either.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Jessel, with a flourish of his unlighted cigar. "My chauffeur will take us home!"

Holtz looked at him in amazement. He had dismissed his own chauffeur hours before, and he had presumed that Jessel had done the same. "You mean to tell me, George, that you kept that poor man sitting out front in that cold, damp car for 10 hours, just waiting for you?"

"My dear fellow," answered Jessel, "I did not tell him to go into that line of business!"

Prior to his becoming a producer at Fox, Jessel was out of work for a long time. What was even more humiliating, the rest of the comedians at the Round Table were all regularly employed, either in pictures or in radio. One day, while they were gathered for lunch, the Hillcrest loud-speaker suddenly blared out, "George Jessel—you're wanted on the telephone."

But Jessel refused to be bothered; he continued to munch on his pastrami sandwich, even though the loud-speaker repeated his name several more times.

"For Heaven's sake, George, why don't you answer it?" Jack Benny implored him. "It might be an agent—it could be a job."

"It's not only not a job," replied Jessel glumly, "but with my luck, I'll bet I'd tear my coat in the phone booth."

For as long as the other comedians have known him (and for several of them, that dates back to when they were kids together in Gus Edwards' "School Days" act), Jessel has always shown an almost unwholesome interest in the macabre. Undoubtedly, this is the reason why he devotes so much of his time to delivering eulogies at funerals —an avocation, incidentally, at which he has no peer.

Jessel is the most sought-after man in the undertaking trade, except for the corpse —not only because his eulogies are so brilliant, but because he rarely turns down this kind of work. According to the Round Tablers, Jessel would rather officiate at a funeral than eat; and in the days when he wasn't too successful, he frequently had no choice. Over the past 20 years, Jessel has probably done more eulogizing than a dozen average clergymen do in their lifetimes. To be kept this busy, of course, he sometimes has had to go outside his large circle of friends in order to find subjects.

Eulogizing a Man He Disliked

A few weeks ago, Jessel showed up at the Round Table wearing the striped pants and frock-coat outfit with which he has long been associated.

"Hi, George," Jack Benny greeted him. "Who'd you just bury?"

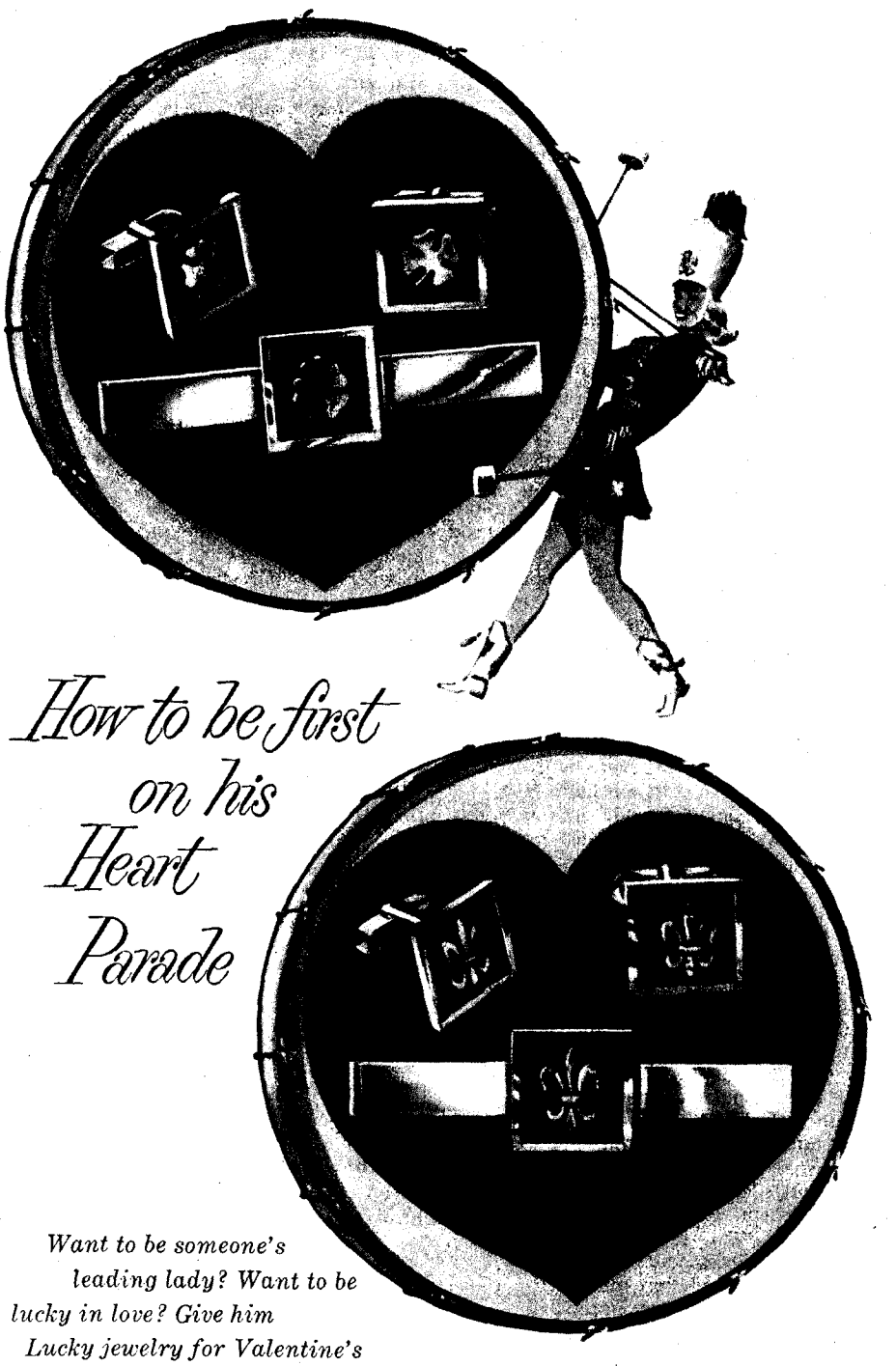
Jessel mentioned a name that prompted Benny to exclaim, "But you didn't even like him!"

"I know," replied Jessel, "but I had a lot of good material left over from Herman Weiskopf's funeral—I put him away yesterday."

Naturally, Jessel's fondness for funerals has been the inspiration for a lot of ghoulish humor at the Round Table. Not long ago, Groucho remarked to Burns, "Have you noticed how often Jessel wears his striped pants lately? Business must be good."

It was inevitable, of course, that the question of who will speak at Jessel's funeral would eventually arise at the Round Table. Jessel's death is something that the group doesn't like to contemplate (for they all agree that he is the one indispensable man in their circle); but for preparedness' sake, they spent fully 30 minutes one noon trying to decide who among them would take over the chore.

After much heated debate, the Round



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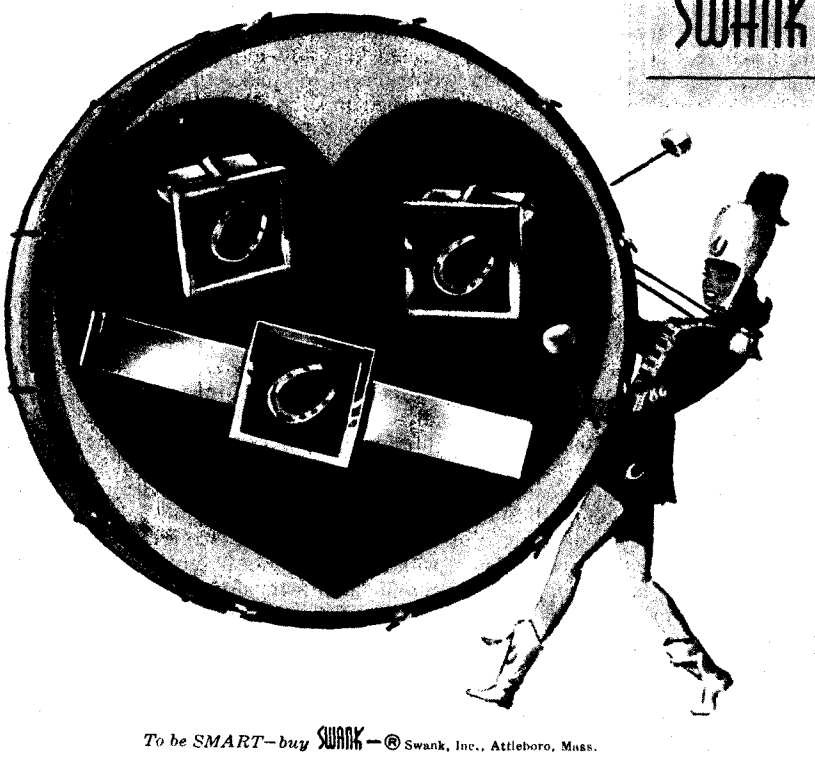

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Table finally elected Harpo, and for a very logical reason: since he doesn't speak in public, they wouldn't have to listen to any eulogy and they would all be able to get back to Hillcrest in time to squeeze in 18 holes.

Jessel, who was there too, listened quietly to the whole discussion. When it was over, he dropped a bombshell that stunned the entire group.

"Gentlemen, save your breath!" he announced, ceremoniously. "Jessel's going to talk at Jessel's funeral. I've already recorded the speech. And I come off great in it, too."

Fantastic as the idea may seem, Jessel *has* recorded his own eulogy, and he's left instructions for it to be played at his funeral.

Unfortunately, the world will have to wait until he dies to hear it. When the Round Table comedians asked for a few excerpts that day, Jessel shook his head sagely and informed them:

"My friends, never let it be said that Jessel's eulogy is the kind you whistle going *into* the theater. It's bad enough *I'm* going to have to hear it twice!"

Just when the current Round Table first came into being, no one seems to be sure. Hillcrest Country Club proper was founded in 1921, in the section of Los Angeles directly south of Beverly Hills. In those days, Hillcrest was literally out in the sticks. Its 125 rolling acres were entirely surrounded by beanfields, and the only road in the vicinity was a cowpath that went past the front door of the clubhouse.

But by the middle thirties, the beanfields had given way to housing developments, the cowpath had turned into a major thoroughfare —Pico Boulevard—and Hillcrest, now grown to 148 acres, was on its way to becoming one of the finest and most popular country clubs in southern California. It was around that time, according to John Steinberg, manager of Hillcrest, that he first noticed the comedians having lunch together with a degree of regularity.

It wasn't a premeditated arrangement; they simply gravitated toward one another because they had mutual interests and problems, and had been friends since their vaudeville days. Besides, they liked the food at Hillcrest—probably the main reason why they joined the country club to begin with. Certainly Holtz and Jessel had no other reason, for neither plays golf. Both are very careful not to stray out of the dining room at all.

Startled by View of Greens

Once, however, they actually went out onto the veranda. As the door closed behind them, Jessel reacted to the panorama of green fairways with a startled expression, then turned to Holtz and exclaimed, "Good heavens! How long has that golf course been here?"

No one, of course, could be blamed for wanting to confine his or her activities to Hillcrest's dining room, for it isn't likely that you'll find a better eating spot on the West Coast. Hillcrest's Sunday-night buffet is reminiscent of a Roman orgy. The two buffet tables, fully 20 yards long, are lavishly piled high with everything from oysters to *filet mignon*. And Hillcrest's version of apple pancakes, served with sour cream and broiled chicken livers, has won such high acclaim for the kitchen that the club has been referred to as "the only restaurant in the world that has its own golf course."

Considering their other eccentricities, the comedians are not fussy when it comes to food. They favor plain, old-fashioned Yankee cooking—gefüllte fish, borsch, hot corned beef, matzoth-ball soup, pot roast and potato pancakes, and dill pickles. Recently, dill pickles were the cause of quite a heated controversy at the Round Table. George Burns, who consumes more pickles than the other 10 comedians combined, was trying to convince Manager Steinberg that a profitable club like Hillcrest ought to provide each table with a bowl of dill pickles, without charge.

"Without charge?" repeated Steinberg, aghast.

"Certainly," countered Lou Holtz. "Aren't you in favor of socialized dill pickles?"

Only Danny Kaye and Groucho Marx haven't been members of the Round Table from the beginning. Groucho joined Hillcrest when he first moved to California, but he resigned a few years later, after deciding that his golf game was hopeless. He stayed out for several years, though he consistently ate lunch at the Round Table, as a guest, all that time. Finally, the other comedians insisted that he rejoin Hillcrest—they were tired of paying his guest fees—or be banished from the Round Table.

Groucho balked at this, and understandably so. He had sold his original membership for $350, and by this time memberships had skyrocketed to $6,000. "I'm not going to pay six grand just to have a place to eat lunch!" protested Groucho when faced with their ultimatum. "It's worth money to escape my wife's cooking, but not that much!"

When they wouldn't let him sit at the Round Table any more, he showed up at Hillcrest one day as his brother Gummo's guest, and brought with him a small, round, folding card table, which he set up near Comedians' Corner.

"I don't need you fellows any longer," he said to the other comedians, as he sat down to lunch alone. "I'm going into business for myself."

He held out for weeks, but eventually they shamed him into joining Hillcrest by threatening to take up a collection to pay his initiation fees. (He would have accepted the gift too, if they hadn't also threatened to make it publicly known through an ad in the Hollywood Reporter.)

In regard to Danny Kaye's becoming a member of the Round Table, that presented an entirely different problem. Kaye had no qualms about paying the initiation fees, but after he got into Hillcrest, all his attempts to join the Round Table were thwarted for some unknown reason.

It was months before he solved the mystery. Kaye discovered his golf game was too good. He shoots in the high 70s, and the other comedians (whose scores fluctuate between 90 and 100) just didn't want anyone around who would make them feel inferior. After much wrangling, they finally swallowed their pride and voted Kaye into the club, but only after he solemnly promised that he would bring his game down to their level whenever he was playing golf with any of them. "This is not easy!" Kaye complains rather wistfully.

With the inclusion of Groucho and Danny Kaye as regular members, the Round Table soon blossomed into a full-fledged club—a club, incidentally, that has not missed a meeting in the last 10 years. Even on that black day in 1944 when a fire destroyed the old Hillcrest clubhouse, the comedians could not be deterred from their noontime pleasures. They brought their own lunches and ate together under a nearby tree.

After Hillcrest's new, ultramodern, redwood and stone clubhouse was built, the comedians made the Round Table doubly official by electing officers: Jessel, president, because he once visited the White House; Groucho, vice-president, because he once received a letter from Vice-President Barkley; Benny, treasurer, because they have no funds anyway; Holtz, secretary of the interior, because he never goes outdoors; and Burns, secretary in charge of keeping out new members, because he can talk the loudest.

The Round Table also has an exacting list of unwritten membership requirements, which are: (1) must be a member of Hillcrest; (2) must be a comedian; (3) but not just any comedian; (4) must be 20 handicap or worse; (5) application must be approved by at least 15 Round Tablers.

Since the Round Table has only 11 members altogether, requirement number five has proved to be a stumbling block for even the most determined aspirants.

"Actually, we just threw in number five to keep out the young comedians," George Burns explains. "It's bad enough having talented young upstarts like Alan Young, Sid Caesar and Herb Shriner breathing down our necks on TV every week. We certainly don't want to be reminded of them every day at lunch!"

But the truth of the matter is, there's no more room at the Round Table—at least on the days when all 11 comedians are present. This isn't very often, since two or three of them are generally away, making out-of-town appearances or resting at Palm Springs. But because of those rare occasions when the whole group does happen to show up, they just won't accept any new members.

Actually, the Round Table accommodates 12, but the comedians like to keep the extra seat available for one guest daily—preferably a dentist, or a lawyer, or someone in the pants business. "It's always good to have someone in the pants business," Lou Holtz points out. "You have no idea how hard it is to get another comedian to play straight man."

Two of the Round Table's favorite guests are golfer Ben Hogan and Leo Durocher, colorful manager of the New York Giants. They particularly like these two, because Durocher regales them with the inside dope on the major leagues and Hogan gives them free golf lessons.

But even Hogan had to share the limelight with the comedians the day he won his first Los Angeles Open, at Hillcrest, 'way back in 1942. Hogan had just chipped up to the eighteenth green and he needed to sink a rather long putt to clinch the title. But despite the tenseness of the situation, two or three hundred spectators had deserted Hogan and were crowding around the window that looks into the Men's Grill.

And no wonder! Harpo Marx was standing on top of the Round Table, going through a hilarious pantomime imitation of a professional golfer lining up an important putt. For demonstration purposes, he was using a crook-handled umbrella and a matzoth ball. What made the scene even funnier was that the rest of the comics were calmly having lunch around the table and paying absolutely no attention to Harpo's clowning.

According to the rules of the Round Table (also unwritten), the guest, or "straight man," has to be invited. And should some nervy Hillcrest member sit down without a formal invitation, the comedians get up en masse and go to another table. Usually this treatment will prevent an outsider from repeating the same mistake twice.

Still, the Round Table is the club's major attraction. Hillcrest may have one of the finest golf courses in the city, and it's certainly one of the few clubs anywhere that have both red plush carpeting in the locker rooms and a jeep to carry worn-out golfers back to the clubhouse, but when visitors come to Hillcrest, the first thing they ask to see is the Round Table.

Needless, to say, not all the Round Table's humor is confined to the limits of the Men's Grill; sometimes it seeps out onto the golf course.

Danny Kaye was breezing around the links by himself one afternoon, and making pretty good time, when he suddenly caught up with a foursome of middle-aged women, who seemed determined not to let him play through. Kaye politely stuck out the maddening, slow pace for about five holes. Finally, he could stand the agony no longer and he drove into them.

"I hope you'll forgive me," he apologized as he rushed past the indignant foursome. "But I just got word that my wife's been in a terrible auto accident and I'd like to finish up in a hurry, so I can see how she is!"

Rule Was: No Shirt, No Golf

One August day, when the temperature was close to 100 degrees, Harpo Marx and George Burns elected to play golf without their shirts. When they returned to the clubhouse, John Steinberg reminded them that there was a club rule forbidding bare chests on the golf course.

"That's an outrage," protested Burns. "We can appear on a public beach without a top. Why do we have to wear one here?"

"Sorry," smiled Steinberg. "Club rules."

The next day Harpo and Burns appeared on the course *with* shirts but *without* pants —just underdrawers—and they played 18 holes in that garb. When this news reached Steinberg, he rushed out to the eighteenth green and demanded an explanation.

"You were right," said Burns. "The rules say you have to wear a shirt. But they don't mention a word about having to wear pants!"

Since then, the rules have been revised: pants are now mandatory, but shirts are not.

The Round Table's influence has been felt in other ways too. Though it's been little publicized, it was at least partially responsible for the great comeback of one of its most illustrious friends—the late Al Jolson.

It happened six years ago, at Hillcrest's 25th Anniversary dinner. It was a big occasion and many people from the entertainment business were there, to eat dinner and to see a show emceed by Jack Benny.

The show continued until late in the evening, with everyone being called upon to do a stint except Jolson. The singer, whose career was fading badly, seemed to be the forgotten man. But the boys at the Round Table hadn't forgotten him and when there was a lag in the show they started clamoring for "Jolie" to do a number.

He did. And an hour and a half later he was still singing. It was reminiscent of one of his memorable Sunday-night shows at the New York Winter Garden years before, and his voice was just as electrifying. Enthralled again by his genius as an entertainer, the audience wouldn't let him stop. And when he finally had exhausted his repertoire of songs, a rousing cheer went up. By the time the people present—most of whom had tears in their eyes—had quieted down, columnist Sidney Skolsky had decided to make a motion picture called The Jolson Story.

The other day, while making the rounds at lunch, Manager Steinberg came upon a lady from out of town who was standing with her ear to the partition which separates the main dining room from the Men's Grill. Directly behind this partition is the Round Table, and much of the comedians' dialogue can be overheard, if you listen closely enough.

Noticing that Steinberg was staring curiously at her, the lady turned to him and exclaimed, "I hope you don't think I'm being rude. But my goodness! I've never heard so many jokes before without a single commercial!"

THE END

DOWN, BOY, DOWN!

Concerning dogs, my feelings are these:
When it comes to them causing me pain,
I'd rather be nipped by a mad Pekingese,
Than jumped by a friendly great Dane.

—GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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The Riddle of Mrs. Truman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"The Prime Minister says he never wants to see another Brussels sprout," or "The President would appreciate Yorkshire pudding." Mrs. Truman, however, rarely wrote a line on the menus.

She did admit to a fondness for fancy desserts, Mrs. Nesbitt recalls. "And how Margaret loved chocolate ice cream! 'Keep a freezer full of chocolate ice cream for my daughter,' Mrs. Truman would say. 'She's never had enough.' Sometimes that child would eat four helpings."

Aside from praise of the desserts, Mrs. Truman rarely commented on the White House table. Mrs. Nesbitt knew a meal was successful only when Mrs. Truman asked for a second helping.

Not So Many House Guests

Mrs. Roosevelt would say, "We're having 20 for dinner tonight," and 40 would come. "I liked that," Mrs. Nesbitt remarks. "It was a test of my ingenuity as a housekeeper. I enjoyed being prepared for any such emergency. About the only house guest Mrs. Truman had, outside of her brothers and their families and the Independence bridge club, was Mrs. Earle Stewart of New York." Mrs. Stewart is the wife of a wealthy electrical contractor who, as a friend, has been a generous contributor to Democratic funds.

All food sent in to the President and his family must be laboratory-tested by the Food and Drug Administration. Mrs. Truman accepts this inconvenience of laboratory testing as she does other White House restrictions—without comment. But her nostalgia for more direct contact with housewifely chores was revealed recently when she and Mrs. Estes Kefauver, wife of the senator from Tennessee, sat next to each other at a luncheon. As coffee was being served, Mrs. Kefauver remarked, "My husband and our four children won't eat tonight if I don't dash from here to market."

Mrs. Truman looked wistful. "You don't know how lucky you are to be able to do your own marketing, Mrs. Kefauver. Everything is done for me."

She has 25 servants to "do for her," at Blair House—about the same as at the White House—including footmen, porters, upstairs and downstairs maids, laundresses, kitchen helpers and three cooks. Mrs. Truman has no personal maid. The successor to Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Mabel Walker, is a lady with such a passion for anonymity that her name is rarely mentioned in the Washington press and hardly ever spoken above a whisper by her subordinates. Mrs. Truman is supposed to have chosen her because "she keeps her mouth shut."

Mrs. James M. Helm is Mrs. Truman's social secretary, as she was that of the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. An admiral's daughter and an admiral's widow, to her has fallen the task of substituting for Mrs. Truman at so-called press conferences. The first lady's personal secretary is Miss Reathel M. Odum, of Benton, Illinois, a stand-by in the Truman ménage, who worked in the President's office when he was senator.

The first lady is out of bed by 7 A.M. "Not because Mama wants to be," Margaret once explained, "but because Papa is an early riser." According to a relative who has been a White House visitor, Mrs. Truman and the President discuss their plans for the day over the breakfast table. If he is to make a speech, she acts as sounding board and critic, listening and commenting with sharp political perception.

She's particularly sensitive about possible reaction from the South. Mrs. Truman cares about her Southern connections. When a news story stressed her New England ancestry, she objected. Her mother's grandfather, George W. Gates, was born in Lunenburg, Vermont, but her father's ancestors, the Wallaces, were Kentuckians, having migrated from Campbellsville, Kentucky, to Jackson County, Missouri, in 1833. In Independence, Mrs. Truman is an honorary member of the local United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Following breakfast the first lady settles down in her private sitting room to read, answer her personal mail, and discuss the meals with Miss Walker. Then, likely as not, she calls for her car and goes off for some public appearance—a chore she never really looks forward to. During the course of the year, she receives endless delegations, ranging from the Girl Scouts to the Salvation Army, and countless women's club groups. She must go through—what is for her—the ordeal of "saying a few words" in public.

And an ordeal it apparently is. Aware of the effects of making a misstep, conscious of the attacks on Mrs. Roosevelt, she is plainly determined not to draw that sort of fire, and seems to suffer only as an extremely reserved person can suffer in such situations.

Aside from official parties, her evenings are usually spent with the President at Blair House. They rarely sit up later than half-past ten or eleven. He has said, "I drop off to sleep the minute I hit the pillow." She props herself up in bed and reads for an hour or so before turning out the light. An average of a hundred new books a month are sent by publishers to the White House library. Mrs. Truman makes a pretty good stab at reading many of them.

She has the reputation for being conscientious not only in her reading but her studies. She is honorary chairman of the White House Spanish class, which has probably won more notice than any one other project in which she has yet been involved. In 1943, Mrs. Clarence Norton Goodwin, inspired by Secretary of State Cordell Hull's Good Neighbor policy, picked up the telephone and dialed the apartment number of Senator Truman. Mrs. Truman answered.

"Would you join a Spanish-Portuguese study group to improve Latin-American relations?" asked Mrs. Goodwin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Truman.

By this same process Mrs. Goodwin assembled the group which eventually became known as "The White House Spanish Class." Among its early members, in addition to Mrs. Truman, were Mrs. Hugo Black, wife of the Supreme Court Justice; Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower; Miss Florence King, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Ernest J. King; Mrs. William H. Davis, wife of the chairman of the War Labor Board; Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall, wife of the senator from Massachusetts; Mrs. Dean Acheson, and Mrs. George Allen. At the start, the women met at the various embassies of Latin-American countries. When Truman became President, the Secret Service suggested that the group confine sessions to the Blue Room at the White House.

Making a Speech in Spanish

Before long, Mrs. Truman's hospitality charmed representatives of the Latin-American countries. As a member of the White House Spanish class, she heard she was to be presented with the Carlos Manuel de Cespedes award—the highest Cuban decoration any foreigner may wear—by Ambassador Guillermo Belt. Etiquette demanded a response from her.

"I never made a speech in English, how can I make one in Spanish?" she asked Ramón Ramos, professor of the class.

"Do you want the ambassador to think you haven't learned any Spanish?" he scolded.

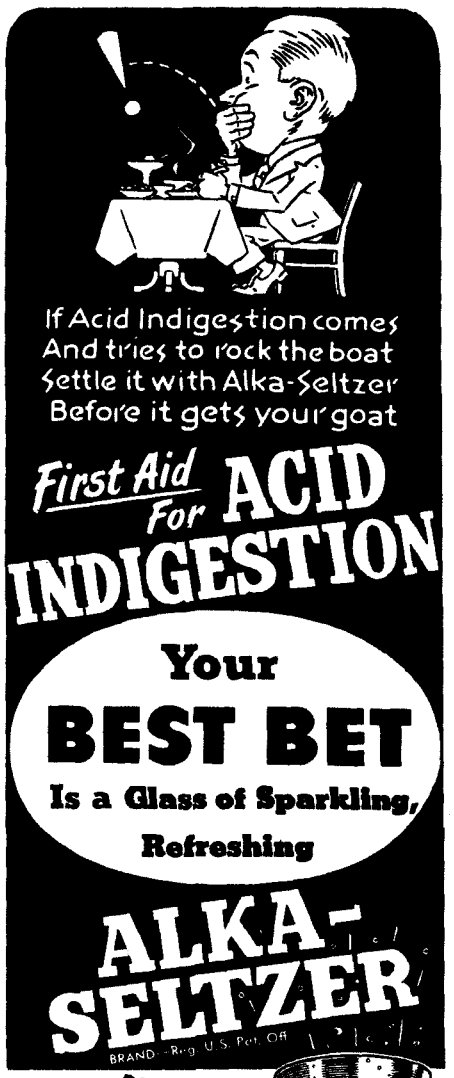
She wrote out a speech; Ramos translated it into Spanish. At each class preceding the ceremony, she rehearsed it, with each of her classmates playing the role of the ambassador. Whenever she faltered, she pleaded to be let off; but the professor remained firm. The day of the ceremony, Margaret, a good Spanish student, also drilled her. "Margaret says my accent is terrible," Mrs. Truman told friends, "but I'm going through with it."

"Mrs. Truman will live in history because of her sponsorship of this wonderful Latin-American project," said Mrs. Goodwin. "I'm making her famous."

When Mrs. Truman heard this, she smiled slightly. "I'd say I was making Gussie Goodwin famous."

Though she no longer participates in the classes, on state occasions she wears the Cuban decoration—a brilliantly colored enamel-on-gold star attached to a long blue, crimson and lavender ribbon—over her left shoulder.

Glamorous clothes played no part in



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Mrs. Truman's past. A Kansas City woman tells this story as an illustration: In the summer of 1945, Mrs. Truman stepped into a crowded elevator at the Kansas City Women's City Club; she was dressed in a simple seersucker suit. As she walked out, a woman behind her remarked, "Imagine a President's wife looking like that—wearing seersucker of all things!"

Mrs. Truman stared at the woman: "And why shouldn't a President's wife wear seersucker if she wants to? Why should she look different from anyone else?"

Reporters and photographers agree that she is more style-conscious today. One lensman insists that she has developed a different stance: "She slouched in 1945. Now, by standing properly, she makes herself appear less heavy than she actually is."

Much of the first lady's wardrobe originates with Washington's great *couturière*, Sicilian-born Madame Agasta, whose other customers include such notables as Crown Princess Martha of Norway, Mrs. Joseph Davies, Lucrezia Bori, Tallulah Bankhead, Mrs. Patrick Hurley, Mrs. Perle Mesta, and her successor as top capital hostess—Mrs. Morris Cafritz. At Madame Agasta's gold-and-white salon on Connecticut Avenue, custom-made models come as high as $1,000. But if she doesn't like you, she won't lift a pair of scissors for any price. She likes Mrs. Truman. "A sensible woman," she says, "with an eye for values."

I mentioned a slate-blue tailored suit which I had seen the first lady wear at a National Symphony luncheon.

"I made that suit for Mrs. Truman last year," Madame Agasta recalled. "That black felt and velvet hat she was wearing is also last year's—my design. She wants clothes that will carry over from one season to the next—doesn't like to see too many unworn dresses in her closet. And she never buys a dress for which she does not have a special need. For example, she wouldn't order a new evening gown for this season until she was certain Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were definitely coming to Washington. She is strong for quality—paid $35 a yard for the cloth of gold used in her inaugural gown. It took seven yards, and she's still wearing the dress."

Madame Pays a Compliment

The designer gave as another example of the first lady's thriftiness a double-duty, street-length purple dress. A detachable full-length tulle overskirt transforms it into a dinner gown. "Mrs. Truman looks well in evening clothes," concluded Madame Agasta. "She has nice shoulders and arms."

An Independence neighbor, friendly, expansive Rachel Whaley, buyer of millinery for *Chasnoff's specialty shop in* Kansas City, is responsible for most of the Bess Truman hats.

Mrs. Truman's favorite color is blue—"Bessie Blue," the President calls it. She also likes shades of purple and gray. But black is most popular. "You can wear a black dress again and again," she has said, "and people won't notice it."

In Independence she climbs one flight of stairs in the Battery Building to Pearl Wood's beauty parlor, a typical neighborhood hairdressing emporium, with washbasins lined up on one side and hair driers opposite. Like any other customer, Mrs. Truman sits in a chair before a washbasin, while Pearl fastens a plastic cape around her neck, tilts her head back on the shampooing board, gives her a brisk shampoo, then moves her to a dressing table for the set; pin curls at the sides, wave on top, tighter curls and a swirl at the back. Once again the first lady shifts—this time to a chair beneath the drier. After half an hour, a quick comb (she doesn't like too much fussing) and she is out.

In Washington she goes through much the same process at *Jill's, a neighborhood* beauty shop on Connecticut Avenue. Along with 15 or 20 other women grouped in a *folksy circle in* a big room, she sits unnoticed beneath a drier. The customers, principally middle-aged married women, discuss the price of food and exchange recipes and small talk. Few ever appear aware of the first lady.

Tony, the present proprietor of the shop, reports that Mrs. Truman has been a customer for 14 years. "We give her a new poodle haircut recently," he said. "She like it. Sixteen-fifty permanent, blue rinse, hair cut two inches all over the head. Suit her face."

Soon after she had this hairdo, she lunched with friends, and one woman greeted her with, "Hello, Mary Martin."

"You stop," Mrs. Truman declared. "I get enough of that at home."

Among her close friends are Mrs. J. Roger DeWitt, member of the National Board of Directors of the Girl Scouts and a resident of Independence; Mrs. Earle Stewart, and Mrs. Lottie Doneghy of the P.E.O., a women's organization of 3,074 chapters in 46 states, Canada, Alaska and Hawaii.

Mrs. Truman is a charter member of the Washington branch and, until her husband became President, was very active in Chapter S. The PEO Sisterhood, founded in 1869, is described as a Greek-letter society similar to a sorority. Its purposes are cultural and educational, and one of its main beneficiaries is Cottey College, an institution for the education and training of girls, at Nevada, Missouri.

The initials PEO have been jokingly interpreted as meaning "Parents Expect Obedience" and "Papa's Evening Out." The real meaning remains a secret. When she gets a chance, Mrs. Truman will slip away from Blair House, pick up several PEO friends and drive them off to some quiet spot in the country for a picnic lunch and a game of bridge.

I met Mrs. Truman recently at a tea dance at the Cuban Embassy in Washington given for the benefit of a charity of the American Newspaper Women's Club. She carried a three-quarter-length black Persian-lamb coat, and on her head was a small four-cornered turquoise velvet hat. Her dress was a plain black crepe. After shaking hands with the newspaperwomen who were the hostesses, she turned to the left of the hall to greet Dr. Luis Machado, the Cuban Ambassador, and his wife. She was followed by Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. John Steelman, wife of the Assistant to the President. All three drifted into the drawing room.

"I am Mrs. John Erskine, Mrs. Truman," I said, holding out my hand. She gripped it vigorously. "How do you do, Mrs. Erskine?" And passed me determinedly along to Mrs. Steelman. I was not unknown to Mrs. Truman. We had already written each other three times and literally a dozen or more mutual friends had importuned her to grant me an interview.

Shortly after, as the first lady was taking tea in the dining room, Katharine Brooks of the Washington Evening Star again presented me.

Mrs. Truman said, "I have met Mrs. Erskine." But she didn't smile and all the while she was edging toward the door.

"I fell in love with Independence," I ventured as an opening conversational wedge.

"I'm glad you liked it." By now she was at the door. "Good-by," she said, and was gone. In that brief period she gave me the impression of a human being standing up to life with a stubborn sort of courage—because she felt she must.

One who has known her for years explained her apparent brusqueness this way: "Mrs. Truman is timid. She suffers agony when she has to go out.

"She is perplexed by her dilemma of being the wife of the President of the United States. Independent as the day is long, original in her views, she has a certain amount of philosophy, and is sensitive. That makes her shrink from people. Criticism depresses her. She feels it acutely. Hanging over her all the time is fear for her husband's personal safety and reputation. Every time the phone rings she thinks: Maybe an attempted assassination succeeded this time. She is a monument to repression and because of this is greatly misunderstood. The more she is misunderstood, the more she draws within herself."

A few nights after the tea dance I saw Mrs. Truman at a Mayflower Hotel dinner given in honor of herself and her husband by the Women's National Democratic Club. She was tastefully gowned: gray-blue silver lamé dress, white orchids, white kid gloves and silver kid evening bag. A diamond bracelet sparkled on her right wrist. Her wrap was a sable jacket. She appeared more at ease—perhaps because she was among people she knew.

COLLIER'S

"I better not go home. My wife watched me on the television"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Musical Evenings at Home

When they are not making appearances at such functions, or officially entertaining, the Trumans may spend their evenings at home listening to records of classical music. Both are record collectors. They analyze the technique of each virtuoso, often trying out half a dozen records of the same composition interpreted by different artists.

Mrs. Truman shares her husband's admiration for the U.S. Marine Corps Band. The band plays on an average of four or five times a week at Blair House. The musicians are behind the palms at Friday teas when Mrs. Truman receives various organizations. They also play for the dances that Margaret gives. None of the bandsmen remembers ever seeing Mrs. Truman or the President dance. However, according to *Lieutenant Colonel William F. Santelmann*, leader of the Marine Corps Band, the first lady and her husband aren't lacking in musical rhythm. "You should see them step out," he said, "when we sound the Presidential honors, 'Four Ruffles and a Flourish.'"

Few, outside of special guests at special parties, are ever treated to this sight. Talk to 10 people on Washington busses or streets, and nine of them will tell you they wouldn't recognize Mrs. Truman if they saw her.

At Magruder's, the grocery where much of official Washington markets, the manager, George Butt, told me that Mrs. Truman drops in about four times a year. "At the very start she gave us to understand we were to take no notice of her. She wanted to be let alone. No fussing. She wanders through the store, picks out items—like preserves—stands in line, pays her check and walks out. She is rarely recognized."

For her travels outside Washington the first lady as a rule goes by train. When her mother is along, she uses the Presidential car "U.S.A.1." It is armor-plated and has bulletproof glass. Leaving Independence, she and her mother and the two servants, Vietta and Bluette, climb aboard at the little railroad station on the edge of town. Their car is hooked on to a St. Louis-bound train, then shifted in the St. Louis yards to a Washington express. The train usually lets them off at Silver Springs, Maryland.

But when traveling alone Mrs. Truman often rides the regular train.

Only among friends of long standing is she relaxed—and these friends live in Missouri, not Washington. In Independence she can be herself. To its people she is still "Miss Bess." And she is fiercely determined to keep this so. Shortly after her husband became President she drifted into a local store on some errand. Clerks and manager began bowing and scraping. She stopped short. "None of this nonsense," she said. "I haven't changed. I'm still Bess Truman of Independence, Missouri."

She's at her greatest ease at 219 North Delaware Street—her grandfather Gates's Victorian mansion, in which she and Harry spent their early married life and where, on a Sunday morning in February, 1924, Margaret was born. Technically the house belongs to eighty-nine-year-old Mrs. Wallace, but for all practical purposes it remains home to Mrs. Truman. A few changes have been made since her husband became President. A white flagpole stands on the front lawn. When souvenir hunters began chip-

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ping off bits of the house itself, a high wire fence was erected.

Twenty years ago Mrs. Truman was acquainted with almost every resident of Independence; today, the circle is smaller, and she is not really on intimate terms with anybody outside her own household. Her friends have mostly been "fenced off" by her position, no matter how much she would have it otherwise.

A youthful cousin of the Trumans—Jeanne Rogers, an Independence girl now on the staff of the Washington Times-Herald—represents what has happened again and again. Jeanne was invited to visit the family at the White House soon after Mr. Truman became President. She was a guest for several weeks. Later, she wrote some articles about the family. The result is that they no longer recognize her. She gets "the silent treatment," for what the first family obviously considers to be her indiscretion.

But she remains loyal. "I shall always like Bess Truman," she says, "if only for her friendliness when I was a kid. She's a good cook when it comes to plain American food—no fancy stuff. She bakes delicious cookies. We neighborhood children always felt free to dig into her cookie jar. And she knows her own mind. She's quite outspoken in her views—especially to Harry and Margaret. Harry doesn't take a trip or do a single thing without consulting her. She stays in the background in public. But she has plenty to say in private. And, believe me, she's capable of putting her foot down."

Sue Gentry, city editor of the Independence Examiner, has had a different experience. When she came to Washington, she was asked to the White House, was given tea and cookies, shown through the downstairs rooms and told: "This is for your information only, Sue." Subsequently, Miss Gentry was asked to go to New York and tell a national radio audience of her visit, but declined. Mrs. Truman repaid her in neighborliness. When Sue's mother died in 1949, the first lady called at the house personally and left a card of condolence.

What Price the Card Table?

The Bundschu family of Independence has been on terms of friendship with the Wallace-Gates-Truman clan for many years and is still on Mrs. Truman's preferred list. The Albert Bundschus own an Independence department store where the first lady sometimes shops. One day last summer she stepped out of the elevator on the house-furnishings floor of the store carrying a folding card table.

"Why, Mrs. Truman, what on earth are you lugging that card table around for?" the manager asked. "Let me take it."

She gripped the table more firmly. "No, it's not heavy." She pointed to a tag dangling from one of the legs. "It's marked $5.95. Others in the same lot are $6.95."

He laughed. "Well, if it's marked $5.95 that's the price."

She shook her head. "There must be a mistake in the marking. It's undamaged. Please check the price for me."

There had been an error in the marking. The manager insisted that she accept it at the price-tag value. She refused. "That wouldn't be honest," she said.

Of an evening she will stroll down to Judge Henry Bundschu's home to watch the television programs, especially when the President or Margaret is on. One night last fall she, along with the other neighbors, gathered in the sitting room to hear Margaret sing and watch her waltz about with Irving Berlin.

"You must be very proud of your daughter, Mrs. Truman," one of the women remarked after the show ended.

"Not when she doesn't sing any better than she did tonight," replied Mrs. Truman. If anybody else had made that remark, it's safe to assume she would have considered it the grossest sort of rudeness.

To the Trumans, Margaret will always be "Baby." Though "Baby" now considers herself a mature woman, Mrs. Truman waits up for her when she goes to a party. Margaret affectionately refers to her mother as "the Spark Plug" and claims nothing would get done without her. The President's daughter has a fear of the future which stems, according to friends, from Mrs. Truman. She frankly tells friends, "I'm going to earn all the money I can to keep my parents in comfort in their old age."

Theoretically, Mrs. Truman depends on her husband for spending money. However, people in Independence smile indulgently at this and point to Grandfather Gates's still-prosperous flour mill. Bills in Independence are paid by Mrs. Truman's personal checks. According to the will of her mother's father, George Porterfield Gates, on file in the Jackson County Court House, his fortune amounted to slightly under half a million dollars. The first lady inherits his New England thrift and will someday inherit a portion of his money.

Some Statistics on Salaries

According to official records, Mrs. Truman was earning $2,280 in her husband's Senate office as of August, 1941. Six months later her salary was raised to $3,480. In June, 1942, it was increased to $4,500. From 1942 to 1944 the Trumans' joint federal income was $14,500. As Vice-President his salary jumped to $20,000 annually. In 1945, when he succeeded Franklin Roosevelt as chief executive, his salary became $75,000 a year. In 1949 it was raised to $100,000, plus another $50,000 tax free. He also draws $40,000 annually for traveling expenses and official entertaining.

Independence friends believe Bess Truman's respect for money traces back to the 15 years she and Harry put in paying off every last debt incurred by his failure in the haberdashery business. "She kept the books," said one. "She saw what was happening."

Her formal education, as listed in Who's Who, is par for a woman of her generation and social standing: "Grad. Independence (Mo.) High Sch. The Barstow School for Girls, Kansas City." According to the registrar she attended one year—1903-'04. Miss Barstow's, a college preparatory school founded 68 years ago, is one of the most fashionable schools in the West. Mrs. Truman visited it not long ago and told the teachers with pride that in the year she had attended Barstow, she got up every morning at six thirty to catch the trolley from Independence to Kansas City, a distance of nine miles.

Perhaps the oldest of her Missouri intimates is Mrs. W. L. C. Palmer, the only teacher still living whom Bess and Harry had at Independence High School. "Bess," she says, "is a very independent person. I remember her walking into the classroom, putting down her books, settling herself in her seat with an air of 'that's that.' She studied under me in 1898 and 1899, dressed as well as any girl in town. After all, she was the miller's granddaughter, you know. I recall that she was quite a tennis player in those days."

Mrs. Palmer, who taught English, relates that once she asked Mrs. Truman, "If you ever run across a post card of Saint-Gaudens' statue of 'Grief,' please send it to me." A year passed and Mrs. Palmer supposed that her request had been forgotten. Then arrived a note reading, "I'm still trying to find a post card of 'Grief.' If I can't find it, I'll take a picture of it myself." But eventually Mrs. Truman did succeed in her quest and Mrs. Palmer has the card in her keepsake box to prove it.

Let there be no mistake about it, Mrs. Truman is a determined woman, a valiant woman, a proud woman, one who will battle for what matters to her. She will not be shut out of the important decisions that must be made in the next few months. In the end, it may be she—and no one else—who will say whether the President will try to keep his hand on the tiller of the Ship of State. She is always on deck with him, and he has consulted her in every crucial move on every course he's taken. THE END

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There Comes a Time

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

commanded them to dive. And all fourteen of them had got into the water—all but Mary Lynne.

"What are you doing in this class?" Barney demanded; and she stammered, close to tears, "Learning to swim. But I don't want to learn to dive! Mrs. Roberts is teaching *me* to *float*."

"Okay," he said, scowling, "but you have to get in the water to float, don't you? You want to keep on climbing down that ladder all summer? Look, it's easy. Bend your knees, hook your toes over the edge . . ."

IT WAS so far down there, and the water, for all its chlorined blueness, was so clear. There seemed to be nothing but air between her and the tiled floor of the pool. The water was five feet deep here; she couldn't drown. She knew, too, that she wouldn't crash against the bottom, no matter how it looked. It was just that she couldn't let go, she *couldn't* fall. And then his hand moved on her bare back and she tumbled forward. A moment later, she was touching the bottom with her frantically outflung hands, pushing herself to the surface, sputtering and clinging to the gutter. He grinned down at her.

"Didn't hurt you a bit, did it? Now do it by yourself, but keep your head down—and your mouth closed, for Pete's sake!"

He came around the pool toward her as she climbed out, but she brushed by him and dashed for the shower room.

The steamy mirror showed her face drawn and white from the astringent water, and her eyes even bigger and darker-looking than usual. Even her mother couldn't buy an unrevealing bathing suit or one that could make Mary Lynne look like a child. But her *face!* So thin and pale. And she'd been such a scaredy-cat, running away with her eyes screwed up to keep the tears back. He'd never want to see her again.

She put her head down on her arms on the wooden dressing bench, and Mrs. West came hurrying in to put her motherly arms around her.

"There, dearie, don't let it upset you! Don't think I didn't give that young man a piece of my mind! Pushing you in!"

Mary Lynne blew her nose. "Who is he?"

"Young Barney Lange. His uncle's on the board, or something. Anyway, Barney helps out as a favor to him, and he's taking Mrs. Roberts' place while her daughter has her baby. I understand he was a swimming instructor in the Army. Guess he thinks he still is! You wait, honey, and I'll drive you home. You're all unnerved."

Mary Lynne said thank you but she was supposed to walk. Over to the Y, swim for an hour, walk back. Three times a week. Dr. Marsh had said maybe she needed to get out more, get a little more exercise, and her mother had said she mustn't do anything strenuous and swimming was supposed to be relaxing.

Her hair curled into ringlets all over her head from the heat and the dampness, but there was nothing to be done about her face. Powder never blended with her too-white skin, and rouge on her cheeks always looked as if it had been painted on china. Her lipstick was too bright and put on too heavily, she knew—more of a vaguely defiant gesture than a make-up touch. Somehow, sometime, she was going to manage to spend more time in the sun.

She walked slowly, swinging the wide straw hat that she'd have to put on before she came within sight of the apartment house and her mother at the windows, and she'd gone only two blocks when Barney caught up with her.

"You've been crying," he said. She had made such a fool of herself she couldn't look at him after that first startled glance, but she knew that he was scowling again—or still. "That little woman bawled me out for making you dive, but how was I supposed to know you were sick? What's wrong with you?"

Nobody ever asked her that. Everyone knew she was delicate. Her mother was always saying what a time she'd had raising Mary Lynne.

"I'm not *sick*," she explained. "It's only that I *get* sick." She got tired, and upset; she had cramps in her stomach, and nausea, and nightmares; and her nerves got tied in knots at the thought of diving or learning to drive a car or dancing with a good-looking boy. She looked at Barney and decided not to go into details.

His eyes were bluer in the summer sunshine than they had been indoors, and laughter wrinkles showed at their outer corners even when he scowled. His hair was crisply short and a darker brown than his face, and he was slim and wiry-looking and not very tall. Wes joked about putting her in his pocket or setting her on the mantel, but her head would reach above Barney's shoulder, she thought. He was waiting for her to tell him what was wrong with her.

"I've got a weak heart, I guess."

"You *guess?*" There was that scowl again. "You don't guess about a thing like that. What does your doctor say?"

Mother's friend, the doctor—big, gray-haired and easygoing—usually said how pretty she looked and what a good child she was. She had to think. "He says I have to live quietly."

They'd be turning her corner soon, she thought, and amended, *she'd* have to turn her corner. She couldn't let Barney walk all the way with her. Her mother would ask worried, disapproving questions, and before it was over she'd be sick again.

"Mrs. What's-her-name called you the little Adams girl," Barney said suddenly. "What's your first name?" She told him, and he nodded. "How old are you, Mary Lynne, and what do you do?"

"Nearly nineteen." He looked surprised, and she said quickly, "I know. It's mostly these clothes." Her light blue voile dress was full-skirted, and her black pumps with the crisscross straps were little-girl cute. "Mother thinks they're my type. I really am nearly nineteen. I don't do anything. I just graduated from high school because I was out a lot. I've thought about college this fall—here in town, you know. I could be a day student, but Mother thinks—"

"Doesn't your father ever do any thinking?"

"I don't know. He lives on a farm or a ranch or something out West." They'd reached her corner, and she added breathlessly, "I have to hurry now. Good-by, Barney," and she started running.

"Hey!" he said, surprised. Then he called after her, "See you Friday!"

Friday. She'd have to find some way to make forty-six hours go by, and the apartment would be spotless, with not a paper for her to pick up nor an ash tray to empty. Even all her own things would be tidied and her bed made, she knew.

Her mother was waiting for her, dressed for shopping in a smart black dress with a huge white bead choker and earrings.

"You're all flushed and out of breath," she said, frowning. "I think I'll tell Norman I don't think this swimming is such a wonderful idea."

"It wasn't the swimming," Mary Lynne protested, alarmed; and lied, " I walked upstairs. The elevator was busy."

She glanced covertly into the mirror over the mantel. She did have color in her cheeks, and her eyes were shining as if they belonged in her face and weren't just big, dark holes. Had she looked that way to Barney, or only after she'd run half a block?

"Why do you do things like that?" her mother was asking fretfully. "I should think you would try to help take care of your health! I want you to lie down until lunch, now. Wes and the doctor will be here this evening and you mustn't have another sick headache. That Wes!" She smiled indulgently. "He just telephoned to say he'd seen a dress in Lucile's window he wanted to see on you tonight. I promised to get one as near like it as I could find in blue. That one's coral, of all things!"

"Maybe it would give me a little color," Mary Lynne said hopefully. "Blue makes me look paler, I think."

"It makes you look fragile," her mother said, "and Wes likes it. Maybe you don't appreciate a man who values you more because you are delicate, but *I'm* grateful for Wes. I'll never have to worry about you."

MARY LYNNE would have liked to make lunch while her mother was gone but she'd been told to lie down, and her mother would be displeased if she didn't, so she went to bed and thought about Barney, then got up again to write in her diary, sitting tailor-fashioned on her bed in her little-girl room full of white dotted swiss and blue satin and rose-sprigged wallpaper.

She wondered what Barney would think about this room that Wes had helped her mother decorate. Wes thought it suited her, like the clothes her mother always asked him to approve. That was what her mother appreciated about Wes—his wanting her kept always just as she was. He was a collector of lovely, fragile things that he kept safely locked in his cabinets up there in the penthouse.

The new dress was a pale-blue sheer that had, in spite of having come from Lucile's, an atrocious sash and trimming of cloth flowers. Her mother took them off and substituted a narrow velvet belt, and altered the hemline and narrowed the waist, and when Mary Lynne wore it that evening it looked smart and expensive.

"This was as near like it as I could get," her mother told Wes. "It cost a little more but it's worth it, don't you think? Blue is her color."

Wes agreed, looking it over in his fond, possessive way. "I guess you're right. She couldn't look sweeter."

They played canasta and, as usual, Mary

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Lynne and her mother played against Wes and the doctor, and, as usual, Wes, on Mary Lynne's right, discarded the cards he knew she needed. It still made her uncomfortable, since they played for money, but her mother said this gave Wes more pleasure than anything else he could find to do with a few dollars and she'd be rude and ungrateful to deny it to him.

He was really kind and generous, Mary Lynne thought, and even attractive, with his smooth dark hair and gray eyes that could be cold and sharp behind his horn-rimmed glasses but were always warm and pleased when they looked at her. The life her mother planned for her would always be as pleasant and quiet and sheltered as this. No dancing, no ball games or popcorn or hot dogs, no picnics or beach vacations, no sunburn or mosquitoes or poison ivy. They'd go on a cruise, perhaps, next winter, the four of them, and that would be her honeymoon. She went to bed early and thought about Barney.

ON FRIDAY morning, Barney demanded, "With all the lakes there are in Michigan, you've never swum in one?" And she said, "They won't let me—Mother and the doctor."

When he had another moment with her, he asked, "Did you ever have an electrocardiograph?"

She said, "A what?" but he didn't have a chance to say any more until they were walking home.

"I wish you'd go to see my uncle," he said then. "He's supposed to be pretty good. He isn't usually in his office in the morning, but he would be if I asked him. That way your mother needn't know, if that's what's worrying you. You could just skip swimming class."

"I wouldn't like to do that," she said, troubled, but she knew that she would, eventually. She would go anywhere Barney wanted to take her.

She had thought that he might urge her, but he seemed to think that she ought to make her own decisions, and at last she had to ask him to take her. Because this was Wednesday and Mrs. Roberts would be back from Detroit on Friday, and, unless somebody did something about it, Barney would be going home the end of the week. Going without her, and she was pretty sure she would not be able to bear it. She knew by this time that he had just finished college, having gone from high school into the Army, and that he'd been living right there in the same city with her the whole school year without her ever knowing about him, and that he was needed at home. Home was a farm in the northern part of the state.

"We live all right but there's never a lot of money, though it's not a small farm," he'd told her. "Much too big for my dad to handle alone right now. The growing season sort of explodes in the upper peninsula." And this morning he'd said, "I should have gone two weeks ago."

There hadn't been much to stay for, he meant; just the hour in the pool and the walk home and good-by on the corner. So today she had asked him up, but it hadn't helped much because she had to be honest with him and she couldn't deny that she had known her mother would be out.

"I don't get it," he said grimly. "Is there something wrong with me?"

She had to smile at that, but then she told him, soberly, that her mother wanted her to marry a man who could give her the soft, sheltered life that her mother thought necessary for her. "She worries about me," she said. "That's natural, isn't it? She's my mother!"

He didn't doubt, he said, that her mother would think life on his farm was pretty rugged. It wasn't, really, but it was just as well to know. How rugged *she* could be, he meant, and she knew that if she really had to have the sort of life she had now, he'd manage it some way.

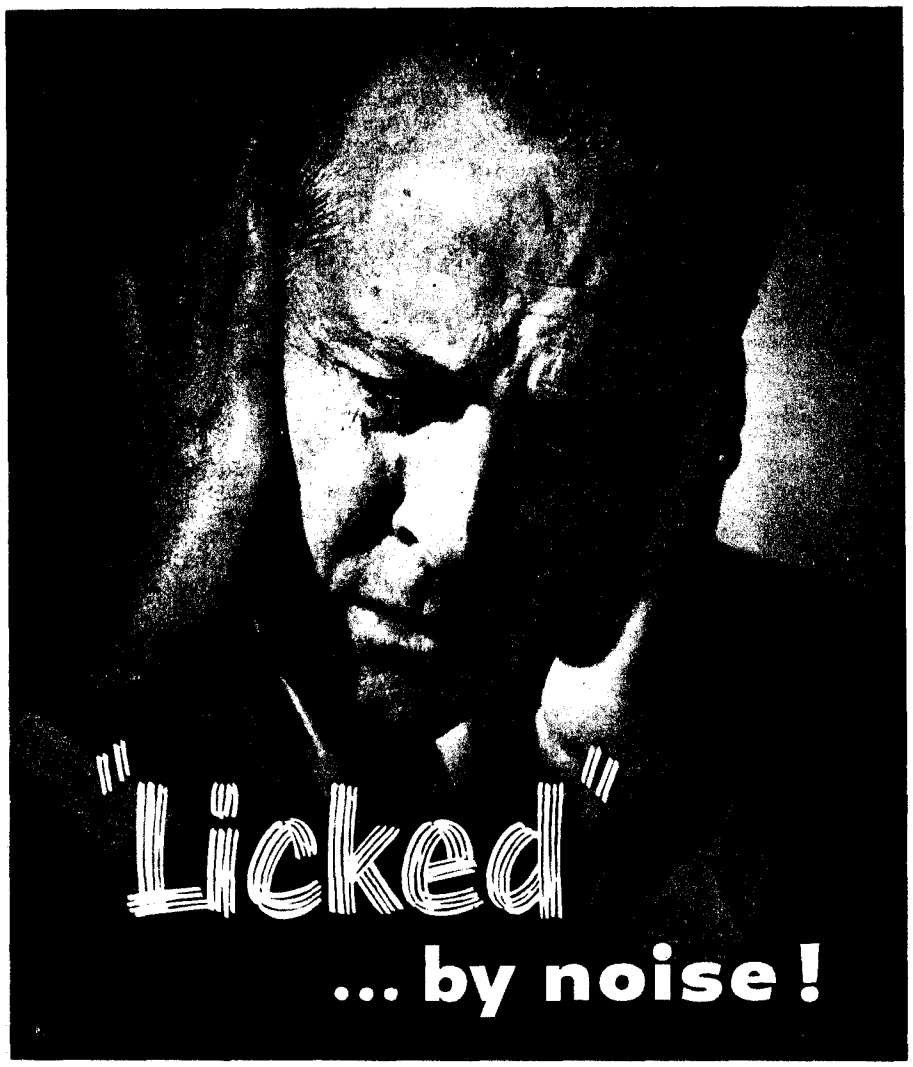
She said, "If you'll take me, I'd like to see your uncle, Barney." And he said, "That's my girl!"

"You really are, you know," he said, after he'd kissed her. "I hadn't got around to telling you but I knew it that first morning."

She said, "Yes. I knew it, too," and he kissed her again.

"Isn't that something—the way we got together?" he said; and she asked in surprise, "What's strange about it? We only recognized each other. You're supposed to."

She went with Barney on Friday morning, after all, skipping the swimming class, just as he had suggested in the first place, to put



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off telling her mother about Barney a little while longer. She'd heard of Dr. Osborne. You didn't just walk into his office like this. You came when your own doctor sent you, and Barney must have told him a lot to make him willing to do this.

Knowing his reputation, she wasn't surprised at the quickness and thoroughness of his examination nor the brusque authority of his diagnosis. All her trouble, he said, could be and probably was caused by living in a state of constant apprehension.

"Your continual worrying over getting sick makes you sick."

"It's Mother who worries over my getting sick," she told him. "I worry about her worrying."

"So I understand." He looked at the two of them. "I'll talk to her, if it will help."

"No. Thank you," Mary Lynne said. "I'll tell her myself."

They were wondering why she wasn't more relieved, why she wasn't whooping with joy or something, she supposed, but she couldn't help that. She had to think about her mother. How could she walk into the apartment and tell her mother she wasn't needed any longer now that she, Mary Lynne, had Barney? This was wonderful news about her heart, of course, and it would make her mother happy, but, just the same, all that care and anxiety and protectiveness wasn't something that could just be turned off.

"Let's go!" Barney said. "It's time I was getting acquainted with your mother. We've got a lot to do."

"No," she said. "I want us to have this day first. I'll phone her, and then let's go to the beach. I've lived all my life within thirty miles of Lake Huron and I've never even waded in it."

She did it very quickly and breathlessly so she couldn't be interrupted. "I'm going with Barney, Mother. You'll meet him when we get home tonight. He's very nice. And, Mother, I feel fine. I feel wonderful. Please don't worry."

SHE hung up quickly and went back to Barney. They'd parked his car on a side street, and they walked back to it now, past store windows crowded with merchandise and plastered with bargain stickers, all very different from Lucile's and the others on the avenue. Mary Lynne looked at a dress in the window of the Trade Mart, then swung Barney around, with her arm in his, so she could look again.

"Hey!" he said. "You can window-shop some other time. We'll get a ticket." And then, "What's the matter, darling?"

"That's my dress," she said, bewilderedly. "This one."

He looked down at the pale-blue dress with the narrow velvet belt, then back at the dress in the window with its terrible sash and artificial flowers—and its price tag that screamed *$6.95*. "This one looked exactly like that when Mother brought it home," she insisted. "She did a lot of work on it, of course."

"She must have," Barney said. "It looks like fifty bucks, at least. She's clever."

"All my dresses look like fifty bucks, at least," she said, still troubled. "Yes, she's clever. She's had to be. My father deserted us when I was a baby—I told you. She's had to fight for me all my life. She had to fight to get alimony and support for me, and she's had to fight to live on it."

Barney said, "That's a pretty classy apartment."

"We haven't always had it," she told him. "A few years ago Wes bought the building and fixed it all up, built himself a penthouse. We have our apartment rent-free, and that helps, of course."

"Wes again!" Barney said. "Is he planning on being your stepfather, maybe?"

"No," she said. "He wants to marry me."

"I see," Barney said.

"You don't see!" she said. "Mother does things for Wes—handles rentals, lots of things. So we don't pay rent. It has nothing to do with me." But she couldn't stop thinking about the dress. She said, pleating the misty blue fabric of her skirt with nervous fingers, "She told Wes this cost more than one that was in Lucile's window."

She shouldn't have said it, probably. Barney didn't speak, but he was thinking: *I see!* harder than ever. It must look ugly to him, but there must be a good reason for her mother to lie about the price of the dress—if she had, if this one at the Trade Mart wasn't just a cheap copy of hers. But it wasn't. It was the same dress. There had to be something else. Something that was for Mary Lynne's own good, like everything else her mother did. Maybe her mother had thought she needed to believe she was wearing expensive clothes.

But she'd stop worrying about it and make Barney forget it. She wouldn't spoil their day. . . .

It was glorious—the cold, clear water, the white sand, the hot sunshine, and she and Barney alone together, with people all around them. She found that she could do the strokes Barney had been trying to teach her and, at last, with Barney treading water and waiting for her, she dived off the float. He surfaced when she did, and she knew that he had gone down and up again, beside her all the way.

They found a sheltered place on the shore, where the sun came down through willow branches and was reflected off the shining water, making Barney's face a green-gold dazzle above her as he took her in his arms.

"I'm glad we came," he said tenderly, "even though we should have spent the day arranging to get married. We'll do that tomorrow. We'll drive to Angola—"

"Barney," she said. "Barney, do we have to do it like that—going to Indiana and all that? It isn't as if you lived so terribly far away. We could apply for a license tomorrow, and you could come back, say a week from Sunday—"

"No," he said flatly. "That's out. I'd come back to find you sold and delivered."

"It's not like that! You don't know—you've never even seen my mother!"

Not even her distress could soften the line of his jaw. "That's the way it looks from where I stand, and I don't believe a closer view will be any better. She's worked and planned and schemed for you, yes—to give you the sort of life *she* wants. And, incidentally, she's doing all right for herself, isn't she?"

She wouldn't argue now and spoil their day, Mary Lynne told herself again. She couldn't hope to convince him that her mother wouldn't try to break them up—she didn't believe that, herself—but she might persuade him that nothing could keep her away from him, that they could afford to be a little kinder. She'd try, she thought, tonight or tomorrow.

IT WAS long after dark, and the elevator mirror showed her flushed with sunburn and happiness, her hair in a riot of curls, her crumpled blue dress spotted with mustard. They would all three be waiting for her, she thought, and for a moment she wondered how she had dared to steal this day, when she had never dared anything in her life before. There's always a first time, she thought; there always comes a time. She clung tightly to Barney as they went in through the open door.

"Mother, Wes, Dr. Marsh—this is Barney Lange."

The men looked at him but did not speak. Her mother gave him one bitter glance and looked back at Mary Lynne.

"Where have you been? *Where have you been?* I've been nearly out of my mind!"

"I'm sorry, Mother," she said gently. "But you shouldn't have been. I asked you not to worry. I've been to the beach. We went swimming, and rode on the roller coaster, and danced. Barney taught me to dance, and he's teaching me to drive. I drove a convertible, Mother, with the top down!"

"How *could* you? Look at you, just look at you! You'll be sick in bed again and who is going to keep going night and day to take care of you? *Barney?* It's easy for you to forget, isn't it? All I've done all these years." She put her face down in her hands, but Mary Lynne stayed where she was, holding fast to Barney's arm, and let the tears roll unheeded down her own face.

"I haven't forgotten, Mother," she said. "I'm not forgetting a thing." She was remembering all the lovely clothes that had, she knew now, been costly in work and patience and eyestrain instead of dollars; the beautiful doll that had replaced the kitten she'd found and that her mother had said was dirty and germy, and the doll dresses that matched her own. She had carried the doll, walking sedately beside her mother in the park, being very, very careful not to rumple her pretty clothes, and people had stopped to look and smile and say, "Two perfect dolls!" She remembered the pleasure in her mother's face, and she remembered the birthday parties with spongecake and stewed fruit and milk for the three of them—her mother and herself and the doll. . . .

"Yes," Mary Lynne said, "Barney would take care of me if I were sick. But I'm not sick. Dr. Osborne says there's nothing wrong with me."

Norman Marsh looked at her. "Dr. Osborne?"

"Yes," she said defiantly. "He's Barney's uncle. We saw him this morning, before we went to the lake."

Her mother sat up. "Dr. Osborne!" She didn't sound surprised and respectful, as Dr. Marsh had. "How many nights has Dr. Osborne sat up with you? And what right has *he—?*" She looked at Barney. "You might at least have the decency to go *now!*"

"If he goes now," Mary Lynne said, "I'm going with him."

Wes straightened up abruptly, taking his elbow off the mantel. "Not in that dress you won't!" he said to her, looking at Barney. "When I pay sixty dollars for a dress I expect to have something to say about where it's worn. And I've paid that much, I think, for every one that you have."

THAT didn't sound like Wes, she thought confusedly; he could be hard but it wasn't like him to be crude and cheap. He'd said it for Barney, to send Barney away from her. He didn't know that nothing could. But she couldn't go on thinking about why he'd said it; she had to think about what he'd said. She had to think whether it was true. Every dress she had. And how many other things? How much more? How much had her mother collected, since Wes had begun to wait for her to grow up, for all that loving work?

"Barney," she said suddenly, "let's go now. Don't say anything," she begged. "Just let's go."

But he was saying it. "Maybe you could find a sheet or something that your father paid for to wrap around you," he said to Mary Lynne. "And tomorrow morning," he said to Wes, "I'll go down to the Trade Mart and get her another dress exactly like this one—for six dollars and ninety-five cents."

"I see," Wes said slowly. He looked at her mother. "Every little bit helps, doesn't it?"

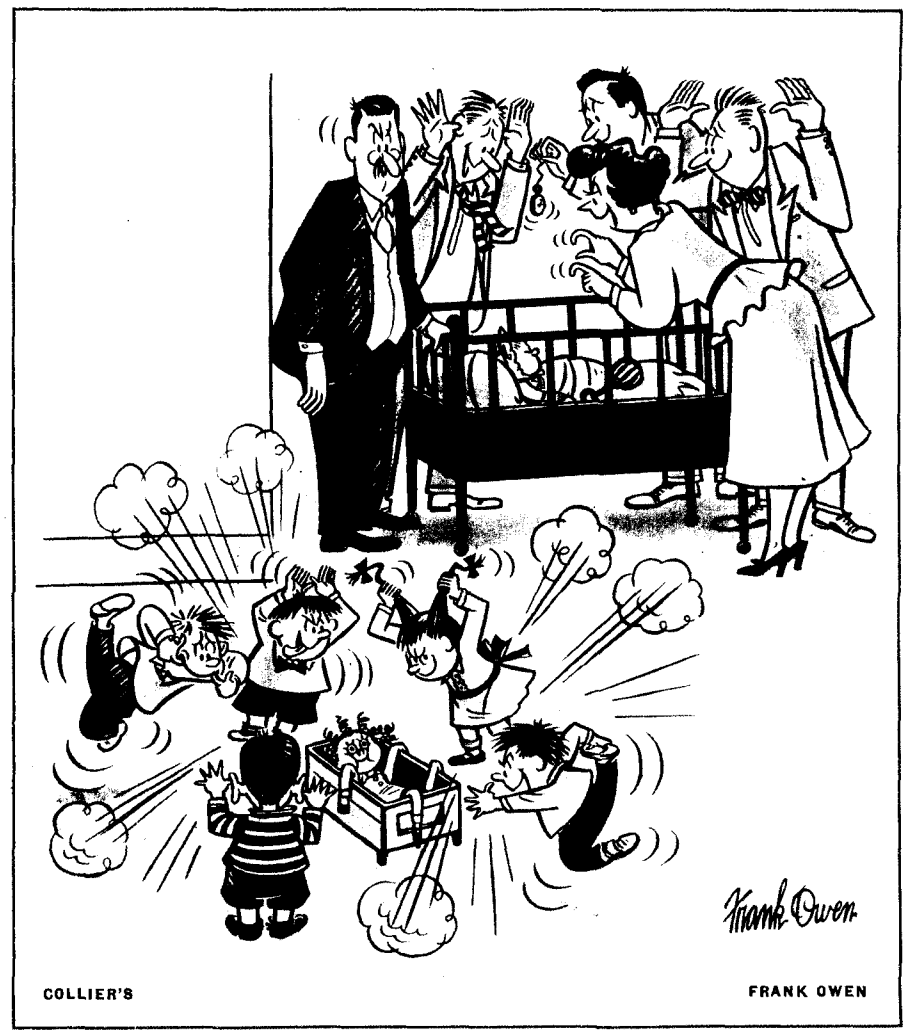
"Yes!" Her mother was talking to her. "Every dollar helped! I managed any way I could to give you all the things you've had—a nice apartment, the care you needed, the leisure and the pretty clothes, even a bank account!"

Mary Lynne had to turn back, holding Barney's arm, holding him there on the threshold for a moment longer. "I know, Mother. I know it was for me."

She did know. The work, the scheming, the chiseling—they were all to give her the sort of life her mother wanted. But didn't you always try to give the people you love the things you value yourself? It had been for her. It made no difference that she didn't want it.

"I'll have to send this dress back, Mother," she said. "But we won't get another exactly like it—not for any price. I'll probably never have another dress that looks so smart and fits so well. But it doesn't matter, because I'll have Barney."

Barney had said that her mother did all right for herself, and she had, of course; she'd have what she wanted, one way or another. Wes was through, but Norman Marsh was too lazy to be anything but complaisant, and her mother was a good manager. She'd be all right; but she, Mary Lynne, was out of it. She ran to keep up with Barney's stride on the way to the elevator. THE END



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Kittura Remsberg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

A few weeks after Ben left, a card came from Cincinnati. He was working his way on a river boat and moving West. Later, there was another card from St. Louis. He was moving on by rail, tending a carload of herd bulls. That was all. And the months stretched into years, and the note came, the hurried scrawl: *Forget about me. I'm not your kind.*

She sat by the mirror and read the note again and again. She took a piece of paper and a pencil and wrote on the paper and chewed on her lower lip and wrote again. She tore the paper across and took another piece and wrote a single line on it. *Ben,* she wrote, *don't be a fool.* She tucked this piece in an envelope and addressed her envelope to him, care of general delivery in Fort Laramie—the postmark on his note—and walked to the post office and mailed it. The months passed and she sat by the mirror and saw the straightness of her lips, and she cut expenses more to buy more things for the boxes that were beginning to fill the front room of the little house. And after four years and some months he was there, suddenly, travel-worn in the doorway, with her note in his hand.

"Kitt, I came damn' near being a fool. This caught up with me and I pulled in sharp. Got me a stake and found a place."

"A place, Ben? Is it what you want?"

"Yes. A nice piece of range off near the mountains where nobody's spoiled it. I've got a few mavericks on it already."

"Mavericks, Ben?"

"Sure. Calves. Orphans. No one to claim them. Scoured them out of the brush and slapped my brand on them. Our brand."

He was sunburned and rugged. He stood in the doorway, a man who owned the earth in company with all men who were men. She felt the wideness spreading out from him. She dropped into a chair, and her shoulders shook as she sobbed. He ran to kneel beside her and put out his arms, and she gripped him with fingers that dug into his welcome hardness. "Ben," she kept saying, "Ben, I was right after all, wasn't I?"

After a time, she remembered her boxes and hurried to show them to him, and he followed her from one to another until he'd seen them all. "Good God, Kitt!" he said. "All that stuff! It's wonderful. But do you realize where you're going? Way out to the end of nowhere. It's four hundred miles from the nearest railroad. All I've got anyway is a two-room shack. We're starting small, Kitt."

"What of it? We won't always be small. We'll be building a decent place."

"Sure. That'll come. But we've got no use for stuff like this now. What we need is good herd stock and a couple of the right kind of range bulls."

"I don't care, Ben. These things are going with us. We'll keep them till we can use them. I'll get mother's money from the bank and we'll send them by train and buy wagons for the rest of the way."

"I bet you'd even try to take that mirror."

"Of course. Especially my mirror."

THEY waited five weeks for the wagon train at the railhead out of Corinne in Utah Territory. She had time to learn to endure the dust and the heat that swirled by day through the one street of the crowded town, and the nighttime noise that penetrated the room over a saloon that was the only one they could find. She was proud of Ben in his worn Western clothes, with a gun at his side, meeting and mingling with strange kinds of men in an easy equality. But it was then that the fear began to creep into her, not a physical fear but a shrinking from the newness and rawness and sprawling bigness of the land. She clung in her mind to the thought of her boxes coming, the tangible evidences of the life she had known, which she would be taking with her.

She was reassured when the things came and were stowed with their supplies in the two heavy wagons and they headed north, she and Ben and her boxes and the wide, flat, mirror crate. Two teams pulled the wagons, and a lank, silent prospector drove one to pay his way northward to the mining country. They moved along rapidly the first days and crossed into Idaho. They pushed steadily north till the ground began to drop into the valley of the Snake and they followed the river upstream to cross at Fort Hall.

They had to wait two more weeks there because reports of Indian raids were drifting down-country, and military orders were that no wagons could travel out except in companies of ten or more. When they started again, part of a long procession of vehicles, their driver disappeared the first night out, disappeared into the darkness, and what happened to him they never knew. Kittura had to drive their second wagon after that, wincing at the grind of the leather that made calluses on her hands.

SUMMER was far advanced now. Grass for the horses was sparse and burned, and water was often more than a full day's drive ahead. Day merged into day as the procession climbed the long, rolling rise out of the valley and struck across the high plateau toward the mountains and the Montana line and the safety of Bannack City.

Twice the company's lone point rider reported Indian signs, and once they saw smoke signals rising far off in the horizon haze. The men drove for all possible distance each daylight hour and looked grimmer every night in the circle of wagons. The fear of the new land crept into Kittura again, and she might have begged Ben to turn back if turning back would not have been worse than going forward. Their horses, straining to move the heavy wagons, wasted down to a weakening thinness and their pace slowed until she and Ben dropped back place by place in the procession and were among the last stragglers to reach camp at night. And then, in the forenoon of one day so relentlessly like the others, the fear overcame her.

They had reached a rocky dry gulch where they had expected to find at least a trickle of water. There was only dust and caked mud and the bare stones baking. The other wagons had crossed the dry ford and were pushing on. She had seen Ben, showing her the way for their own big wagons, swing his team to hit the crossing at an angle and avoid the larger stones. She followed and tried to do the same.

As the horses settled into the pull up the other side, a rear wheel struck a rock and the wagon stopped. She urged the team sideways and forward and heard the wheel grind on the rock and drop back, immovable. She saw the other wagons moving on and the distance growing, and the fear rushed through her. Frantically, she slapped at the horses with the reins. They lunged forward, and one of them floundered in the loose gravel of the slope and went down. She saw the horse fight upward and stand with one leg hanging useless, and her scream brought men upright and pulling in their teams all along the line ahead.

She sat on the seat, silent and unable to move. She saw Ben standing beside her and staring at her and at the horse and then walking to meet the other men and stand with them in hurried talk. She saw them scatter toward their own wagons and saw Ben coming to her. He looked up and managed a small, tight smile for her. "This does it, Kitt. We tried, anyway. Wait for me at the other wagon."

At the sound of his voice, she could move, and she climbed down and went forward and pulled herself up to the other driving seat. She did not dare look around till after the shot. When she did turn, he had unharnessed the other horse and was tying it by the bridle to the tailboard be-

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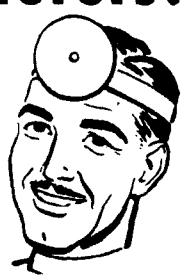

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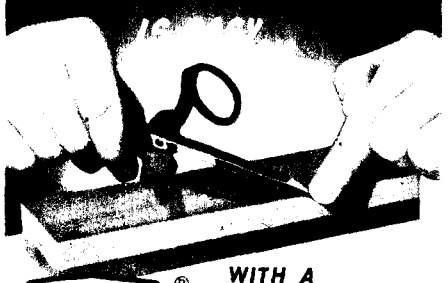

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hind her. She looked back at the wagon in the gulch piled with her boxes beneath the dusty canvas. "What are we going to do, Ben?" she asked. "Will we tow it?"

"Good God, Kitt! We're going to leave it. Damn' near everything else, too."

THE words hit her mind but she did not grasp them till he began to pull boxes out of the wagon bed and heave them to one side. Then the fear raced through her again and she jumped to the ground and ran at him and beat at him with her hands. 'You can't! Ben! You can't!"

He held her away from him. "Listen, Kitt. We're miles from anywhere. No water. Horses about played out. Indians maybe near. We have to travel light and might not make it even then."

"You can't!" She broke from him and blocked him from the wagon. "I won't have anything left!" Her voice rose, wailing, and he snapped at her in contempt: "If they can, we can." She looked and saw the other men stripping down their wagons and saw some of the women helping and she was ashamed and stepped aside. She stood quietly while he emptied the wagon to the sparse necessities—food and a few tools and the two rifles and several blankets—and she drove away the fear that was not a physical fear, and the conviction came. He was throwing away her defenses against the brutal indifferences of this raw land, and if she let that happen she would be alone in a strange nakedness and she would lose all contact with a way of life she could never recapture.

When he finished, she spoke quietly: "All right, Ben. I won't fuss any more. But you've forgotten my mirror." When he stared at her, she spoke again, quietly: "I'll leave everything else, but I won't leave that. If we can't take it, I'll stay here, too." When he still stared at her, she spoke again, just as quietly: "Ben, I mean it." . . .

When they moved on, more rapidly now and last in the long line driving for distance, he sat beside her, grim and refusing to look at her. She sat huddled on the seat beside him in her own taut silence. The hours crawled, and she watched the barren, burned miles passing under the horses' hoofs; and, for the first time when they were together, they were not together, and they lay apart in separate blankets that night, not sleeping and perhaps not even hearing the lonely night sounds.

It was the same in the morning. She watched the dust rising under the hoofs and moving backward under the wagon, and, with each hour's passing, the effort to speak became more difficult. Then her head began to rise. A faint suggestion of freshness touched the air, and far ahead, almost beyond vision, the haze began to shift and take shapes and was no longer haze but the remote challenging solidity of the mountains. And when speaking no longer seemed possible, she spoke: "I was wrong, Ben. I have you."

He swung his head to look at her, and some of the grimness left his face. Her voice gained strength. "I was wrong, too, about bringing all those things. I should have saved the money, and we'd have some now for you to buy your cattle."

He sat straighter on the seat and clucked to the horses. "Just as well, Kitt. Now we're starting right."

She nodded and watched the mountains emerging in sharper outline. "I guess I just couldn't accept all this new way of doing things, Ben. This—this land. It's so big and it doesn't seem to know that we're even here. But you don't need to worry about me any more."

"I'm not worrying," he said. "Not about you." And they were together on the seat—gaunt and tired and dusty in a creaking wagon at the tag end of a worn procession, but together. He stirred on the seat and licked his dry lips and grinned a little. "That mirror. I guess we've got to take it through somehow, if I have to carry the damned thing." . . .

They took it through. Flat in the wagon bed, the wide crate was a seat for two families whose own wagons had broken past repair during the last days before they rolled into Bannack City. It was there, firm ballast in the bottom, when they struck on north through the mountains to Butte and on past Deer Lodge and Gold Creek to Fort Missoula. It was there, almost the only thing left to unload, when they reached the Flathead Lake country and stopped at last by the shack that was to be their home for the next years.

No trick of curtains could make that mirror be anything but grotesque in that shack. It was out of place, out of keeping, an unbelievable burst of elegance out of another world. Yet there was a rightness in its wrongness. It was a symbol and a signpost, a reminder and a beckoning. And it was a mark of distinction. It made them quickly known through the territory as the looking-glass people, and the word ran, and far neighbors came miles to see it.

Hung sideways again, it nearly filled one end of the main room of the shack, and it hung there during the years they devoted their energies to the ranch, reaching out, buying land and cattle, taking long chances on slim credit and always pulling through somehow, the two of them together, seen and known by everyone and always together. And then things were easy for them. He had what he wanted: miles of good range and hundreds of cattle on it; and she could have what she wanted: a house to match the mirror.

Building that house must have been an event in that growing territory. While she was still planning it, word came that her father had died and she could draw on a third of his estate. They tossed discretion aside and built the house big, rambling and roomy, with wide walls and deep-set windows; and high-ceilinged, with huge beams brought down from the mountain forests. And she bought and bought things for it, sending as far as Denver and all the way to New York for them, feeling that at last, in a sense, she had her wooden boxes again and was unpacking them. She filled her house with fine things, as her father had filled his house, and, when she was finished, the mirror stood upright in their bedroom and merged into the over-all magnificence.

They lived as people should live in a house like that, deeply and generously, with the doors open in friendship to all the surrounding country. They lived there up to the edge of their income and beyond and never worried, because they had put that behind them years and miles before on the board seat of a dust-covered wagon. With heads high and eyes forward, they lived straight into the bitter winter of '86. . . .

Summer had come early that year, dry and warm. Droughts far down in the Southwest sent extra numbers of cattle north, and Ben jumped at the low prices and rented more range and bought cattle till this too was crowded. As fall came, he held his herds late, hoping for a rise in the market, and then it was too late. Winter dropped out of the mountains six weeks earlier than usual and gripped the land with a blizzard that blocked all movement. Deadly cold settled and stayed, and, as the weeks passed, blizzard after blizzard buried even the level stretches under four or five feet of dry packing snow. When the first thaw broke in mid-March, the overflowing streams were choked with the emaciated bodies of dead cattle. When the snow had gone down enough for an attempt at a spring roundup, there were only a few pitiful survivors where thousands had grazed.

Days passed, and their men were paid off somehow and drifted away. Ben Remsberg sat and looked out over the ruined land, and Kitt Remsberg wandered through her big house and sat by the mirror, chewing on her lower lip.

She went to him and sat beside him. "How bad is it, Ben?"

"Not enough left even to pay taxes. And we still owe on cattle lying dead out there. Be lucky to hold on to your house." He tried a grin for her. "I guess I can always be a blacksmith again."

"Ben, what would it take to lick winters like that?"

"Wind shelters, Kitt. Hay for the rough times when the grass is covered. That'd take money. For lumber and equipment and barn space. We haven't got it."

"We've got a lot of things in this house that cost a lot of money."

"You mean—"

"I mean we can strip down this house the way you stripped a wagon once. We can tear down part of it and use the lumber. We'll sell everything in it and start small again."

He stared at her, and he grinned again, and she felt the wideness beginning to spread again beside her. "Everything, Kitt?"

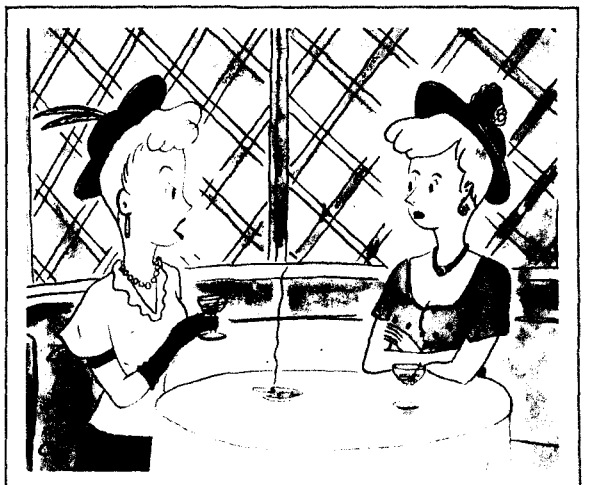
"Well, no. Not my mirror."

Together they did it. They sold everything for what they could get, everything except the mirror and their bed, and they paid most of their debts and he made what other furniture they needed out of old boards. They ripped down more than half of the house and built their first hay barn and the first of their wind shelters. They sold part of their land and bought the first of their small new herds and a used mower and a dump rake. They worked together. Progress was slow, but they moved ahead, and the mirror stood lonely against the wall of their bedroom, but not grotesque in the emptiness of the bare room, because it was the beginning that could always be made again. Then, when they were solidly on their feet again, came the one blow that could break them.

SHE was riding out to find Ben, across the stretch of level ground they kept for hay. Life sang in her, and she urged the horse into full gallop. It stumbled in a small gulley and went to its knees, and she pitched forward over its head and rolled with the momentum to crumple unconscious against a rock. Hours later, Ben found the riderless horse by the home corral gate. Still later, he found her, struggling toward him, clutching at the tough grasses to drag herself along. There was little any doctor could do except ease her pain. She had fractured the base of her spine, and she endured the hard cast for months. When the pain left and the bone knit, the paralysis came, freezing the lower half of her body in a wasting immobility.

The months moved and she lay in their big bedroom and drove out the despair and hopelessness. She learned to order her household through the two Mexican women Ben hired to do for her. She held to their ranch through the hours Ben spent with her telling her about it.

The months moved inevitably, and she



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lay in the bedroom and watched the slow changes creep into Ben and herself and their house. She saw them and she refused to see them. She shut them away in her mind and willed herself to believe that nothing of importance was changed. She lay there at night with Ben beside her and waited till he breathed in the slow regularity of sleep and she could make herself believe that everything was as it had been, because they were there together. But the morning was always bad, when she watched him disappear through the doorway. And then she discovered what the mirror could do.

LYING there, looking over the foot of the bed, she had been able to see the top of it against the far wall, the carved gilt top of the frame and a small part of the glass. Now she found that when she was raised up to sit against the pillows she could see almost all of it and it reflected for her the view through the wide window of the side wall. It was thus itself a window on the outside world, showing part of the broad porch across the front of the house and the curving lane, and, beyond that, a corner of the barn and the corral beside it and, farther beyond that, the stretching reaches of grassland. It carried her out through the confining walls into the world Ben entered when he left her.

She could be out there with him, in her thoughts. Looking out through the mirror, she could watch when he moved, unknowing, into the frame of her vision. She could try to determine, from his appearance or from something he was carrying, what he was doing, what was happening about the place. Then she could surprise him with what she knew when he came into this other world, their room. This was her secret, her solace, her defense. The mirror was her shield till it betrayed her.

She sat in the bed and watched Ben standing on the porch, and saw the other figure appear from somewhere on some errand, the younger of the Mexican women, and stop by him, close and conscious of the closeness. She saw them talking but could not hear them; the woman turned away and tossed her head in a quick, provocative glance, and he took her by the shoulders and swung her around and pulled her to him. She saw the two figures molded as one, and then they separated slightly and moved away together out of the mirror, out of the rigid limits of her vision. . . .

Kittura Remsberg lay limp against the pillows of the bed and stared across the room at the mirror. Faithfully, it held open its vista into the world outside, but she did not see that. She saw there the slow changes that had been creeping into them, Ben and herself, and that she had refused to see. She saw the lines deepening about his mouth and saw his temper thinning, to snap ever more easily. She saw his pity for her changing—though he was unaware of the change—to pity for himself, and saw the bitterness growing in him. She saw herself becoming irritable, sharp-tongued, demanding to know what he did every moment he was out of the room. She saw herself slipping into resentment of him, of his untouched vitality, of his ability to stand erect and move about and go through the doorway away from her. She saw these things happening and it had taken the mirror-caught sight of two figures, fusing into one in a simple elemental hunger, to tell her why. She lay against the pillows and chewed on her lower lip till it was raw. Yet she was still and her voice was quiet when, at last, he was there by the bed, looking down at her.

"I want to tell you something, Ben. My mirror. You've never noticed, but from here it lets me see right out that window. Almost the same as if I could be out there."

"That's fine, Kitt. But I've been thinking I could rig some kind of a special wheel chair. Maybe then you could—"

"No, Ben. I'll never leave this room." And while he stared at her, she spoke quickly, to have it said: "I saw you. In the mirror. With that woman."

Deeper color rose behind the burned brown of his face, but his voice was as steady as hers. "I'm sorry, Kitt."

"That I saw you? No. That had to be." He started to speak, and she stopped him with a shake of her head. "Ben, give me your gun."

He looked down at her a long moment.

"Ben," she said, "my life is my own. Give me your gun."

He looked down at her and he knew the quality of her and he was man enough to lift the gun from the holster by his side and lean forward to place it in her hands.

She lay against the pillows with the gun in her lap. "Ben, be honest with me. Would it be better for you if I were out of the way?"

Time moved past them, and small drops of sweat stood out on his forehead as he searched deep into his own mind. "No, Kitt. I need you. I need to know that you are. Without that, there'd be no meaning in my life."

A small sigh came from her, and she looked at him and felt the wideness reaching out, wavering and twisted, perhaps, from the beating of the years, but a wideness for her to feel. "All right, Ben," she said. "This is our room and all I can have. I don't want ever to see anything again that you do outside of this room. I don't want even to know what you do, except about our ranch and what you want to tell me." She did not falter as she raised the big gun. It bucked in her hand. The roar of the shot echoed from the walls, and the mirror shattered in its ornate carved frame. When the last piece fell tinkling to the floor, there was an abiding quietness in the room.

KITTURA REMSBERG is buried under a stone of mountain granite on the slight rise of ground behind the corral of the ranch that belongs to someone else now. There is another stone beside hers. Ben Remsberg had told her the truth when he looked down at her as she lay in their bed with his big gun in her lap. To others at the simple funeral, he still seemed broad and strong, rugged as an oak that sheds the years like water. Yet within a year after he raised the stone on her grave, he lay down in their bed to sleep and slipped quietly away without waking in the now empty peace of that room. THE END

King Charles, Master Diver

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

eyes busy with a thousand stratagems. It was very quiet in the small room; no sound but the clocks and the gentle drip, drip, drip from the thing on the laboratory table. Charles's eyes focused on it suddenly.

"Oddsfish! That contrivance of Millan's!" At once he was all energy. "Nelly, we need the sea air! Our Majesty has a most inexorable need of Channel air! Best come along, Nell, or the King'll have a dull time of it. But they've not caught Charlie yet." And, slowly, the somber face lightened with its memorable and transforming smile.

A crossbeam fixed to the mast of Captain Millan's sloop held a line which disappeared into a choppy sea. Sailors heaved and strained, hauling it in. But there were two figures by the rail who only watched—a big one and a little one, both dressed in knee breeches, jerkins and knitted caps.

With a crash, the diving bell broke the surface, water streaming off the glass port in its roof. The ship heeled as the bell was lifted clear with a great sucking motion, spilling water from its open bottom. It was no more than a cone of wood, sliced off at the top, where it was fitted with a window, and bound with iron hoops. The tall figure by the rail pulled on a line, swinging the crossbeam, and with it the diving bell, over the deck; as the bell steadied, two men dropped to the deck from inside it.

The larger sat with his powerful chest heaving. The other, Archibald Millan, motioned one of the sailors to give him a sea cloak. His face was gray, and he held his left arm close to his side.

"What cheer, Master Millan?" asked the tall man, quietly.

The diver huddled in his cloak, moved nearer to him. "Your Majes—uh—*Mr. Charles*, sir, we did our best. But we couldna force the cabin door, sir; it would be barred from within. Coombs was near drooned, ere he made his way back tae the bell. And the sea risin'—"

The King took a quick turn down the deck, then paced back and began to smile. "A miracle you found the door at all, Master Millan. But stay—you've taken some hurt!"

The Scot's face was haggard with pain; he swallowed and cleared his throat. "It's nae great harm. Knocked my ribs a bit on the coming up. I'll get my wind and doon wi' me again."

COOMBS, the giant seaman, struggled to his feet. Touching his forelock, he spoke to the King. "Mr. Charles—if I can get one of the other lads to bide in the bell, I'm willing to have another go at it, sir. But Cap'n Millan's got a brace o' broken ribs, I'm bound. Ye see, sir, the wreck's shifted in closer to the rocks. And when we started to come aloft—"

The King's face was grim. Suddenly he stooped down and began to take off his shoes.

The figure in boy's clothes ran to him with a little cry. "Charlie—don't do it. There's many lads will take the risk for the—"

"For *Mr. Charles?*" he corrected her, glancing at the big seaman, whose chest was still heaving as he stood quietly by .

"I'd do it myself, Charlie—if I could swim."

He gripped her with both hands, feeling the sweet roundness of her shoulders under the rough jerkin. "There's no man I'd ask to go down in that bucket for me, Nelly. Let a gambler take his own risk. And I'm gambling for a matter of a hundred and fifty thousand. Let me have my sea-bath—and I'll buy you a new pair of gloves."

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Oh, Charlie, my darling—come back livin'."

He drew her arms away, laughing, and turned to the sailor. "Coombs?"

"Aye, sir."

"Show me the way into Master Millan's lobster pot!"

He ducked under the edge. A third of the way up the cone, on the inside, was a circular bench, fixed to the wall, with a footrail below it.

As Charles perched himself on the bench, Archibald Millan's head poked urgently under the rim; he handed the King a lead plate fixed to a light line.

"If aught goes amiss, sir, scratch a message on this, tug the line, and we'll haul it up. And you, lad"—Coombs had followed the King into the bell—"you, lad, this bar o' iron may serve to force the cabin door. Mr. Charles, are ye secure in your mind, sir?"

Charles looked about at his close quarters: a round glass eye in the top to let in light; just under this port, an exhaust valve improvised from a hogshead tap, to let out the foul air; bare wooden boards calked with tar; beneath him, nothing but the ship's sliding deck.

"Snug as the clapper in a church bell, Master Millan. Lower away!"

The Scot's worried face disappeared. Suddenly the deck vanished; below them was

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the whipping, angry sea, gray as a dead man's lips.

The bell swayed crazily, dropped toward the licking waves, then plunged into them. The sea began rising toward their feet; then, with a mighty slap, the light above them dimmed. Looking up, Charles could make out a yard or so of the stout hemp line by which they dangled, and beyond it nothing but shifting glints of light—the waves seen from underneath. He shivered, and suddenly pressed his hands to his ears.

"Swallow hard, sir, and snort a few times."

Charles did as the seaman told him, and his ears cleared. Inch by inch, the water was creeping up the wall inside the bell. Below them, the dark shadow of the wreck had vanished, and they had for a guide only a line which Coombs had made fast to it hours ago.

"It's a dark journey," Charles said at last, in the voice he might have used to a companion in St. James's Park.

"Lightens up, sir, as we near the bottom. There's white sand by the wreck—it casts a fair glimmer. But t'would be a blessing, Mr. Charles, could a man carry a lanthorn."

The King was surprised at the deadly quiet inside the bell; the only sound was their own whistling breath. Water licked around his feet now as he gripped the bench. Then down a few yards more, and the wreck seemed to claw up at them from where she lay keeled to larboard, and streams of silver bubbles from her hull were fighting their way toward the surface.

CHARLES was unprepared for the smooth splash with which Coombs slid into the round hole beneath them. He saw the man twist and swim down, catching at the guide line and jerking it twice: the bell came to rest, swinging heavily, as those above received the signal. Coombs kicked himself back inside the bell, raised his head above the surface, and hung there, taking great gulps of the precious air.

"It's something about the deeps, sir," the sailor said, apologizing for his gasping. "Fair makes a baby out of a man."

The King felt his own breath coming more quickly, and his head began to throb; the air must be turning foul. How long, he wondered, before the first barrel of fresh air was lowered from above?

Coombs ducked out of sight again, to make fast a line from the bell to the wreck. As he returned, they felt something knocking against the wooden shell which protected them from the sea—the air barrel, weighted with lead hoops around its lower edge.

Coombs called from the sea-well, "Open the tap, sir. And stand by to close it again lively when the water has risen about four fingers."

Reaching up, Charles opened the exhaust valve and heard the air drone upward. He was surprised that no water came in through the tap, but remembered that the air pressure in the bubble where he sat was equal to that of the sea outside. They must be a good ten fathoms down.

"Close it, sir!"

He closed it. Coombs, meanwhile, had grappled the end of the barrel's leather hose and was letting its fresh air bubble up through the sea into the bell. When the bubbles stopped, the sailor jerked the barrel's line, and it was hauled up again.

"We'll breathe now, sir. If you'll hand me that prizing bar . . ." The King did so. "Now the helmet, sir."

This was something new. On a bracket over the bench hung what seemed a miniature of the diving bell. Fixed to its top was a long coiled length of leather tubing, well greased. As he passed it down, Charles saw that the other end of the tube was firmly nailed to the wall of the bell, high up. Coombs fitted the helmet over his head and slid down to the deck of the sunken Ariadne. The light was growing dim now with the slanting sun of afternoon far above them—a lifetime's length above them in the free air.

Bending down, Charles watched Coombs prying at the cabin door below him. From under the seaman's helmet, his breath bubbled out, while the leather tube whistled as he sucked fresh air from the store in the bell.

"Got it, sir!" came from the air pipe.

The cabin door was swinging inward soundlessly, with a belch of air bubbles, while the burly seaman struggled with it. He was halfway into the cabin when he suddenly turned, kicking madly, and swam for the bell. What new peril was this? Some sea monster hiding within? The King tasted salt in the corner of his mouth and touched it to see if he were bleeding; but it was sweat.

"Oh—nothing much. Only cooking, cleaning, sewing, washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, washing dishes, shopping. How about you?"

COLLIER'S HARRY MACE

Coombs's head, eerie in its glass-windowed helmet, came up through the watery floor of the bell, and the man heaved himself up to the bench. He took off the helmet and sat shuddering.

"Coombs, what ails thee, man?"

The big sailor's teeth were rattling like dice in a cup. "Sir—sir—there's a dead man, sir. A drowned man in the cabin."

Charles laughed, the deep sound smashing like thunder against the thin shell of wood. "A dead man! Lord love you, lad, it's a dead man I'm seeking. Would you have been happier to find a *live* one?"

"You want a corpse, sir? God save us, I thought it was but treasure you were after."

"My kind of treasure, Coombs. But surely you're not afraid—"

"Call me a coward you may, sir. But I'll go no further."

Charles tried scorn. "Not a dozen men in the kingdom would come down ten fathoms in this eggshell. Yet you're afraid of a poor drowned lad?"

"That I am, sir," the seaman said doggedly. "'Tis no use to command me. I'll take a mortal bad flogging if you wish, sir, but go I cannot. Every man has his fear."

"Aye," said the King. He thought of his travels as an exile, those beggary travels he had rather be drowned than set out upon again. "Aye. Give me that jousting helmet, Coombs. I'll have a look below."

The sailor's jaw dropped. "I hope your honor's a strong swimmer."

"Strong enough once, Coombs. There'll be a few kicks in me yet. How does this devilish thing work?"

"Main thing, sir, is to hold your head straight up, else she'll ship water. If you feel yourself drowning, just come back to the bell, hand over hand, along the air pipe."

THE King drew a deep breath and lowered himself into the circle of sea below the bench, feeling the chill water enclose him. He saw only a faint gray circle of light above; the big mariner had vanished in shadow. "Coombs—have you got a knife?" His voice sounded muffled in his own ears.

"Here, sir—I'll just stick it in your waistband to leave you both hands for swimming." Coombs lowered the heavy, lead-sheathed bucket over his head. "God be wi' ye, sir."

As Charles sank, the water rose in the bucket, to his chin, then up toward his lips. He drew a fierce, straining breath, and a valve sucked open over his head. When he breathed out, the water level sank and cleared his lips. He drew himself down the guide line, hand over hand. He had expected to hold the pail in place on his head but found that the sea's pressure did that for him; the helmet's lower edge cut into his shoulders. Another breath; the valve slapped shut and, as he exhaled, bubbles forced their way from under the edge of the helmet with a boom like distant cannon. At last he felt the sloping deck beneath his feet and, peering through the glass window of the pail, saw an ominous dark square before him—the half-open door of the wreck's cabin.

He tried to swim toward it, but the helmet tilted, spilling precious air, and a current seemed about to sweep him down the deck. He sank farther and began to crawl, finally reaching the door and drawing himself over its edge. Here there was a little light from a broken casement, stove in by the rush of water as the ship sank, and in the pale beam Charles made out something that glittered. He reached for it.

The King found a high-heeled shoe in his hand. Its owner, he realized, was floating above him, knocking his dead forehead against the cabin ceiling.

Pulling on the dangling foot, Charles brought the body rolling toward him, its head enveloped in a web of golden hair. Young Harry had been vain of his own hair, poor lad. The King took a deep, shaking breath, then shifted his grip and tore open the corpse's coat, feeling within and cursing the waistcoat of heavy brocade. He drew the sailor's knife and slashed at it; then the blade met tougher stuff—the leather baldric which carried the rapier. Sawing madly at the leather, he managed to cut through it, and again attacked the brocade. The lad's body was ice cold. Charles wondered if it was his exertions that made him gasp—or was the air coming down his nose from the bell turning too foul to breathe?

At last, fixed to the undervest, there was a packet which felt like oilskin. Charles ripped it loose with the knife.

Something was tugging him toward the door; the drowned man drifted after him. Charles dived through the cabin door as the Ariadne lifted under him in a surge of tidal current. The water in his helmet rose, covering his lips.

The dead hand, trailing past, seemed to catch at the King's shirt. Charles took it in his own and pressed it faintly. "Well done, good Cavalier," he said in his mind, and let the drowned boy go. With a rush, the helmet filled with the sea.

Charles heaved it from his head and began to fight his way back toward the bell in the darkness. The slippery air pipe seemed endless. He held his breath until his veins seemed ready to burst. At last, hands gripped him and hauled him up through the well, while his breath exploded from him and his ears rang.

"Your leather tube split, sir, when the wreck shifted. But the air in the bell's sweet for a while; I've got in another barrel. Tide's turned, now. The wreck'll pound to bits on the rocks before long. Did—did you find—the gentleman?"

"I found him." Clinging to the edge of the bench, Charles unbuttoned his shirt and placed the oilskin packet inside it. "I'm afraid I lost your knife, Coombs."

With a sound like a pistol crack, the line which moored the bell to the Ariadne snapped. The bell leaped up, throwing Coombs forward and into the well, his head pounding the opposite wall. The sailor would have slipped into the sea if the King had not caught him. Then the wreck below swung out of view in a boiling frenzy of water which swirled up around their knees. There was a crash, and a maze of cracks appeared in the glass port overhead. The rising sea was smashing the bell on the murderous offshore rocks.

Charles was so chilled that it took him several gulping breaths to realize that the water had now reached their armpits. He shook the dazed Coombs. "The bell is shipping water, man. What is Master Millan's contrivance for a case like this?"

"Sir, I know of none. We'd best—best stay with the bell."

"We can't stand another crash. Get up, man! Up on the bench!"

Their faces, close under the glass port now, were visible to each other, the sailor's haggard with exhaustion, the King's inscrutable, its black eyes ablaze with desperate thought. The water was closer about them now.

Coombs said quietly, "Can't say if they're hauling us up now or not. But the air won't last for two."

"Let us be sparing of it," Charles said. "No idle talk."

"No use, Your Majesty."

"Eh, lad, you know me, then?"

"Aye. Since the moment you went down in the helmet. No gentleman in England would have dared that, sire. None but the King. Husband the air careful, sire. God save King Charles!"

HE WAS gone; had slipped quietly down through the dark well; Charles's clutching hand closed on sea water. The King hung frozen for a moment. Charles Stuart, Charles Stuart! he cried silently in his thoughts. Is your life worth those of so many honest men? But a king must live, I suppose, and look to his kingdom. Well, I'll do my best.

Pulling the oilskin packet from his shirt, he ripped open the stitches that held it and unfolded the letter within. In the vague light from the port, he could barely see, but that was Louis' bold signature, confirming the bargain that looked so much like treason if one could not read the secret reservations in Charles's mind. Treacherous to Louis, yes; to England, no—but he must see that no one found the packet. He would keep it in his hand till the last moment, then let it drift away, unfolded, and dissolve in the sea.

The glass above him seethed, he saw now, with bubbles of escaping air streaming across it. So they were hauling up; but would they be in time? His hand, groping to steady himself along the wall, felt the leaden plate Archibald Millan had given him, its line looped over a peg. A king shouldn't perish without leaving some wise counsel to his friends—but who, in all this kingdom, were his friends? He thought of his brother James, the heir; of the gay gentlemen he jested with in the Park, and shook his head. Then he thought of the girl waiting above him at the rail of the ship. There was a nail tied to the lead plate by a length of twine; writing by touch in

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the dimness, the King scratched four words on the lead and signed *Charles R.*

The air was but a bubble now, and no good for breath. He filled his lungs with it, but it was like choking in a nightmare. Transferring the oilskin packet to his teeth, the King ducked his head underwater, kicked strongly at the glass port for impetus, and dived through the open bottom of the bell.

He was spinning blindly in dark water, and the bell slid past him on its slow way upward. Twisting clear of it, Charles struck out for the surface, toward the blessed air —up, up, with his throat bursting, his head feeling like a continuous explosion, his chest crushed as if a cart had gone over it.

THE surface was miles away, an eternity away, and he had been swimming like this all his life; nothing, ever, but a drowned man swimming through death, a man already dead, bursting with death, longing for death but challenged not to die for one more sweep of his arms—but what good is a sweep of the arms without a kick to help it? One more kick, then, one more. His brain turned to fire—or was it ice?—and his eyes were blinded, but seeing light.

Air.

Great gulps of air. Blistering cold air it was, as he lay with the waves smashing his face, spewing the salt from his mouth and swimming awkwardly. There was a strange feeling in his hand; then, shaking the water from his eyes, he saw his hand. It was gripping an oilskin packet.

The small boat from the ship had hard going to come alongside without running him down, but the blessed feeling of strong hands on his arms came after ages of struggling against waves.

When he woke up, they were hauling him aboard the ship.

"Oilskin," he heard his voice rasp.

"Here, Your Majesty. It's safe here."

On deck, something warm and soft was pressing against his face. He opened his eyes; it was a girl in boy's clothes, kissing his lips. "Ow, lor' love a duck, Charlie, what a turn you give me. Poor darling."

He smiled as they held him, folding a sea cloak about him. "The bell—is it still fast?" he asked.

"Aye, sir." That was Archibald Millan's voice. "Shall we cut it adrift?"

"Indeed not. Haul it aboard. A—a most wondrous contrivance, Master Millan. A notable progress of science for England. Keep a lookout for a young gentleman—and for your man, Coombs. Drowned, poor fellow. Watch for him. He wouldn't like to be a corpse in the sea, that lad."

Millan, favoring his left side a little, seemed to forget his cracked ribs in his concern for the King. "Your Majesty had best gae below, for fear of a chill. There's whisky an' hot water waiting."

"One moment." Charles turned to the rail; he had spied the thin line that held his lead plate at its other end, made fast there. He hauled it in swiftly and tilted it toward the last of the sunset. The words he had scrawled in darkness were legible enough. Chuckling briefly, the King snapped the line in his hands and skimmed the lead plate out into the sea.

Nell turned up her pert face inquisitively. "What was that, Charles?"

"My last message to the world, in case I drowned."

"Ooh. And what did it say?"

He leaned toward her, feeling with his other hand the comfortable sogginess of the oilskin packet containing King Louis' golden promise. A born gull, was little cousin Louis. I knew it the moment I set eyes on him—a prime mutton, born for the fleecing. He'll have a merry time, trying to profit by the help he's paying for! Pity I'll not be able to cozen him twice. Or will I not? Ah, well, we'll see. Dry clothes, a hot dram, a few hours' sleep—they'll not crop Charlie's hair with an ax this time. Maybe—maybe never.

"Charlie!" Nell's voice roused him. "Pretty please—what did you write on that bit o' lead?" She was helping him down the companionway.

His lips smiled with light self-mockery; his dark eyes were unfathomable. Then he bent close to her ear and whispered to her the last will and testament of the King of England, Ireland, Scotland and the Isles. "I wrote, *Don't let Nelly starve.*"

Then those on deck heard, thundering up the narrow companionway, the vast Jovian laughter of the King. THE END

BUTCH

"Y'mean people leave a light on just in case of burglars? Now that's real friendly"

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Collier's, October 27, 1951

Flag or No, We Still Hail UN

OBSERVANT READERS of this magazine will not need to be told that Collier's has always supported the United Nations. In the past six years we have published more than 60 articles and editorials dealing with various aspects, activities and personalities of the organization. And on several occasions we have illustrated those articles and editorials with the UN flag or emblem.

This seemed, and still seems, entirely natural and normal to us. So we were surprised and mildly hurt some time back when we received a letter from a UN official named V.J.G. Stavridi, informing us that the flag and emblem were not to be used without the UN's permission. We were even more surprised when, several weeks later, we came upon a newspaper story, datelined Paris, which stated that a United Nations official had lodged a "formal protest" against Collier's "unauthorized use" of these UN symbols in our issue of October 27, 1951, which was devoted to a Preview of the War We Do Not Want.

Now this may seem to be a minor, intramural hassel which is no concern of our readers. But it seems to us that the incident, unimportant as it may be by itself, is symptomatic of an attitude which perverts the lofty aims and solid accomplishments of the United Nations.

Before we discuss it further, however, we should like to explain that the "protest" was apparently based on a resolution adopted in 1946 by the General Assembly of the UN. This resolution recommended that member nations enact laws to prevent the use of the United Nations emblem without the organization's authority. "The primary objective," according to the New York Times, "was to insure that it was not used commercially to give the public the impression that the United Nations endorsed a product or a publication." The resolution also asked that each member country "use its best endeavors," pending legislation, to prevent unauthorized use.

The United States Congress has never acted on this resolution. And the United States government has never protested Collier's use of the UN flag and emblem, nor has it used its "best endeavors" to prevent our using them whenever it seemed appropriate. In fact, we never heard of the resolution until after our October 27th issue appeared. And the whole point of this discussion is to wonder why the UN authorities never took the trouble to inform us that we had persistently, though unintentionally, been breaking their rules until this particular occasion.

We agree, of course, that no flag or emblem —state, national or supranational—should be used commercially for purposes of promotion or sales. We need no law or regulation to strengthen our conviction on that point. We have never made such use of a flag or emblem. Further, we have never stated or implied that the United Nations endorses this publication or any of its contents. We have never submitted any editorial matter to the United Nations for approval or censorship. (Our dispatches from the Korean war theater clear through the United States Army.) We never intend to submit any nonmilitary material to the UN for approval or censorship. We hope, for the sake of the freedom of the press, that we are never asked to. It seems to us that these are basic principles which any ethical publication would subscribe to. And since, on the occasion in question, we did not use the United Nations emblem commercially, unethically or disparagingly, we find the UN's protest cloudy in logic, questionable in validity, and discouraging in its implications.

It seems to us that the United Nations has put itself in the position of ignoring its own rules and regulations when it happens to agree with a publication, and trying to enforce them only when it disagrees. Why else should the UN protest to such a stanch supporter as Collier's against a use of its emblem which always before has gone unprotested, and which has always been intended to honor the UN, not discredit it?

Can it be that some UN officials have fallen for the Communist propaganda line that Collier's October 27th issue was a semiofficial example of Washington's "warmongering" policy? Can it be that after reading the issue—and we assume that they did more than look at the pictures—they misunderstood the clear, emphatic, iterated and reiterated statement that the purpose of the issue was to try to help prevent a third world war? Are they so solicitous of tender Russian sensibilities, and so flatteringly aware of this magazine's influence, that they suggest that the intransigent, obstructionist, divisive, heavily armed Soviet government never thought of a third world war until Collier's suggested that it might occur? Do they feel compelled to dissociate the United Nations from a publication with which it has no connection and for which it has no responsibility?

We are forced to say that, on the basis of the evidence at hand, the answer to the question in the foregoing paragraph is yes. We are sorry that we must arrive at that conclusion.

Perhaps it is necessary to say once again that the United States, officially, had nothing to do with the issue in question. Our government did not endorse it in advance, although since its publication the State Department has asked and received permission to translate the issue's editorial for reprinting in publications throughout the world. And the government did not, as a left-wing domestic magazine incorrectly stated, ask that the issue be suppressed. It was the product of private journalistic enterprise.

Collier's Preview of the War We Do Not Want undertook a job that needed doing. It was effectively done, and we're right proud of it. We are also more than slightly pleased that it caused marked symptoms of high blood pressure in the arteries of Mr. Vishinsky and his Communist cohorts. The eminent writers who contributed to our October 27th issue did not literally commit the UN to a hypothetical war. But they did assume that since the United Nations was opposing Communist aggression in the Far East now, it would oppose Communist aggression in the West if that should occur. We hope and trust they were right. That is why we used the United Nations flag.

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